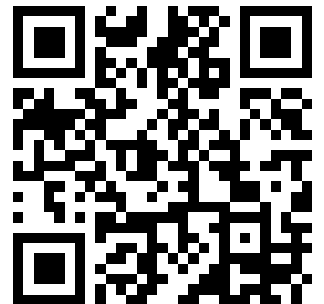

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7TH (PRINCESS ROYALS)
DRAGOON GUARDS

THE STORY OF
THE REGIMENT

1688 — 1902

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Seventh (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards.

THE STORY OF THE REGIMENT

(1688-1882)

COLONEL C. W. THOMPSON, C.B., D.S.O.

AND

WITH THE REGIMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

(1900-1902)

BY

MAJOR N. D. H. CAMPBELL.
CAPT. W. S. WHETHERLY.
CAPT. J. E. D. HOLLAND.

1913.

THE "DAILY POST" PRINTERS, LIVERPOOL.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

NOTE.

The present volume is a reprint of the various chapters of "The Story of the Regiment" and "South African Reminiscences" which appeared at intervals in the pages of the *Black Horse Gazette* in the years 1906-10.

Their reappearance in book form is due to the generous enterprise of the present Commanding Officer—Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Lempriere, D.S.O.

January, 1913.

MAPS AND PLANS.

	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne 	8
Battle of Dottignies 	13
Battle of the Schellenberg 	20
Battle of Blenheim facing	21
Battle of Ramillies 	27
Battle of Oudenarde 	31
Battle of Malplaquet 	34
Campaign of 1711 	37
Battle of Dettingen 	43
Battle of Fontenoy 	50
Map of Westphalia 	56
Battle of Warburg facing	56
Battle of Vellinghausen facing	58
South African Campaign, 1846—7 	66
Egypt, 1882 	69
Campaigns of Black Horse, 1692—1762 End of Part I.	



Foreword

(To Original Chapters).

I N these days of stress, when the daily work of the British Dragoon is carefully mapped out some weeks, if not months, in advance, there is little leisure for him to devote to the study of those military subjects, however interesting, which require researches in musty manuscripts and half-forgotten volumes. It is not surprising therefore that the Editor of the *Black Horse Gazette* should have thought that the enforced leisure of Half Pay afforded a favourable opportunity for the commencement of a work which has long been contemplated by successive Commanding Officers, and that he should, now nearly a year ago, have called upon me, as one of "the unemployed," to grapple with the task of re-writing the Records of the 7th Dragoon Guards. This invitation I gladly accepted, since it accorded with my own long-felt wish.

It has always seemed to me that the manner in which the history of a regiment is usually offered to the public deprives it of much of its interest, being, as it generally is, thrown into the form of dry "Historical Records," in which changes in the cut of a collar or the colour of a lapel are treated as of equal importance with deeds that should stir the blood, with "moving accidents by flood and field," with events that make or mar dynasties and empires. Now such Records might, in my opinion, be with advantage divided into two sections:—The first should comprise a connected account of the formation of the unit, a relation of the campaigns, battles and sieges in which it took part, an account of honours conferred, and a notice of those leaders of mark which it produced. To the second should be assigned the changes of uniform, establishment, stations, drill, etc., all of which have their interest and their importance for the professional military student, but which do not appeal to the public at large.

After much thought, it is on these lines that I have determined to carry out my work, and, since neither part by itself can claim to be considered as

a complete historical record, I have entitled my effort "The Story of the Regiment." Such matter as may fittingly be apportioned to Section II. will be deposited in M.S. form in the Regimental Orderly Room.

This "Story" is founded on the Historical Records by Richard Cannon, and my authorities for facts not there recorded are referred to in the footnotes.* I have ventured to add a certain number of regimental traditions which perhaps hardly belong to the region of fact, but which, nevertheless, by reason of their regimental antiquity, have an interest for Black Horsemen, and may supply an element of romance or humour to the narrative. In all cases their traditional character is distinctly acknowledged in the footnotes.

The story of a regiment must needs be connected with history in the wider sense; I have therefore briefly recounted such portions of our national history as are necessary. Throughout I have endeavoured to write, not for the historian or the man of letters, but for the recruit who, after joining the Black Horse, may naturally wish to learn something of the past history of the distinguished corps which he has entered. If I succeed in interesting him, and thereby augment that *esprit de corps* for which the Regiment has long been justly famous, I shall indeed receive a full recompense.

In conclusion I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness for much valuable help and advice to Mr. Charles Dalton, the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, Mr. Soulsby of the British Museum Library, Mr. Hubert Hall of the Record Office, Mr. A. D. Cary of the War Office Library, and also to Mrs. Wintern for leave to copy maps, plans, and pictures from the late Colonel Clifford Walton's sketches in the library of the Royal United Service Institution.

CHAS. THOMPSON.

December, 1907.

* In this volume footnotes have as far as possible been omitted. The authority for statements made can be found by reference to the original chapters in the "*Black Horse Gazette*."



WILLIAM, FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

Who raised the 10th Horse (now 7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards) in 1688.

*(From the picture presented to the Regiment by the
Duke of Devonshire in 1895.)*



CHAPTER I.

FEW more stirring periods are recorded in our history than the latter half of the seventeenth century. England had recently emerged from a desperate struggle between the Crown and the Parliament; she had seen her King beheaded, a soldier placed at the head of the State, and, after a lapse of eleven years, she had welcomed with overflowing joy the restoration of the monarchy in the year 1660. In February, 1685, the Duke of York, on the death of his brother King Charles II., succeeded to the throne as James II. Now Charles II., although he died a Roman Catholic, yet in public had always professed his adherence to the Established Church of England. The Duke of York on the other hand had already avowed himself to be a Roman Catholic, and a vigorous though unsuccessful attempt had been made in Parliament to exclude him from the succession to the throne, as it was thought that under a Roman Catholic King the Established Church would never be secure. It was, therefore, with mixed feelings that Protestant England saw James ascend the throne, even though on his accession the new King had declared that he would defend the Established Church and respect the rights of the people. As heir to the throne, James had conducted his devotions with closed doors, but on the Easter Day after his accession the rites of the Romish Church were once again, after a lapse of over a hundred years, publicly celebrated at Westminster.

In the previous reign the "Test Act" (1673) had been passed, which, by stringent requirements or "tests," shut out non-conformists, and more especially Roman Catholics, from all civil and military offices; but James soon practically announced his intention to be no longer bound by that law, and step by step he appointed men of his own faith to hold commissions in the Army, to be members of the Privy Council, and even to the Deanery of Christ Church, Oxford.

The open celebration of long-forbidden rites, the re-appearance of monks and friars in a land from which they had long been banished, roused the anger and fear of a people in the main strongly Protestant, and riots broke out in London and other principal towns. At last, in 1687, the King, by his own authority, without the consent of Parliament, issued a "Declaration of Indulgence" which suspended all the existing laws against non-conformists, and authorized both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to perform their religious observances publicly.

In the spring of 1688, the King not only put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence, repeating and strengthening the first, but further ordered it to be read, on two successive Sundays, in all churches. In protest against the order, the Archbishop of Canterbury and six Bishops signed a petition, declaring, on behalf of the clergy generally, that

1688

1688 they could not conscientiously publish, during the time of divine service, an illegal declaration. This the Bishops presented to the King, to his great dismay and wrath. Together with the Archbishop they were committed to the Tower, were put on their trial for seditious libel (the King looking upon the petition in that light), and, to the great joy of the people, were acquitted.

The public spirit was now thoroughly aroused. Both the great political parties, Whig and Tory, all Protestant sects, and many even among the soldiers and sailors were united in opposition to the King's measures. All thoughts were turned towards the United Provinces (commonly called, from the name of the chief province, Holland) where William of Orange, a Protestant Prince, who had married Mary, the Protestant daughter of James II., bore rule.

On June 30th, 1688, the day the Bishops were acquitted, a document assuring William of Orange that if he landed in England at the head of troops the great majority of the nation would flock to his standard, and imploring him to come as soon as possible, was secretly despatched to the Hague. This paper was signed by William, Earl of Devonshire, and six other leading men in England. On the 1st November, 1688, William of Orange, with a fleet of fifty men of war, and over 500 ships carrying soldiers and stores, sailed from Holland. William's ship flew a flag on which was inscribed, in letters three feet long, the legend "I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant Religion." Driven by a strong easterly breeze, the fleet bore steadily down channel, while James's fleet lay helpless, owing to the contrary wind, at the Nore.

On Monday, November 5th, William's fleet anchored safely in Tor Bay, and his army disembarked without opposition at Brixham. It is interesting to note that nearly all the horses were made to swim from the ships to the shore.

The whole force, some 15,000 strong, was disembarked during the day, and on the 6th November William marched to Exeter, and thence to Salisbury and London. Many of James's principal advisers joined the Prince of Orange, and among these one of the most notable was Lieutenant-General Lord Churchill, under whom, as Duke of Marlborough, the Regiment was destined hereafter to serve in many brilliant campaigns.

In the meanwhile, William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, was at his country seat, Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. In influence, wealth and political power he was one of the foremost noblemen, as he was also admittedly the finest gentleman of the land. A classical scholar, a man of magnificent ideas, of high spirit and chivalrous notions, he stood forth pre-eminently as a born leader of men. As soon as definite news of the Prince's landing arrived, the Earl of Devonshire, having mustered and armed his tenants and retainers, boldly marched to Derby, where, on November 21st, he read a

"Declaration in the Defence of the Protestant Religion," in which appears the following passage: "We further declare, That we will to our Utmost, defend the *Protestant Religion*, the *Laws* of the *Kingdom*, and the *Rights* and *Liberties* of the *Subject*." At this juncture a courier arrived with a letter, much soiled, in his boot-heel, announcing King James's flight and the Prince's approach to London. The news was not credited by James's adherents, and for a space of time the Earl was in considerable danger. Leaving Derby, the Earl of Devonshire marched to Nottingham, where, being seconded by the nobility, gentry, and commonalty, who had assembled to meet him, he read his "Declaration," and there, at a great gathering, a resolution was carried to the effect that: "We own it Rebellion to resist a King that governs by Law, but he was always accounted a Tyrant that made his Will the Law; and to resist such a One, we justly esteem no Rebellion, but a necessary Defence, and in this Consideration we doubt not of all honest men's assistance, and humbly hope for and implore the Great God's protection."

Numbers of the able-bodied men of all ranks and all conditions banded themselves together under the Earl of Devonshire, and declared unhesitatingly for the Prince of Orange and the maintenance of the Protestant Religion.

We may well believe that this body, composed of gentry, yeomen, farmers, and artisans, presented a motley appearance. Some with horses, others on foot, few probably with any military experience other than that derived by service in the militia, yet all descendants of the warriors of the Civil Wars, imbued with a stern determination to do their duty in the hour of danger. We can picture to ourselves the preliminary formation of troops and companies from among the men of different districts, the appointment of leading farmers or men of business to the post of corporals and sergeants, and the selection of the captains, lieutenants, and cornets from among the most influential gentry of the country-side. Chief among these latter was John Coke, Member of Parliament for Derby, who, though a staunch Tory, had three years previously been imprisoned in the Tower of London for bluntly saying in the House, after the King had reprimanded the Commons, "I hope that we are all Englishmen, and that we shall not be frightened from our duty by a few high words." "Our duty"—there was the key-note of the whole movement, and well this gallant gentleman carried it out, for he raised an entire troop by his own exertions.

That no time was lost in the preliminary mustering and organization of these volunteers we can well believe. On the night of November 25th the Princess Anne (the younger of the two Protestant daughters of James II., and afterwards Queen of England) left the King's palace at Whitehall to join her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange.

1688 Accompanied by her two ladies-in-waiting, one of whom was the wife of Lord Churchill, and escorted by the Earl of Dorset and by Bishop Compton, of London, she fled to Copt Hall in Epping Forest, the seat of the Earl of Dorset. Learning that there were some of the King's troops in the vicinity, the fugitives determined to seek safety at Nottingham. Collecting a few horsemen, the stout old bishop, who eight

he met and escorted her to the Castle at Nottingham. Thence the Princess desired to proceed to Oxford to meet her husband, George, Prince of Denmark, and the Earl of Devonshire with a hundred of his men escorted her. It is related that much merriment was created among the Dutch officers accompanying Prince George by the sight of the strange dress and droll military bearing of the Princess's escort.

1688



WILLIAM, 1ST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

From the miniature by Sir William Ross, R.A.

It was copied from the painting of the Duke (now lost) by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Presented to the Officers' Mess by F. Bennett-Goldney, Esq.

and twenty years before had served in the Life Guards, mounted his horse, and, with a brace of pistols in his holsters and a sword by his side, took charge of the escort. In front of him a serving-man bore a banner, on which was inscribed, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*.*

The Earl of Devonshire received notice of the Princess's intention, and, immediately marching out,

* "We will not that the laws of England be changed."

Events were moving rapidly elsewhere. King James II., after a prior attempt on December 11th, left London definitely on December 18th, and took ship secretly on the 22nd for France. On the 16th December the Earl of Devonshire, leaving his men at Oxford, joined the Prince at Sion House, and on the 18th William entered London.

One of William's first acts, on hearing of the flight of James, was to raise a sufficient force to protect his interests and ensure tranquility, and it

1688 was only natural that he should look to those stout yeomen of Notts and Derby to furnish the nucleus of a new Corps. The Earl of Devonshire gladly undertook the responsibility, and on the 31st December, 1688, he received his commission to raise a Regiment of Horse, and the following officers were appointed:

1688

Lord Cavendish's Regt. of Horse
(now 7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards).

Lieutenants.

1688

Edwd. Harvey to be Capt.-Lieut. in Lord Cavendish's Troop.

Wm. Nevill to be Lieut. to Capt. F. Palmes.

Adam Bland " " Capt. Parry Cust.

Phil. Prince " " Capt. South.

Fras. Sully " " Capt. Charlton.

Robert Milward " " Lt.-Col. John Coke.



LT.-COL. JOHN COKE.

From a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, at Melbourne Hall, Derby. In the possession of Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Walter Kerr, G.C.B.

Captains.

Wm. Lord Cavendish to be Lieut.-Col. and Capt. of a Troop.

Jno. Coke to be Lt.-Col. and also Capt. of a Troop.

Fras Palmes. Parry Cust.

Jno. Charlton. Jno. South.

Cornets.

Carew Mews to be Cornet in Lord Cavendish's Troop.

Richard Pope to be Cornet in Lt.-Col. Jno. Coke's Troop.

Hy. Vincent to be Cornet in Capt. Francis Palmes' Troop.

1688 Thos. Hartop to be Cornet in Capt. John Charlton's Troop.
 Thos. Cholmley to be Cornet in Capt. South's Troop.
 David Weaver to be Cornet in Capt. Parry Cust's Troop.
 Robert Norton to be Adjutant.
 Jno. Agar to be Chirurgeon.
 Jno. Swindall to be Chaplain.*

The Regiment thus formed was known, as was the custom in those days, by the name of its Colonel, and was styled CAVENDISH'S HORSE or DEVONSHIRE'S HORSE, and it ranked as the 10TH HORSE.

Although no evidence has been found of the fact, yet it is probable that, as asserted by Cannon, the Regiment, in common with other Regiments of Horse, was equipped as Cuirassiers, but the portrait we publish of Colonel John Coke should not be accepted as proof of the statement, for it was then, and for long afterwards, the custom for military officers to have their portraits painted in a cuirass or even in a full suit of armour. Be this as it may, it is certain that originally the Regiment was clothed in blue, for we find that 153 dark blue coats lined with white flannel were furnished to the Earl of Devonshire, and later, on the occasion of a riot in the town, which was reported to be the work of the soldiers, the Officers are described as hurrying to the scene and as being much relieved to find that there were only two or three blue coats among the crowd.

Each man was armed with a sword, carbine, and pistol.

It is worthy of note that from the few records respecting the horses which are still extant, it appears the Regiment was mounted entirely on blacks and browns, for, amongst other entries, we come across the following: "Col. Coke paid £48 for 2 black stoned horses, a black gelding, and one brown nag."

The earliest print extant (temp. 1742) depicts a trooper on a black horse. It would seem a legitimate deduction that the "Black Horsemen" were so called from the colour of their horses, but unfortunately this view can hardly be maintained against the adverse opinion of the historian of the British Army, the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, to whom I am indebted for the following information:—"The black war-horse, stone horse or gelding, was the established mount for all our cavalry until late in

* In the *Cowper Papers*, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the names of the following gentlemen are given in addition, but there is no note of their names in the W. O. Commission Book, nor are they mentioned in Mr. Dalton's Army List of the period:—

Capt. Tho. Chapman. Capt. Richd. Atkins.
 Capt. Lord Cholmondley. Capt. James Wright.
 Cornet Richard Sale.

In this record Cornet Cholmley of Capt. South's Troop is designated Cornet Thomas Cholmondley.

the 18th century. George II.'s book of 1742 shows all the cavalry, except the Greys, so mounted . . . I should certainly attribute the name Black Horse to the uniform and not to the horses." If, however, we have to admit that our time-honoured appellation of Black Horsemen is probably derived from the trivial detail of the black facings of the uniform, we have at any rate given it fresh meaning by remaining faithful to the tradition of black horses.

The establishment of the Regiment was fixed at 6 troops of 50 privates each with a Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, Quarter-Master, three Corporals, and two Trumpeters per troop. The Head Quarters consisted of a Colonel, Lt.-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Chaplain, Chirurgeon, and a Kettle Drummer for the Colonel's Troop.

At this time the Colonel, who, as such, drew only 12s. a day pay, was also nominally Captain of a Troop for which pay at the rate of 14s. a day was allowed. The Lieutenant of the Colonel's Troop was styled a Capt.-Lieutenant. The same rule applied to the Lieut.-Colonel, who, in all, drew 22s. a day, but, curiously enough, the Major had no troop, and his pay, for himself, horses and servants, was £1 a day. No Major was appointed till March 24th, 1689, when Capt. Henry Boyle was promoted Major in the Regiment from the Duke of Ormonde's Regiment of Horse.

The oath taken by every man was as follows:—"I swear to be true to His Highness the Prince of Orange and to serve him honestly and faithfully in the defence of the Protestant Religion, the Laws and Liberties of England, against all his enemies and opposers, and the orders of the Generals and Officers set over me, and that shall be set over me hereafter by His Highness, so help me God and the contents of this Book."

The Regiment, which in the early days of December had furnished an escort of 100 mounted men for the Princess Anne, gradually collected at Oxford, and early in January was complete with six troops.

On January 10th, 1689, orders came for the Regiment to return to its original recruiting ground in the counties of Notts and Derby, and the order of this, the first regimental march, is here given:—"10 Janry 168 . . . An order for the Earl of Devonshire's Regt. of Horse to march from Oxford by the following Route. Three Troops to Nottingham, and three Troops to Darby.

Bicester	10
Tosceter	14
Daventry	10
Leicester	20
Nottingham and Darby	20"

On January 14th the Prince issued an order for the mustering of the Regiment, and we can believe the commissioners found the ranks well filled, for, on the disbanding of five of the regiments

1689 of horse hastily raised by King James II. on the threat of invasion, all the Protestant troopers were transferred to the Earl of Devonshire's regiment.

On February 13th, 1689, the Convention of Lords and Commons offered the Crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, and on April 11th they were crowned King and Queen of England. The day was celebrated at Derby by the Regiment with great festivities, and they paid £2 17s. "for a barrel of Ale and 2 lbs. of tobacco given to the people for the coronation."

Honours had fallen thick upon the Earl of Devonshire, for on February 14th he was sworn of the Privy Council, on the 16th March he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, on the 11th April he was appointed Lord Steward of the Household, and at the coronation he was created a Knight of the Garter.

At this time the old army (that is, the army of James II. which was disbanded when he fled) had been re-organized by Lord Churchill (afterwards successively Earl and Duke of Marlborough). These men took little part in the general rejoicings over the coronation. They felt that a slur had been cast on their capabilities and their honour, for although they had been assembled at Salisbury under the eye of King James himself to resist a foreign invasion, yet they had been withdrawn without firing a shot. They felt themselves disgraced, and they resented keenly the gibes of William's Dutch troops. Further, the Scots regiments held that the only authority that could absolve them from their allegiance to James (James VII. as the Scots styled him) was that of the Estates at Edinburgh, and not of the Lords and Commons at Westminster. This discontent seems to have been most acute in Lord Dumbarton's Regiment of Foot.* They had recently been ordered to embark at Harwich for service in Holland. William appointed the veteran Duke of Schomberg, then accounted one of the greatest soldiers in Europe, to be colonel. This Dumbarton's Regiment, with their clannish feeling, resented bitterly. Never since their origin in 1626 had they been commanded by any but a Scotsman—a Mackay, a Hepburn, or a Douglas. At Ipswich they mutinied and determined to return at once to Scotland, there, if necessary, to die for their rightful King, James VII.

About 800 strong, they seized the military chest, four cannon, and started northward by forced marches. When the news reached London, William at once dispatched five regiments of horse under Ginkell, one of his Dutch Generals, to intercept the mutineers. These regiments consisted of Devonshire's Horse, the King's Regiment of Horse (now the K. D. G.'s), Colonel Langston's Regt. of Horse (disbanded in 1693), and two Dutch Regiments. When near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, the mutineers

were overtaken by Ginkell, and they selected a defensive position almost entirely surrounded by swamps and water, their cannon being so placed as to guard the only dry approach. Ginkell determined on an immediate attack at a point the guns could not cover. Dashing into the water, the troopers were soon out of their depth and the horses were forced to swim. Taken by surprise at this daring attack, Dumbarton's Regiment surrendered at discretion, and was marched to London under a strong guard, Devonshire's Horse returning to Nottingham and Derby.†

It is worthy of notice that at this period there was no Mutiny Act, and discipline was lax in consequence. If a soldier committed a theft, or assaulted an officer, he was amenable to the ordinary law as any other citizen would be; if, however, he was found sleeping on his post, or refused to obey an order, there was no *legal* means of punishing him, as those offences were not recognised by the law of England. It is true that Cromwell exercised a rigid discipline, but then Cromwell was—Cromwell. Parliament, looking back with no love to the days of Cromwell and the rule of the sword, steadily declined to legislate for military discipline until this mutiny of Dumbarton's Regiment forced special legislation for the soldier, and the first Mutiny Bill became law. This Act, afterwards renewed, was passed for a period of six months, and it is curious to read that the only amendment insisted upon by the Commons was to the effect that no Court Martial should pass the sentence of death except between the hours of 6 a.m. and 1 p.m. Gentlemen of the period dined in the middle of the day, and the legislature apparently feared that the officer would be incapable of administering justice after dinner!

Although matters now began to mend in England, yet trouble was brewing in Ireland and in Scotland. James II., helped by Louis XIV., King of France, had landed in Ireland at Kinsale, on March 12th, 1689. Tyrconnel, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, called the peasantry to arms and raised a standard on which was inscribed the motto "Now or never! Now and for ever!" The whole Irish nation arose while the Protestant colonists collected at Enniskillen and Londonderry, where they gallantly held out. In Scotland the trouble was not so acute, but there was considerable feeling against the right of William and Mary to sit on the throne, and Edinburgh Castle was still held by James's adherents.

† The account of this affair is compiled from "*A Full and True Account of the Barbarous Rebellion and Rising of Lord Dumbarton's Regt. at Ipswich*," in which the following passage occurs: "Five Regiments were ordered forthwith to march and reduce them, viz.: The Lord Devonshire's, 2 of Dutch Dragoons, and 2 others." I have entered fully into this affair as being the first occasion on which the Regiment really saw service.

* Now the 1st Royal Scots.

1689

William immediately moved troops to the north, and on April 4th, 1689, Devonshire's Horse marched *via* Doncaster, York, Darlington to Newcastle-on-Tyne, arriving there on Saturday, April 13th. Here the Regiment was employed in

For three months or more Devonshire's Horse was employed in patrolling duties and in furnishing escorts in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, but in May, the Estates of Scotland had accepted William and Mary as their sovereign, and, after the

1689



MAYNHARD, COUNT OF SCHOMBERG, who succeeded the Duke of Devonshire in command of the Regiment, 1690.

patrolling the countryside, and an Officer reported on April 20th having seen "a concourse of horsemen armed, about 70 or 80 at least, who met sometimes at Lord Radcliff's at Dilston, and sometimes at Lord Witherington's.

dispersion of the Highland sympathisers with James, the centre of military activity was transferred to Ireland, where, it will be remembered, James II. had landed in March. Leaving Newcastle in mid-August, Devonshire's Horse marched to Chester and then

1689 to Highlake, where it embarked on the afternoon of August 27th "with the wind, S.E." for Ireland. Landing at Bangor, in Belfast Lough, the regiment was present when the whole army, under the command of Duke Schomberg, was mustered at Belfast on August 31st. The army marched on Sept. 2nd *viâ* Newry, and arrived at Dundalk on the 6th. Here for ten long weeks Devonshire's Horse, in common with the rest of the army, lay "in a very unwholesome place and pestered with bad weather," with the result that one half of the troops sickened. Eventually the regiment was billeted in the villages

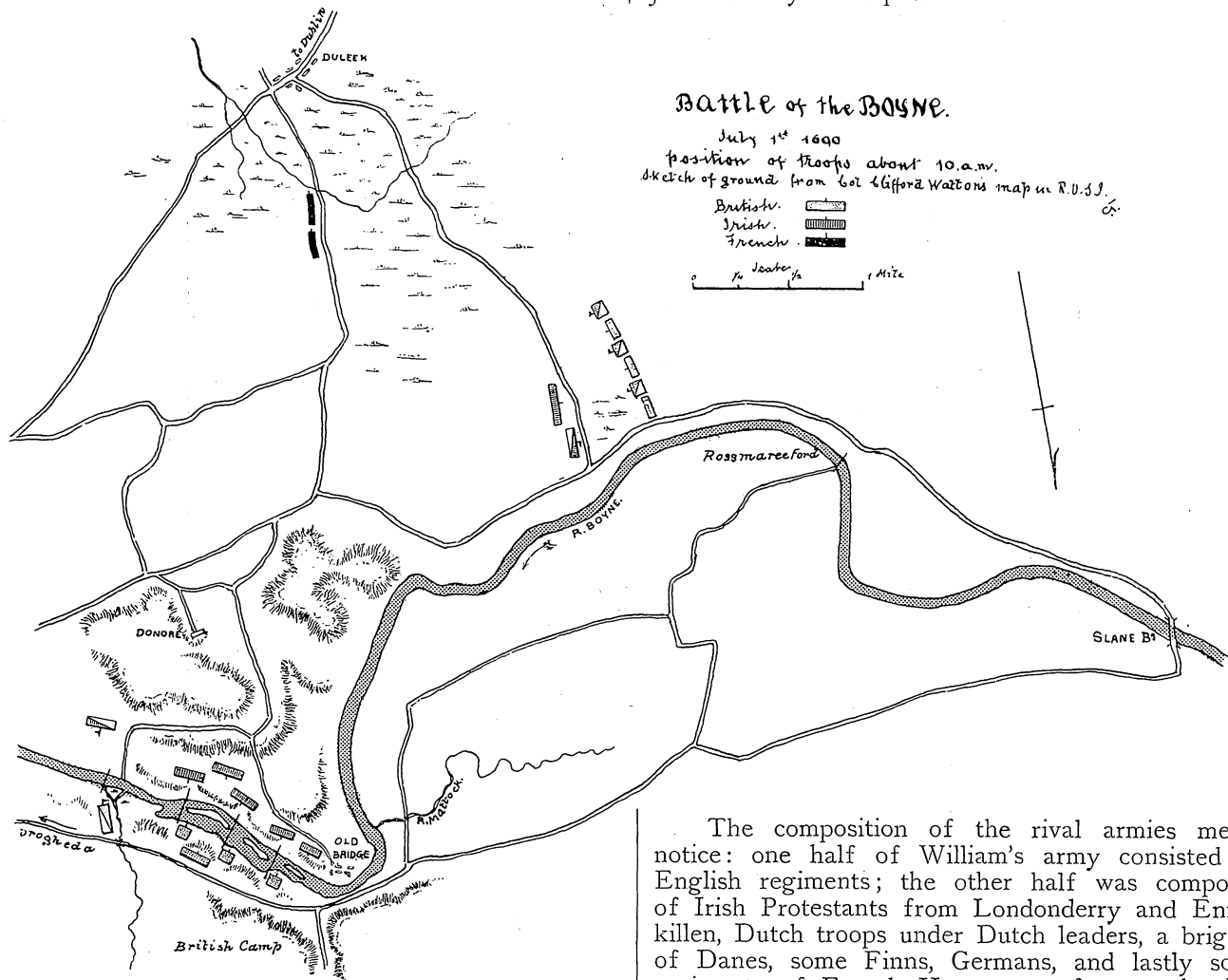
and though the regiment now was known as "SCHOMBERG'S HORSE," yet apparently it never was actually commanded by him in the field.

On the 14th June King William landed at Carrickfergus and placed himself at the head of the army, and James II., hurrying north from Dublin, joined the Irish forces.

King William inspected every regiment, and, satisfied with the result, determined immediately to attack James; ten days after landing he marched southwards, arriving on June 30th on the banks of the River Boyne, where opposite to him lay James's army encamped.

1690

**Battle
of the
Boyne.**



in and around Carlingford, and there spent the winter and spring.

1690

His duties at Court now claimed so much of his attention that, on April 10th, 1690, the Earl of Devonshire retired from the command of the regiment he had raised, and was succeeded by Meinhardt, Count Schomberg. This officer was the 3rd son of the veteran Duke Schomberg, and came over from the Continent to England in March, 1689. Nine days after his appointment to the command of the regiment he was promoted to be a General of Horse,

The composition of the rival armies merits notice: one half of William's army consisted of English regiments; the other half was composed of Irish Protestants from Londonderry and Enniskillen, Dutch troops under Dutch leaders, a brigade of Danes, some Finns, Germans, and lastly some regiments of French Huguenot refugees who had sought safety in England from that persecution to which their Protestant religion subjected them in France. William's chief general was Duke Schomberg, then past seventy years of age but still active in mind and body.

The army of James consisted chiefly of Irish Roman Catholic troops with a strong leaven of French regulars. His Irish infantry was undisciplined and badly equipped; his cavalry, however, was good. James's chief adviser was a Frenchman, Lauzun.

1690

William commanded 36,000 men, while James had probably about 30,000, his inferiority in numbers being compensated for by the fact that he stood on the defensive with a broad river in front of him.

William, who in all military affairs believed in thoroughness, determined to reconnoitre the enemy's position himself, and, accompanied by his staff, rode down about noon to the river bank, satisfied himself as to the crossings, and there, in full view of the whole Irish army, dismounted and coolly proceeded to breakfast. The Irish were not slow to take

each regiment in his army in order to raise their spirits. That day he spent nineteen hours in the saddle.

Orders were given for every man to wear a green sprig in his hat in order to distinguish them from James's forces, which wore a white badge out of compliment to their French allies.

James had been advised to send a force of Dragoons to a ford below Drogheda, and then to concentrate the whole of his army at the Bridge of Slane; this advice he rejected, and contented him-

1690



THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, 1690.

(From the engraving by John Hall after the picture by Benjamin West, painted in 1781.)

advantage of the opportunity, and placing two field guns in position they fired just as William's party was moving off. The first "6 pound ball" killed the horse of Prince George of Hesse; the second shot passed "so close to His Majesty that it took away a piece of his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and raised the skin on his right shoulder and drew a little blood." A mighty shout went up from the Irish ranks, for they thought that William was killed, and indeed expresses to that effect were at once dispatched to Dublin. William, however—who, though physically weak, had an iron will—only remarked, "There is no harm done, but the bullet came quite near enough," and then rode past

self with detaching only Sir Neil O'Neil's regiment of Dragoons to that important point.

William resolved to turn his enemy's left by crossing at the Bridge of Slane, cut off his retreat at Duleek, and then to force his centre.

The morning of the battle (July 1st) broke fine and clear, and at about 6 a.m. Meinhardt, Count Schomberg, to whom had been entrusted the command of the right wing, marched towards the Bridge of Slane. Under him were the divisions of Portland,* Douglas, and Overkirk, in all twenty-four

* William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, an ancestor of Colonel Bentinck, who commanded the regiment in 1854.

1690 squadrons and six battalions of foot. Portland's division of horse was composed of De Meme's and Haut Saplig's brigades, the former of which consisted of Schomberg's (late Devonshire's) Horse, the Life Guards, and the present 5th Dragoon Guards, while the latter consisted entirely of Dutch regiments.

Count Schomberg had given the place of honour in the van to his own regiment, for we read how the Irish charged with the greatest bravery and drove Schomberg's regiment back into the river with great loss. But against such an overpowering force the one Irish Regiment could effect little, and, the gallant O'Neil being mortally wounded, the bridge and adjacent fords fell into the Count's hands. Crossing now with his whole force, Count Schomberg found himself opposed by a large body of Irish drawn up in two lines, which James, too late, had dispatched to the aid of O'Neil. Reinforcements were sent for, and Count Schomberg, following Portland's advice, drew up his troops, intermingling, "for the more security," his battalions and squadrons in two opposing lines.*

Four miles south of James's position the bogs on either side of the hamlet of Duleek transformed his one and only line of retreat into a narrow defile. Lauzun, appreciating the menace caused by Count Schomberg's attack, marched with all his well-trained French troops to Duleek, leaving James with nothing but his Irish in the centre.

William now determined to launch his main attack, and directing Duke Schomberg to lead the infantry of the centre, he put himself at the head of the cavalry of the left wing, and with his sword in his left hand, his right being helpless from his wound of the previous day, he crossed the Boyne near Drogheda, and turned to the right to help Duke

Schomberg. The latter, after half an hour's hard fighting, gained the southern (right) bank, and there fell at the head of his troops. James, seeing now that the day was lost, galloped off to Dublin, leaving his army to extricate itself as best it might.

Count Schomberg, though much hampered with bogs and ditches, attacked the retreating Irish vigorously, and forcing them through Duleek, which he captured, he pressed the pursuit for some three miles further, when the difficulties of the ground, and the strength of the French rear guard, caused him to desist.

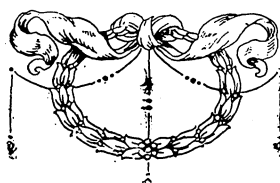
The victors' loss was about 500, while that of James's army was about 1,500 to 2,000.

William has been criticised for precipitating the main attack, but the river was tidal to above Oldbridge, and if he had waited an hour longer it is probable that the centre and left could not have crossed at all, and that consequently Count Schomberg's right wing would have been left to bear the brunt of the attack of the entire Irish army.

As a result of the battle, James fled to France, and William entered Dublin in triumph on the 6th July. On the 7th and 8th July William reviewed his victorious army at Finglass, two miles from Dublin, on which occasion Count Schomberg's Regiment mustered 242 officers and men.

The French King, taking advantage of William's absence in Ireland, dispatched a fleet into the English Channel, and, the great bulk of our army being in Ireland, the threat of invasion became imminent, when on June 30th the combined English and Dutch fleets were defeated off Beachy Head. To allay the public excitement in England, William detached a part of his Irish force, and in August Schomberg's Horse arrived at Highlake and marched to Marlborough.

* A manoeuvre first practised by Caesar at the battle of Pharsalia.





A TROOPER OF THE 10TH HORSE (7TH DRAGOON GUARDS) IN 1691.
From the drawing by Colonel Clifford Walton in his *History of the British Army*.
(By kind permission of Mrs. Wintern.)

CHAPTER II.

1690

AT some time during the short stay at Marlborough, the uniform of the Regiment was changed from the original blue to red, but their chronicler must confess his inability to state with certainty whether the black facings date from this period or not. Colonel Clifford Walton depicts a trooper (1691), without distinctive facings, in red, or rather crimson, for regiments of Horse were clothed in coats of a crimson shade, perhaps of a finer make than the red coats of the Dragoons or the Foot.* It was at this time, and had been for many years previously, the custom for the soldiers' coats to be "faced," and the colour chosen was, as often as not, that belonging to the Colonel's armorial bearings. The Schomberg colours, coinciding with those of the Earl of Devonshire, were black and white. Fifty years later a trooper of ours is depicted with black facings, and, as we do not know when the black facings were actually first authorized, it is permissible to suppose that they were worn as early as 1690 in compliment to Count Schomberg, if indeed they had not appeared on the original blue coats of Devonshire's Horse.

From Marlborough the Regiment marched to Hungerford and Newbury, and on the 10th September it received orders to march to the neighbourhood of Chester, and there to wait for embarkation to Ireland.

On the 15th October the Regiment embarked for Ireland. It may be noted that for the voyage each man was allowed: "One pound of bread, half a pound of cheese, two quarts of beer, and for want thereof a quarter of a pint of brandy with water" per diem, while the ration for the horses was 18 lbs. of hay and one peck of oats.

In Ireland war was still being carried on, and although the city of Cork had capitulated to Lord Marlborough, the city of Limerick still held out for James. Roving bands of peasantry, called *rapparees*,† kept up a guerilla warfare; and as it was against these *rapparees* that Schomberg's Horse was employed during the next few months, we give, in the words of the Duke of Schomberg's Chaplain, the Rev. George Warter Story, a description of their method of warfare. It will appeal to those with South African experience:—

" After a skirmish with the Rapparees some of them [English Horse] looking about amongst the Dead, found one Dun, a Sergeant of

the Enemie's, who was lying like an Otter, all under water in a running brook, (except the top of his Nose and mouth) they brought him out‡ When the Rapparees have no mind to show themselves upon the Bogs, they commonly sink down between two or three Hills, grown over with long grass, so that you may as soon find a Hair as one of them, they conceal their arms thus, they take off the Lock and put it into their pocket or hide it in some dry Place; they stop the Mussle close with a Cork, and the Tutch-hole with a small Quil, and then throw the Piece itself into a running water or Pond; you may see an hundred of them without Arms, who look like the poorest humblest Slaves in the World, and you may search till you are weary before you find one Gun; but yet when they have a mind to do mischief, they can all be ready in an Hour's warning, for everyone knows where to go and fetch his own Arms, though you do not."

In another volume the same historian writes: "But after all, least the next Age may not be of the same humour with this, and the name of Rapparees may possibly be thought a finer thing than it really is, I do assure you, that in my Stile, they can never be reputed other than Tories, Robbers, Thieves and Bog-trotters."

The Bog of Allen had long been infested with these gentry, and on one occasion when the Rapparees had with unusual boldness attacked Kilcullen Bridge and plundered the town, a "drive," as we should now call it, in which Schomberg's Troopers took part, was organized. It resulted in shifting the storm-centre from the Bog of Allen to the surrounding forests, and the "bag" on this occasion appears not to have been more satisfactory than that of many a "drive" of later years.

On the 18th March, Meinhardt, Count Schomberg, was created Baron of Mullingar, Earl of Bangor, and Duke of Leinster,§ and for the two following years the Regiment was known as LEINSTER'S HORSE.

On the 20th May, Leinster's Horse returned to England, landed at Highlake, and marched to Coventry and Northampton, whence, on November 9th, they moved to Brentford, Hounslow, Acton, and the adjoining villages. On the 1st December, orders were received to march to Southwark, thence to embark on the 3rd for conveyance to Williamstadt [Willemstad] or Moordijck [Moerdijk] in Holland.

* The *London Gazette*, Aug. 21, 1690, contains a notice of a deserter from Cornet Pope's Troop. He was dressed in a "red coat with black buttons."

† Rapparee, from Irish *rapaire*, a short pike; historically, an Irish pikeman or irregular soldier, of the kind prominent during the war of 1688-92; hence an Irish bandit, robber, or free booter. *New Eng. Dict.*

‡ It is difficult not to feel some pity for Dun, who was subsequently hanged.

§ *S. P. Dom.* 1691. "With the fee of £20 for supporting the dignity of an Earl, and £40 p.a. for supporting the dignity of a Duke."

1690

1692

1692

A violent gale and easterly winds drove the transports, after they had been eight days at sea, back to the Thames, and the Regiment disembarked to ease their horses. It finally sailed again on December 23, and went into winter quarters at Ghent.

At this time King Louis XIV. had raised France to be the most powerful state in Europe. His absorbing ambition was to extend his frontiers to the Rhine. Louis often took the field himself at the head of veteran armies which were at once the best trained and best equipped in the world. The French Generals were experienced and able, and in the Duke of Luxembourg, Louis could command the services of a military genius of the first rank. No nation was able single-handed to cope with France. We have already seen how Louis helped James II. in Ireland, and the fact that William, while being King of England, was also Stadholder of Holland, drew England into that confederation which was battling against Louis. English, Dutch, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and Spaniards were all in arms, and the command of the northern allies was entrusted to William.

The task was no easy one, for, in an army composed of different races, jealousies and disputes are apt to rise, and the commander is often forced to gain his object by persuasion rather than by direct orders. Happily, in William, the allies had chosen the best possible chief, but it will readily be seen how much more difficult was his task than that of Louis, who commanded a compact and homogeneous force, and one, moreover, which occupied a central position, from which it could strike in any direction.

To the east, south-east, and south, the frontiers of France were marked by mountain ranges and dense forests. To the north lay an open country, thickly populated, very fertile, and admirably adapted for the manœuvring and maintenance of large armies. For our purpose we may take this country as being that which now forms the modern kingdom of Belgium, but which was then known as the Low Countries or Netherlands, or, more precisely, as the Spanish Netherlands. For over a hundred years this land had been the scene of continual warfare, and at the time of which we are writing, it was thick set with towns, often only a few leagues apart, each surrounded by formidable fortifications in many cases improved and elaborated by Vauban and Cohorn, the greatest military engineers of the day.

These fortified towns exercised a marked influence upon the strategy of the period. Contending armies were so evenly balanced that the rival commanders held they could not invest towns and carry on an active campaign as well. Twelve years were to pass before the genius of Marlborough exposed the fallacy of their ideas; in the meantime the capture of a town or two was considered a satisfactory result of a campaign. Moreover, a war of sieges was very comfortable to the besiegers;

Louis delighted in sieges, even at times gratifying the ladies of his court with the spectacle of an assault; and Europe was well disposed to believe that the system of warfare which Louis practised was the one right method. The usual procedure was for the aggressors to divide their army into two portions, one to invest the town, and the other to "cover the siege," that is, to ward off from the besieging force any attacks from the enemy's main army.

It was in this latter service, "the most disagreeable thing I ever met with" (as Cornet Richard Pope, of Schomberg's Horse, writes), that the Regiment was chiefly engaged. Although this period of the war is full of interest for the tactician and the engineer, it is not one remarkable for cavalry action, and therefore we need not here dwell upon it.

It may be as well, however, to mention that wars, at this period, were waged intermittently. There were then, of course, no railroads, and the main roads were, as often as not, very indifferent, traffic in winter rendering even the best of them little better than quagmires; by-roads were mere tracks across a country much of which remained uncultivated and undrained; and consequently the feeding of an army on the move became a problem of the greatest difficulty. Mainly owing to these reasons it was the fashion, on the approach of winter, for armies to go into winter quarters in various towns, there to rest, recuperate, and await the advent of spring before recommencing hostilities.

The spring of 1693 was very wet, and it was not till the month of May that King William concentrated his army at Parck, near Louvain. It consisted of 17,000 British and 44,000 foreign troops. Of the whole, no less than 23,000 were horse soldiers, and of these the British Horse Regiments consisted of the Life Guards, 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 6th Dragoon Guards (to give them their modern names), Leinster's Horse, and the two regiments, afterwards disbanded, of Athlone and Galway.* The French had two armies in the field, which, with detachments, numbered nearly 120,000 horse and foot.

King Louis XIV., who took the field in person, determined to capture Huy and Liège, both of which towns were well garrisoned. William marched to their relief, and, in order to make a diversion, he detached, on the 1st of July, a force of thirteen battalions and 40 squadrons of Cavalry under the Duke of Würtemberg to attack that portion of the French fortified lines which lay between the Rivers Lys and Scheldt. The British Regiments in this force consisted of Leinster's

* It may here be stated that British Regiments, other than the 7th Dragoon Guards, will henceforth, to avoid confusion, be designated by their modern titles. All the above regiments consisted of two squadrons, each nominally about 150 strong, with the exception of the Life Guards, the 1st Dragoon Guards, and Galway's Regiments, which had three squadrons each.

1692

1693

Battle
of
Dottig-
nies.

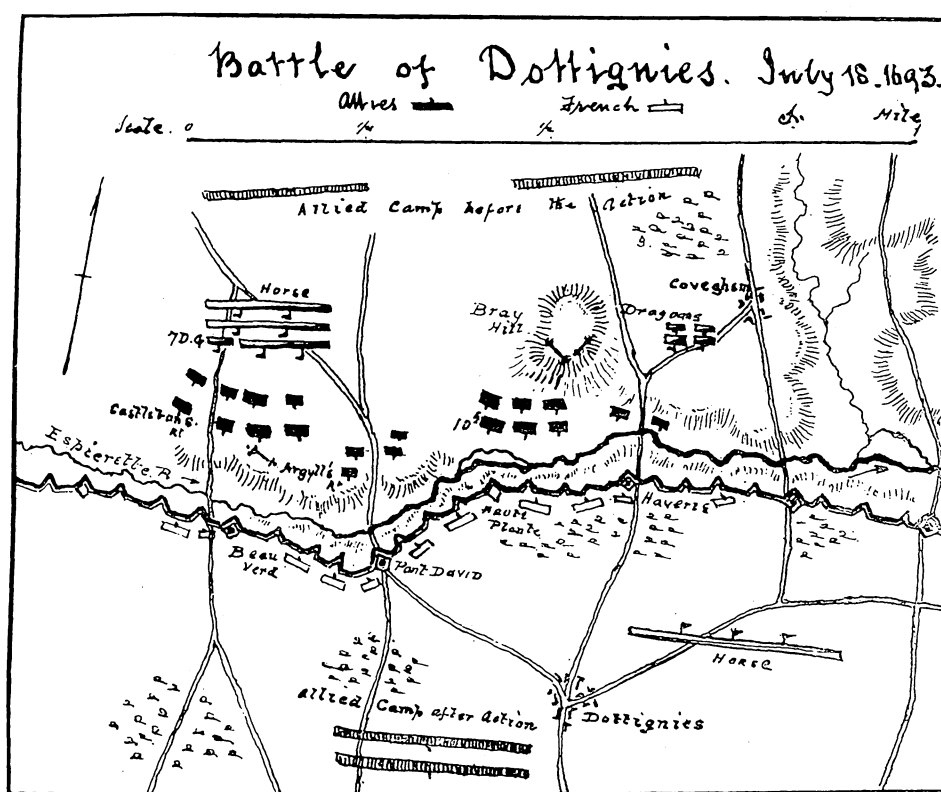
1693 Horse, the 10th Foot, and Argyll's and Castleton's Regiments of Foot (afterwards disbanded).

On the march an additional 6,000 Infantry joined the Duke of Würtemberg. After a wet and toilsome march, the force arrived within striking distance of the French lines. A Dutch Infantry Regiment, that of Horn (or de Horn), the first of the advanced guard, had just followed the Horse over a dry ravine, when the rain fell in such torrents that they were cut off from the main body. The situation was now very serious, for should the French, who were only a league distant, hear of it, they might destroy the whole of the Horse and Horn's Regiment without the main body being in

to one another by a continuous rampart and ditch. They extended from the River Scheldt westward to Dunkirk, and the position now to be attacked was called the Lines of Espierre. In front of this section flowed the brook Espierette. The French General, the Marquis de la Valette, had about 10,000 men under his command.

The attack, which was purely an Infantry affair, was carried out at three points in the following manner:—First an advanced (covering) party of Grenadiers under a captain, then a detachment of thirty Pike per battalion, with their pikes bound "four and four" upon which to convey fascines to fill up the brook and the ditch; then followed

1693



a position to prevent them. Whether the idea emanated from Dutch "slimness" or not, history does not record, but, at all events, under cover of darkness, the jeopardized troops lit camp fires and posted sentries as for the whole force, the drums beat English, Scots, German, and Dutch marches, and every artifice that could mislead the French was successfully resorted to. The next day, the flood having subsided, the whole army marched into position for attacking the French lines. The weather still continued wet, so "to cheer up the soldiers," a six-gallon cask of corn brandy was served out to each company.

The French defences consisted of a succession of redoubts, within supporting distance, connected

in support the remaining Grenadiers under a field officer. Three guns, fired in rapid succession, was the signal for the attack to begin. The columns, each led by a British Regiment, advanced; the pikemen, under a heavy fire, threw their fascines into the brook, but the stream was so strong that the fascines were washed away. Nothing daunted, the Grenadiers of the 10th Foot plunged in, and, immersed to their necks, struggled across. The rest followed, and a desperate fight ensued; at last the lines were forced in three places, and then, none too soon, the Horse were brought over to pursue. The retreating French made good use of the start that had been allowed them, and all got through the pass at St. Léger before the

1693 Horse came up with them. The pursuit, not being pressed, resulted in the capture of a few waggons only.

That night all discipline was lost, and the victors seem to have run riot, plundering, drinking, burning. In all, twelve villages and two churches were destroyed, and the wretched inhabitants were left to shift for themselves in the field.

The next morning discipline was in a measure restored. The Duke of Würtemberg remained at the village of Dottignies with the Foot, employing them, in conjunction with the peasantry, in levelling the French lines of defence.

The Horse, to make up for their enforced inaction on the day of battle, were now unsparingly used, and Leinster's Troopers, with their Dutch comrades, penetrated into the district of Artois, levied contributions amounting to 100,000 livres (French pounds) upon Lille and the neighbourhood, captured several passes and castles, and compelled the French to evacuate Courtrai.

While the Duke of Würtemberg was still at Dottignies, William, with the main army, which had been much weakened by detachments, was badly defeated (July 19th) at Landen, on the River Geete, and had to retire through Louvain, being joined by the Duke of Würtemberg early in August at Wommel.

The campaign was now over, and both armies went into winter quarters, Leinster's Regiment returning to their former quarters at Ghent.

On the death of his younger brother Charles, the Duke of Leinster succeeded to his title, and the Regiment again became known as the Duke of SCHOMBERG'S HORSE.

1694-7 The campaigns of 1694-5-6-7 furnish no recorded incidents of regimental interest. It may, however, be mentioned that the year 1695 was remarkable by the death of the Duke of Luxembourg. "I never can beat that cursed humpback," William was reputed to have said of him. "How does he know I have a hump? He has never seen my back," retorted the victor of Landen. In July of this year the Regiment was employed in covering the siege of Namur, a siege memorable in history for the heroism of the British Infantry.* As spring came round, the rival armies would collect, and then,

* For their gallantry on this occasion, the 18th Royal Irish Regiment were given the title "Royal," and bear the motto "Virtutis Namurcensis præmium."

In the campaigns of 1693-6, our Regiment served in Brigadier the Hon. Henry Lumley's Brigade, and in 1693 was brigaded with the 1st, 4th, and 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1694 with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Dragoon Guards; in 1695 with the 1st, 4th, and 6th Dragoon Guards; in 1696 with the 1st and 4th Dragoon Guards; in 1697 the Regiment formed part of Brigadier Wyndham's Brigade with the 1st, 3rd, and 5th Dragoon Guards. All these regiments consisted of two squadrons each, except the 1st Dragoon Guards, which had three squadrons. Each winter the whole of the English Horse, with the exception occasionally of the Life Guards, wintered at Ghent.

1694-7 after marches and counter-marches past all reckoning, would disperse in the ensuing autumn to their winter quarters. At last, spent by the long drawn-out war, France, in 1697, concluded the Peace of Ryswick, in which she acknowledged William as King of Great Britain.

1698-9 The Regiment returned to England on January 6, 1698, landing at Harwich, Greenwich, and Deptford. In the spring of 1699, the army was reduced to less than 20,000 men, and although Schomberg's Horse escaped disbandment, yet, in common with other regiments, it was greatly reduced in establishment. Efforts were made to alleviate the sufferings caused by the wholesale disbandments, and soldiers of Horse who had served for a complete year were granted the "whole right" to their troop horse with an addition of six days' full pay. Those who had not served for a year were not entitled to their horses, but received 12 days' full pay. There is little to record of this period. The Regiment was rarely assembled as a whole, being generally quartered in separate villages, and never in the same for longer than a few days or weeks. Occasionally it would be assembled for a royal review on Hounslow Heath, but oftener to escort the King to or from Harwich or Newmarket.

1700 At the beginning of November, 1700, Charles, King of Spain, died childless, thus opening the question, long foreseen, who among his kinsmen should succeed to the vast and widely scattered dominions of the Spanish monarchy. By a "Partition Treaty" concluded early in the year between France on the one side, and England and the United Provinces on the other side, it had been arranged that Spain (shorn of one of her Basque provinces), the Netherlands, and the Indies, should pass to the Archduke Charles of Austria, whilst almost all the rest was to go to a Prince of the Royal House of France. By his will, however, the King of Spain nominated Philip, Duke of Anjou, as his universal heir, and Louis, regardless of his treaty obligations, accepted the splendid inheritance for his grandson.

1701 William at once endeavoured to rouse England against such an immense increase of the French power; but the country, tired of war, and out of humour with its foreign King, did not readily respond. It almost seemed as if Philip might have reigned in peace, when, by a rash act, Louis played into William's hands. In September, 1701, the exiled King James died, and Louis, again regardless of Treaty obligations, at once acknowledged the son of James† as King of England and Scotland. This insult effectually roused public animosity. "All people," writes Bishop Burnet, "seemed possessed with a high indignation upon it, to see a foreign power, that was at peace with us, pretend to declare who ought to be our king."

† This, of course, was "the pretended Prince of Wales."

1701 William had now little difficulty in persuading Parliament to raise the Army to a war footing, and to support him in the "Grand Alliance" of England, the United Provinces, the Emperor of Germany, and, later on, Denmark, which he was organizing against Louis.

1702 Broken in health though not in spirit, William did not live to see the fruits of his work. In the following March (1702) he died from the results of an accident in riding. The late Colonel of the Regiment, the Duke of Devonshire, and the then Colonel, the Duke of Schomberg, were amongst the six Dukes who supported the pall at King William's funeral.

Almost with his last breath William had recommended the Princess Anne, soon to be Queen, to entrust the command of his forces to the Earl of Marlborough as the only man possessed of the necessary military and diplomatic capacities to carry on his great schemes. The Queen at once made Marlborough Captain General of the land forces at home and abroad, and early in May the Dutch authorities appointed him Generalissimo of all their forces. About the same time the "Grand Alliance" was further strengthened by the adhesion of some of the Prince Electors of Germany. The German Princes generally supported, more or less, their head, the Emperor; but there was an important exception—the Elector of Bavaria with his brother, the Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, took the side of France.

The theatre of the pending operations was the frontiers of the United Provinces and the lower reaches of the Rhine, for the whole of the Spanish Netherlands was now, with the consent of Spain, in French hands, and Louis, being no longer compelled to watch his southern frontier, was in a position to assemble a greater force against his northern enemies.

With this rough idea of the general situation, we can again pick up the thread of our own Regimental affairs.

Towards the close of February (1702), Schomberg's Horse received orders to embark for Willemstadt in company with the 1st and 6th Dragoon Guards. The experiences of the last two regiments are unrecorded; but Schomberg's had the ill fortune to encounter a furious gale. The ships were driven down Channel as far as the Goodwin Sands; in one ship thirty horses had to be thrown overboard, forty in another. Eventually, however, all the ships got back to the Thames or to Harwich, and a fresh start was made.

Exact information as to the movements of the Regiment on landing is not forthcoming, but it is probable, as asserted by Cannon, that they left Breda in June with three other Regiments of Horse, under the command of Brigadier the Hon. Harry Lumley. The French heard of Lumley's march, and detached a strong force of horse to intercept him. Luckily, Lumley, forewarned, made a night

1702 march, and on the 8th July arrived safely at the camp of the main Army at Duckenberg, south-west of and close to Nimeguen, where the Earl of Marlborough himself commanded.

The campaign then opening proved unsatisfactory, as Marlborough, hampered by civilian Dutch deputies,* who would run no risks, and by jealous Dutch Generals, had the mortification of seeing the French on four separate occasions escape from his well-laid plans. However, he besieged and captured the towns of Venloo (Sept. 23rd), Stevensweert (Oct. 5th), Ruremonde (Oct. 6th), and Liège (Oct. 29th).† During the whole of these operations Schomberg's Horse was actively employed with the covering force, earning little glory, at the expense of great exertions, but still fulfilling a very necessary duty. It is related that after the siege of Venloo had been in progress for over a fortnight, news arrived in the allied camp (Sept. 23rd) of the reduction of Landau, and the event was celebrated by the discharge of a salvo of artillery. The besieged, who were hard pressed, thought this was the signal for a general attack, and, hoisting the white flag, surrendered. The discipline of the Regiment must have been exemplary, for Lieutenant R. Pope, of Schomberg's Regiment, writing from the camp at Sutendal on Sept. 25th, says: "Our men behaving themselves so that no one that was there could with modesty express, nor no one that was not believe."

The capture of Liège brought the campaign to a conclusion, the rival armies went into winter quarters, and Schomberg's Regiment marched to "the Buss."‡

The campaign nearly had a dramatic ending. On the 3rd November, the Earl of Marlborough embarked at Maestricht on the Meuse for conveyance to the Hague. At Ruremonde he was given an escort of sixty men in a large boat, whilst fifty Horse patrolled the banks.§ "The best laid schemes

* These Deputies were, according to Dutch usage, attached to the Army, and had considerable powers. Ignorant of military affairs, they often ruined Marlborough's best laid plans by their cautious deliberations, or by futile references to their Government at the Hague.

† One of the two who first surmounted the defences of the citadel of Liège on this occasion was a young Huguenot volunteer, by name Jean Louis Ligonier, of whom we shall hear again.

‡ COKE MS. Vol. III., Oct. 19th, 1702. Lieut. Pope writes indifferently "the Buss" and "the Bosch," meaning 's Hertogenbosch (Bois le Duc).

§ *Life and Adventures of Mrs. Christian Davies* (1741), p. 46. If the heroine of these pages, known in later years throughout the Army as "Mother Ross" is to be believed, the patrol was supplied by the Scots Greys. "Mother Ross" enlisted in the Greys as a trooper, and was present with her Regiment on this occasion as well as at all the battles and sieges until she was wounded in the neck at Ramillies and her sex was discovered. She had previously been wounded in the groin at the Schellenberg. After Ramillies she followed the Army as a sutler till the end of the war, and, on return to England, was given a Chelsea pension. She died and was buried at the Royal Hospital.

1702 o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and during the night the Horse lost their way, the boat, carrying the escort, passed that of Marlborough, and a party of thirty-five Frenchmen, well led by some prototype of De Wet, suddenly emerged from the reeds on the river bank, seized the tow rope of Marlborough's boat, fired a volley, and, rushing on board, overpowered the crew. Luckily they had

left behind. Marlborough arrived safely at the Hague without further adventure. 1702

On Marlborough's return to England he was created a Duke, and a medal was issued. On the face was a bust of the Queen, on the reverse a town besieged and battered with cannon, with the motto "VIREs, ANIMUMQUE. MINISTRAT" (She gives strength and courage), and in the exergue:



JOHN CHURCHILL, 1ST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, K.G.
(From the picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

no idea how important a captive was within their grasp, and, being more intent on plunder than on prisoners, they accepted without demur an old pass made out in the name of Marlborough's brother, General Churchill, which a ready-witted servant thrust into the Earl's hands. Having plundered the boat the French made off, little knowing the inestimable value of the prize they had

"CAPTIS. COLONIA, TRAJANA, VENLOA, RUREMONDA. STEPHANVERDA. LEODIO. MDCCII." (Keyserswaert, Venloo, Stevenswaert, Ruremonde and Liege, taken 1702).

The campaign of 1703, in so far as it affected Schomberg's Horse, is best summed up in the words of Lieutenant Pope, who, writing on Aug. 27th from the camp before Huy, where the Regiment 1703

1703 formed part of a covering force, says: "We have done nothing this campaign but march and counter march to very little purpose, it ending in the siege of this place . . . which surrendered yesterday."

The capture of Huy was followed by that of Limburg and Guelder, and in November Schomberg's troopers again retired to winter quarters at "the Buss."

The campaign thus ended, though not brilliant, resulted in the solid advantages of freeing the United Provinces from invasion, and of the reduction of the whole of Spanish Guelderland. A medal was again issued. On the face was a bust of the Queen, on the reverse the Duke of Marlborough on horseback, a nymph crowned with a mural crown kneeling before him and presenting three keys in a basin, with the following inscription in the exergue: "SINE CLADE VICTOR, CAPTIS BONNA. HUO, LIMBURGO, 1703" (Victorious without slaughter by the taking of Bonn, Huy, and Limburg)."

At this time we find the Duke of Schomberg, who was in command of the British forces then aiding the Archduke Charles in Portugal, applying for his own Regiment to be sent to him; but Marlborough would not consent to part with this veteran Regiment, and replied: "One seasoned regiment would be more useful for present service here than any two that can be sent over in their stead."

1704 In March Schomberg's Horse, who were still at "the Buss," were joined by a strong draft of recruits and remounts that had been collected at Colchester. Like the Regiment two years earlier, the draft was unfortunate enough to experience a violent storm in crossing; the sails were blown away, the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were at the pumps when a gun broke loose, injuring several men; moreover, eighteen horses died.

The military situation at the commencement of this year found the French in favourable circumstances. The territory of the Elector of Bavaria, who, as has already been stated, had allied himself with the French, jutted out between that of Austria

and that of her allies on the Lower Rhine. The Elector himself, at the head of 45,000 troops, was at Ulm, on the Danube. Marshal Tallard with 45,000 Frenchmen was on the Upper Rhine, ready, by traversing the Black Forest, to join hands with the Elector and march straight to Vienna, the Austrian capital, while Marshal Villeroy with a third army was watching Marlborough in the north. To oppose the Elector and Tallard, the Imperialists, or adherents of the Emperor, could muster barely 20,000 men, in addition to some armed militia and small garrisons. The peril was extreme, but as has so often happened in our island history, the day of danger produced the man to combat it.

Marlborough had long pondered over the situation. He wrote to consult Prince Eugene of Savoy, the commander of the Emperor's forces, and unfolded to him his plan of campaign.

Sick of the old war of sieges, Marlborough proposed that, leaving the Dutch to look after their own country, he himself should, in conjunction with Eugene, strike full at the Danube. The boldness of the strategy appealed strongly to Eugene, a general who, though but forty years old, had spent the last twenty in active and brilliant campaigns. Between these two great captains the plan was threshed out, and they proceeded to put it in execution with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, working together in perfect harmony, though they had not as yet met face to face.

Marlborough assembled his army at Bedburg, near Cologne. It consisted of 51 battalions and 92 squadrons, of which 18,000 were English. Thence marching rapidly up the Rhine, past Coblenz and Mainz, he arrived on the 3rd June at Ladenburg on the Neckar. Here we get a distinct glimpse of Schomberg's Horse, for Lieut. Pope relates that they covered the distance from Bois le Duc to Ladenburg in 20 days, that the troops were in very fine condition, with plenty of forage, and especially that "at least 200 ladies came to see us on the march, some of them very much handsomer than we expected to find." The Regiment was in high spirits, and had "no doubt of obliging the Elector to change party."

Order of Battle, 1703.

Camp, WYNOIGNE, 29th May.

Right wing, } 1st Line.	Lt.-Gen. Honble. Harry Lumley.	
	Squadrons.	
Maj.-Gen. Homburg, Brigadier Ross.	Royal Dns.,	2. Extreme Right.
	Greys,	2.
	Tevlots,	2.
	Hessians,	4.
Maj.-Gen. Wyndham, Brigadier Woods.	K. D. Gs.,	3.
	5th D. Gs.,	1.
	Schomberg's	
	Horse,	2.
	6th D. Gs.,	2.
	3rd D. Gs.,	2.

Order of Battle for 1704.

(British Cavalry only).

1st Line. } Left wing.	Lt.-Gen. the Honble. Harry Lumley.	
	Major-Gen. Wood.	Squadrons.
Brigadier Ross.	3rd D. Gs.,	2. Right of British
	6th D. Gs.,	2. Cavalry.
	Schomberg's	
	Horse,	2.
	5th D. Gs.,	1.
	K. D. Gs.,	3.
	4 Squadrons Hessian Dragoons.	
	5th Lancers,	2.
	Scots Greys,	3. Left of 1st Line.
Bulow's, Viller's, Bothmer's Dragoons under Brigadier Bothmer were on the left of the 2nd Line.		

1704

At Ladenburg a halt of three days was made to allow the exhausted infantry in rear to close up. On June 10th the cavalry reached Mundelsheim, and here it was that Marlborough and Eugene first met. The British Horse was inspected by the Prince. "My Lord," he said, turning to the Duke, "I never saw better horses, better clothes, finer belts and accoutrements; yet all these may be had for money, but there is a spirit in the look of your men, which I never saw

was senior in rank, and he asserted it. Marlborough and Eugene both tried to persuade him to be content with the command of the Army that was to watch Marshal Tallard in the Black Forest. Prince Louis, standing on his rights, insisted on going to the Danube, so eventually Eugene had to be sent off to watch Tallard, while Marlborough and Prince Louis arranged the difficulty by sharing the command on alternate days.

1704



PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY (1663—1736).
Commander of the Imperial Forces at the Battle of Blenheim.
He was the ally and life-long friend of Marlborough.
(From the picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

in my life." To this Marlborough, with that courtliness for which he was famous, replied: "Sir, if it be as you say, that spirit is inspired to them by your presence."

At Mundelsheim also, Prince Louis of Baden met Marlborough, and now arose the question of who should command. Between Eugene and Marlborough there were no difficulties. Each recognized the other's abilities, each trusted and respected the other; with Prince Louis the case was different. He

By the 29th June the Infantry and Artillery had caught up the Horse; Prince Louis' force was also in touch, and Marlborough now exercised an alternate command over 96 battalions, 202 squadrons, and 48 guns. The whole force, in spite of alterations of burning heat and bitter cold, heavy rains, and long marches over execrable roads, was in splendid spirits.

Meanwhile the French were at first utterly nonplussed by Marlborough's march. They expected he

1704 would branch off to the Moselle, and when at last they realized that the Danube was his objective, they were a bit too late.

At Donauwörth on the Danube, some 40 miles below Ulm, stood a bridge, the capture of which would enable Marlborough to penetrate into Bavaria. On the left (north) bank, overlooking the bridge, stood a hill, in form a truncated cone, called the Schellenberg. It had been fortified by Gustavus Adolphus in the previous century, and was now occupied by a detachment of 13,000 men from the Elector of Bavaria's forces under Count D'Arco. The defenders were hard at work strengthening the defences, which, by reason of an easier slope, were most formidable on the northern crest of the hill. Being informed that the enemy was busily entrenching, Marlborough pushed on with an escort of 400 Horse to make a personal reconnaissance. What he saw convinced him of the necessity of an early attack, for there were indications that reinforcements were expected, and, moreover, every additional hour rendered the defences stronger. Marlborough hastened back, consulted Prince Louis, and orders were at once given for the march next morning.

Battle
of the
Schellen-
berg.

The 2nd of July was Marlborough's day for command. The advanced troops, consisting of near 6,000 Foot under Lt.-Gen. Goor, and 35 squadrons, including Lumley's, moved off about 3 a.m., and the rest followed two hours later. By noon the advanced Foot, owing to the vile roads, had only reached the River Wörnitz, a march of twelve miles. Marlborough, perforce, halted them for rest, and also to allow the main body to close up. In the meanwhile he sent the squadrons into neighbouring woods to cut and make fascines.

About 6 p.m. the Infantry were ordered to attack, and they advanced up the rising ground in four lines, the English Foot being on the left. Each officer and man carried a fascine wherewith to fill the ditch. The cavalry, in two lines, the first consisting of eighteen squadrons under Lumley,* and the second of seventeen Dutch and Germans under Hompesch, formed in rear of and close to the attacking infantry.

Under a continuous and heavy fire the Infantry, led by Brigadier Ferguson, and commanded by Lt.-Gen. Goor, advanced with the greatest resolution to within eighty paces of the entrenchments. The enemy now loaded their guns with case, and the first discharge killed, amongst many others, General Goor. A momentary confusion ensued, but order was soon restored, and the advance was resumed, when a curious fatality occurred. In front of the entrenchments and unknown to the attackers there existed a natural hollow way, and the Infantry, under the impression that it was the ditch, threw their fascines into it. The enemy's fire redoubled, and some of the Infantry began to give way. Seeing this, the

enemy left their trenches and made a bayonet charge, but were gallantly repulsed by a battalion of English Guards.

1704

Matters looked very serious when Lumley and Wood moved the whole of the first line of Horse up the hill, close to the hard-pressed Infantry. Sitting their horses under a close and deadly fire,† they, by voice and gesture, cheered on their comrades of the Foot to fresh endeavours. We can see them now, these troopers of Schomberg—Lumley, Wood, Wyndham, Cadogan, and Hay—regardless of bullets, regardless of the loss of Wood, Palmes, and many another, their sporting instincts fully roused, holloaing and yelling more lustily than ever they had holloaed away fox or called hawk. *Forrard! Forraard! Forraard!* These words perhaps may still be heard at dead of night on Schellenberg slopes.

Thus stimulated, the Infantry turned with redoubled fury. On the Allied right, the Imperialists, led by Prince Louis in person, had gained the summit at an ill-defended point and wheeled to the left to help their British allies, who were still so hard pressed that Lumley dismounted the Greys to help the Foot. Before, however, the Greys could reach the entrenchments, the enemy began to give way, our Infantry penetrated the defences, and the victory was won. Thereupon the Greys remounted, and joined Lumley's squadrons. These, with Marlborough himself at their head, had already crossed the entrenchments in pursuit. The Horse captured thirteen colours, killed many of the fugitives, and drove others into the Danube, where they were drowned. Count D'Arco lost 10,000 men killed, wounded, and captured, sixteen guns, and all his own plate.

The Allies' loss amounted to 1,500 killed and 4,000 wounded, mostly English. Schomberg's Horse in particular lost several men—the exact number is not recorded—and nineteen horses killed, while two officers, Lieutenant Têtefolle, and the Chaplain, Henry Scaredevil (*sic*) were wounded.‡

The battle of the Schellenberg gave Marlborough the key of the gate into Bavaria, and, moreover, had a great moral effect upon the enemy. Indeed, it made a strong impression upon Europe at large, though it did not give complete satisfaction to our Lieutenant Pope, who, standing, it may be, too near the event to take a just view of it, wrote home thus: "I did not give you an account of the affair at the Schellenberg because it appeared to me with a very different face to what it did over all

† Gen. Wood and Col. Palmes, 6th D.G., were both wounded. The latter officer had lately been promoted into the Carabiniers from Schomberg's Horse.

‡ *Exact Journal of Campaign in Germany* (1704), Br. Mus. 1093.c.79. Dalton. *Army List* 1694 gives the appointment (May 9th) of Claudius Têtefolle to be Cornet. He is elsewhere called Tettefolle and Testefolle. The same book for 1690 gives the appointment (Oct. 2) of Henry Scardeville as Chaplain. The conduct of this aptly-named Ecclesiastic will remind many a soldier of the 4th Cavalry Brigade of their Chaplain's militancy at the battle of Diamond Hill.

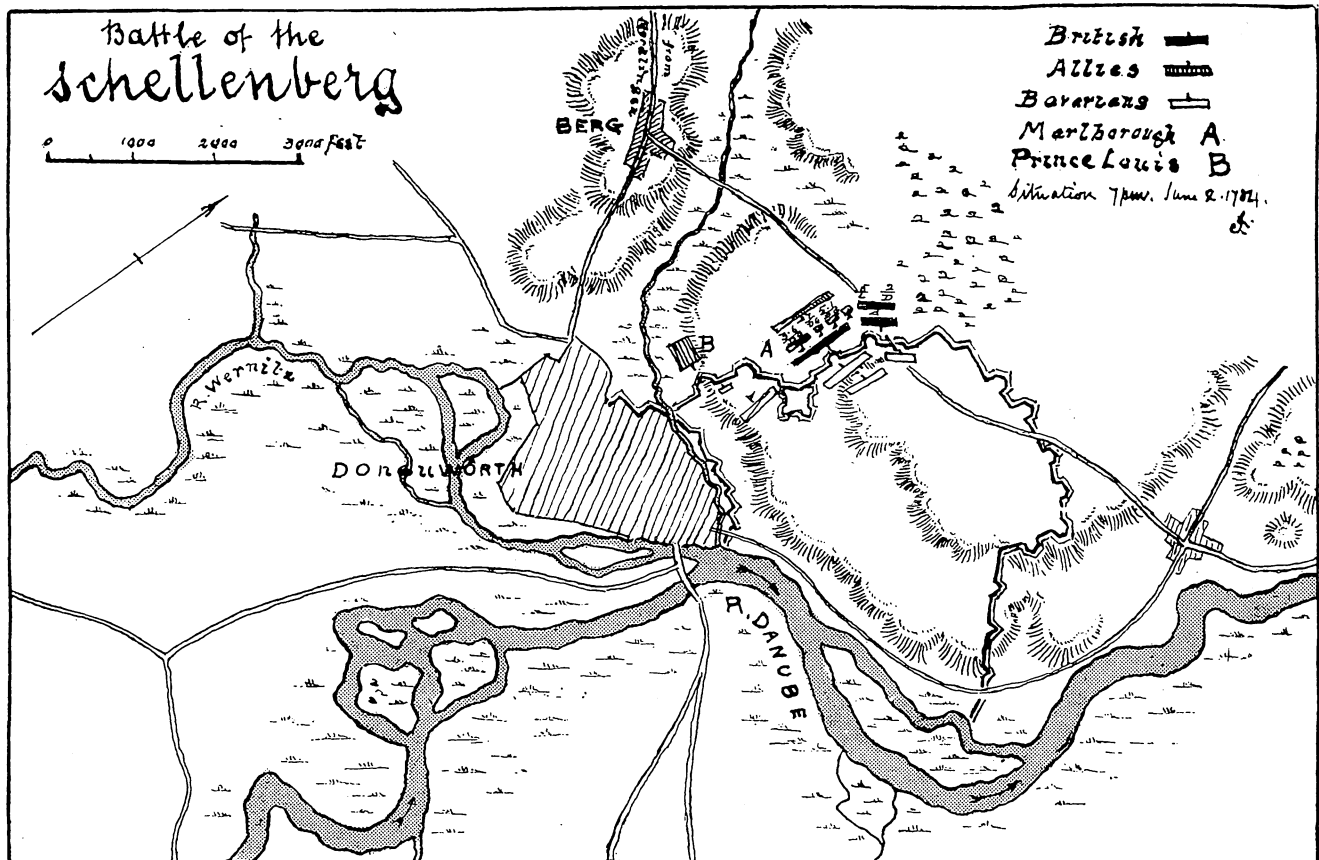
* Apparently 15 British and 3 Hessian squadrons.

1704 Europe, it being, in my opinion, a considerable advantage purchased at a dear rate rather than a victory."

By the 10th of July the whole of Marlborough's Army was across the Danube and in Bavaria. The towns of Rain and Aicha fell into his hands, and he advanced as far as Friedberg, where he arrived on the 23rd. The country here was rich and prosperous; neat villages and well-kept homesteads studded the plain. No war had passed over the land for sixty years. But now war came with all its devastating force. Marlborough, though

in observation of Tallard, marched by a parallel line, and on the 3rd August reached the neighbourhood of the Schellenberg. The previous day Tallard had joined forces with the Elector of Bavaria at Augsburg, so that the enemy was now in a position to fall with their united forces on either Eugene or Marlborough.

The latter's plans had long been matured. He meant not only to crush Tallard, but also to capture the strong and virgin fortress of Ingolstadt, and thus gain a permanent gate into Bavaria and the command of the Danube. With his usual astute-



Map of country copied from the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's *Hist. of Brit. Army*, vol. I.
(By kind permission of the Author and Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

greatly disliking the business, yet deemed it necessary to ruin the country in order to put pressure upon its master, the Elector of Bavaria, and so, it was hoped, bring him to terms. The Allies' cavalry were dispatched in every direction, burning, ravaging, and levying contributions. The Horse had penetrated as far as Munich, the Bavarian capital, when news arrived that the French Marshal Tallard was marching to the aid of the stubborn Elector, who, ever since the passage of the Danube, had been lying strongly entrenched under the protection of the guns of Augsburg. Eugene, who with 18,000 men had been left

ness, Marlborough persuaded Prince Louis to make him "the compliment either of commanding or covering the siege" of Ingolstadt, and having his choice, he elected to remain with the covering force, while Prince Louis, quite pleased, started on the 9th August with 23 battalions and 31 squadrons to prosecute the siege.

The same day news arrived that the French Marshals, Tallard and Marsin, with the Elector, were in full march for the Danube. Having arrived there, Tallard had two courses open to him; either to attack

1704 immediately before Marlborough came up, in which case extreme rapidity would be essential, or else to take up a position where, by threatening Marlborough's line of supply *via* Nordlingen, he would, in due course, compel the Allies to fall back on the Rhine for subsistence. Tallard's safest and best plan would have been to pursue the second course, and he had really meant to follow it, but "puffed up with presumption and pride" his judgment played him false, and he could not resist advancing to Höchststadt, too near his enemy.

The night that Prince Louis departed, Marlborough dispatched 29 squadrons and 20 battalions to Eugene's help, and before midnight on the 11th August he had joined hands with Eugene at the village of Münster, on the Kessel, west of Donauwörth.

All that night the regiments were employed in bridging the Kessel. At dawn Marlborough and Eugene made a personal reconnaissance, and found the enemy in occupation of some rising ground two miles north-east of the village of Höchststadt. Desultory skirmishes occupied the remainder of the day.

Battle
of Blenheim.*

Before dawn on August 13th the whole Army was on the move. The right wing, under Eugene, consisting of 18 battalions and 74 squadrons, all foreigners, marched in four columns. The left wing, under Marlborough, 48 battalions and 86 squadrons, of which 14 battalions and 14 squadrons were English, marched in five columns. English, Dutch, Danes, Swiss, and Germans from almost every part of Germany, made up the Allied Army, which approximately totalled 56,000 men with 66 guns. The combined French and Bavarian forces were divided into two wings, the right under Marshal Tallard, consisting of 42 battalions and 60 squadrons, the left under M. de Marsin and the Elector, consisting of 42 battalions and 87 squadrons—in all, 60,000 men with 90 guns.

Owing to the slight mist and the many hedges, the French were not at first aware that their adversaries were on the march. Their cavalry was out foraging, and when, at last, the Marshals became aware of the march of Eugene's right wing, they both made up their minds that it was only a covering force, either to protect a convoy coming from Nordlingen, or Marlborough's retirement to that town. But about 7 a.m. Marlborough's left wing appeared in sight, and the French Marshals realized at last that an attack was meant. Three guns, a signal to recall the foragers, were fired, and both Armies began to take up their battle positions.

The field of the approaching conflict was bounded on the east and south-east by the tortuous channel of the Danube, some three hundred yards broad, over which the French had thrown a

pontoon bridge south of Höchststadt. About five miles to the north-west of the village of Blindheim, or Blenheim, two ranges of densely-wooded heights meet in a rectangle, from whence a stream some twelve feet broad, the Nebelbach, flows to the Danube. On this stream were two villages, Ober and Unter Glau; from Ober Glau to the village of Blenheim, the banks of the Nebel are marshy, but below Unter Glau the marsh expands, and in many places is impassable. All three villages, as well as two intervening mills, were in the hands of the French. On either side of the Nebel the ground is gently undulating; on the right especially—the side in possession of the French—the country is an ideal one for cavalry.

The French made all haste to form up in battle array, and both wings fell in as they were encamped. It so happened that Tallard's cavalry was on the left of his camp, while all Marsin's was on the right of his. The consequence was that, in the battle line, the mass of the French infantry was on the two flanks, while the centre was composed entirely of Horse.†

Marlborough drew up his left wing in four lines, the first of Infantry, the second and third of Horse and Dragoons, the fourth of Infantry. Lord Cutts, the "Salamander,"‡ was detailed with 20 battalions and 15 squadrons of Dragoons under Gen. Wood, to assault the village of Blenheim, which had been placed in a state of defence, and was held by 26 French battalions, with 12 squadrons of Dragoons in support.

At 8 a.m. the Artillery duel began, and was continued without intermission till 12-30 p.m., when an Aide-de-Camp brought news that Eugene and the right wing were in position. By this time the French right wing was drawn up about half-a-mile south of the Nebel, Tallard being, it would seem, of opinion that the more English that got over the stream the more there would be to kill—"the thicker the hay, the easier mown." The Elector and Marsin on the French left, took post at the edge of the marsh and stream.

The Allies' centre was put in motion, and the Infantry of the 1st line marched down to the Nebel. Preceding them, with a view apparently of making a closer reconnaissance, trotted three squadrons. There is an anxious moment as they approach the mills, but the defenders set them on fire and retire, and the squadrons struggling as best they can

† Coxe says this order was adopted on the supposition that the Nebel was impassable from Ober Glau to the mills, but Feuquiere, p. 346, says that the extraordinary thing was that the two wings were camped as two separate armies, and that neither wing had camped in order for fighting.

‡ The Salamander, in the queer legendary lore which formerly passed for natural history, was represented as born and living in fire, and capable of extinguishing it. Hence the nickname which was bestowed upon Cutts on account of the light-heartedness with which, in 1695, he "affronted" the hottest fire of the batteries of Namur,

* Indifferently called by French contemporary writers the Battle of Höchstädt, Hœchststadt, Hochette, and Ochette.

1704 across the stream, form up on the enemy's side. The squadron on the right was one of the 3rd Dragoon Guards under Major Oldfield; the centre, Carabiniers under Colonel Palmes, who had been lately promoted into the Carabiniers from Schomberg's Horse (which he had helped to raise); the left squadron was one of Schomberg's Horse under Major Creed. And now occurred one of those incidents which only too rarely fall to the lot of the Cavalry soldier. In full view of two armies, the squadrons advanced, slowly, warily. In front lay a gently rising plain; half-a-mile away stood 40 squadrons, the flower of the French cavalry. Tallard seemed dumbfounded at the audacity of the move, and it was some little while before he directed five (some say seven) squadrons "to cut those three squadrons to pieces, and so return." The situation was now intense; not a shot was fired, the cannon ceased to play, as, with swords drawn, the opposing squadrons neared each other. The French opened out to envelop both flanks; Palmes, reared in the best of schools, calmly and quietly ordered Oldfield and Creed to wheel outwards, and, "not in the least doubting their beating them," then to wheel inwards on the squadrons in his own front. A moment after the squadrons meet, man to man, and horse to horse, one desperate moment, one mad cheer, wild cuts, swift thrusts, quick parry and lunge, deep oaths, the very madness of Hell—and then, a stream of blue-coated Gens d'Armes in utter rout!

No time this for pursuit. Palmes had his squadrons well in hand, and quickly re-forming, retired leisurely towards the Nebel, where already the Infantry was rapidly crossing.* At about the same time Cutts' attack, led by Rowe and others of "our warm generals," was launched against Blenheim; and, after a desperate conflict, a lodgement was effected in the outskirts of the village, the defenders being forced back to the centre. At this juncture the Gens d'Armes charged the flank of Rowe's Brigade, and captured a colour, but were eventually driven off by some Hessians in the 2nd line. Cutts, perceiving that the French cavalry were threatening a second charge, hastily sent a galloper to Lumley to ask him to secure his flank. The regiments nearest at hand happened to be the Carabiniers and Schomberg's, the former under Colonel Palmes, the latter under Colonel Sybourg. Quickly forming line, these two

regiments, five squadrons in all, saw advancing against them eight French squadrons. Palmes's and Sybourg's men, many of them with breath scarce recovered from their recent charge, and with sword blades still freshly red, advanced to the attack. The Frenchmen received them at a little distance with a futile fire delivered on horseback. Not so the British horsemen; but, sword in hand and at speed, they charged through, broke, and put to flight the French. Getting out of hand in the ardour of pursuit, and flushed with a double victory, the squadrons were charged by fresh squadrons of the enemy, and being assailed in flank by musketry from the defenders of Blenheim, they were pressed back and forced to retire in their turn.†

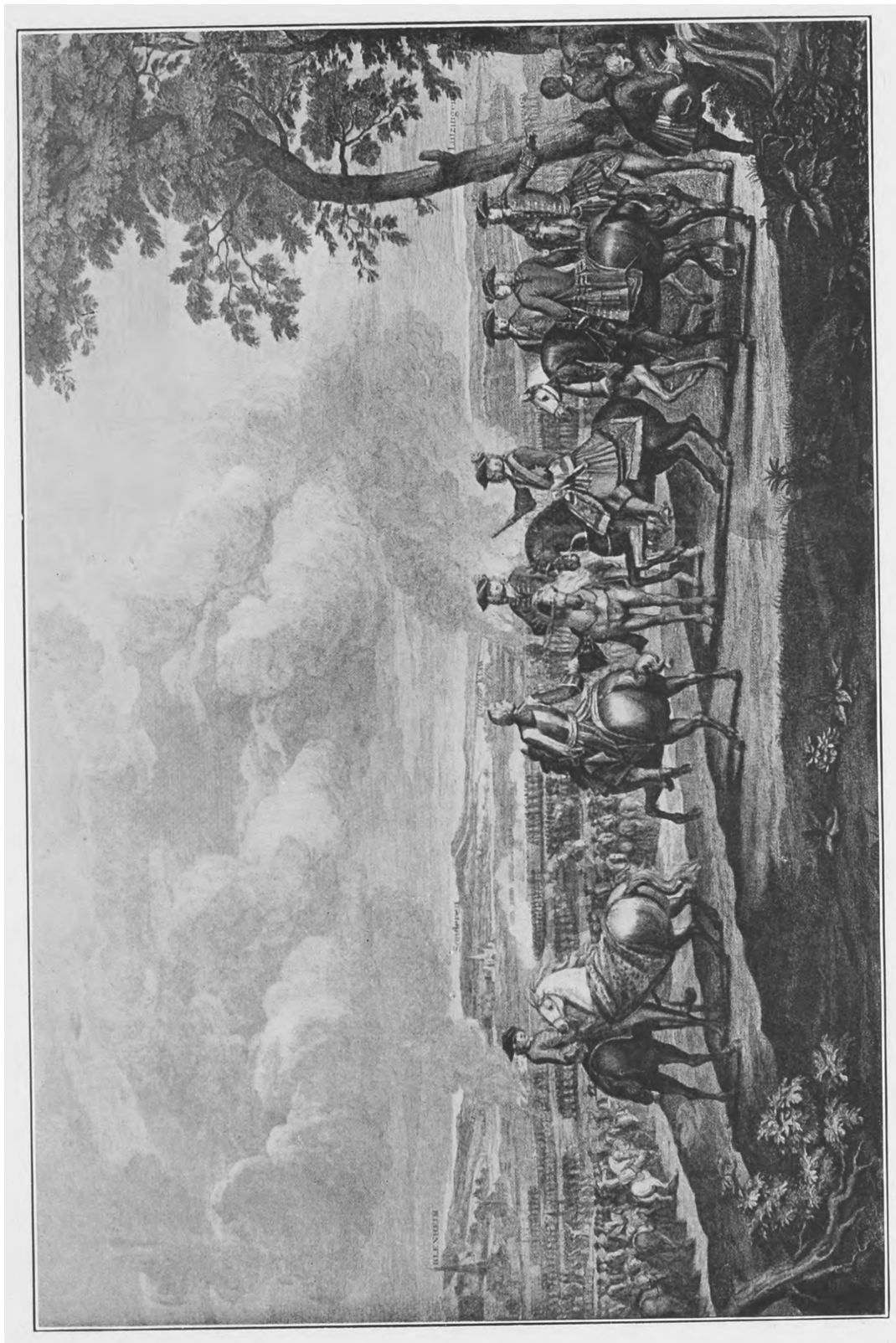
While this was happening, Lumley was busily employed passing the remainder of the cavalry over the stream. Schomberg's Horse and the Carabiniers, which belonged to Ross's Brigade, were, as we know, already over, and the rest of the Brigade, consisting of the 3rd, 5th, and 1st Dragoon Guards, the latter Regiment forming the left of the line, now followed them. This Brigade, as they advanced, had the worst ground to traverse. Opposite Blenheim they were greeted with a furious fire from the defenders, and being charged at the same time in front, they were thrown into confusion and compelled to retire. Their places were quickly taken by the Dragoons of Bülow, Viller, and Bothmer, from the 2nd line, who in their turn chased back the French. Five squadrons of Wood's Dragoons were brought over to reinforce Lumley. Attack followed attack, and slowly but surely the French were driven back.

It was now past 4 p.m. On the right the battle had raged furiously. Twice had Eugene attacked, and twice had he been beaten back. Placing himself at the head of the cavalry, he led a third attack. This, too, failed. But by five o'clock the whole of the Infantry of the left wing was over the Nebel and in position. Marlborough galloped along the front of the Horse and "taught the doubtful battle where to rage." The crisis of the day, the fate of the campaign was at hand.

The Allied Horse, some 80 squadrons, aided by some Hanoverian battalions and Col. Blood's battery, advanced. Opposite to them stood 10,000

* I have taken this account from Gen. R. Kane's *Campaigns*, p. 52, and Capt. R. Parker's *Memoirs*, p. 90. Both officers were present at the battle, both served in the same Regiment, 18th Foot, which formed one of the battalions in the centre of the 1st line, and both were consequently well placed to see all they describe. Kane specifically states "this was the first action in the field and took up some time, and gave the Duke an opportunity of forming his lines" [over the Nebel]. Parker says the incident occurred "the very moment the village [Blenheim] was attacked." None of the other historians mention this charge. Gen. Kane ends his description of the battle with these words: "Thus have I given a most exact account of this famous battle . . . next morning I rode through the greatest part of the field of Battle when I made the best remarks and observations to inform myself."

† The account of this charge is taken entirely from the MS. of Dr. Francis Hare. For a long while I was inclined to think that these two charges were really one and the same, but the distinct statements of Parker and Kane that the three squadrons charged at the very beginning of the battle, while Hare times his charge at some considerable interval after the attack was launched against Blenheim, seems to dispose of that theory. Moreover, a charge that took place under the very walls of Blenheim, as must have been the case (for otherwise the muskets of those days would not have been able to do any execution), could not have been readily seen by infantrymen in the neighbourhood of Unter Glau. Palmes and Sybourg are expressly mentioned by Hare; Palmes, Creed, and Oldfield by Kane and Parker. According to the "Order of battle" the Carabiniers and Schomberg's Horse consisted of two squadrons each. I have been unable to trace from contemporary writers to what regiment the fifth squadron belonged.



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.
Showing the Duke of Marlborough and his staff in the foreground.
(From a contemporary print.)

1704 of France's finest Horse and 10 battalions. Sword in hand, in regular lines, at "the full trot," with Marlborough at their head, the Horse rode forward. The first line was received with a terrible fire, and recoiled; but the fire slackening, the trumpets sounded, and Marlborough again led the attack. In splendid formation the squadrons dashed forward. The French Horse "presented their fusils at some small distance, and fired," then turning, fled. Crash into the French Foot came the Allied Horse, and those 10 battalions were "entirely cut in pieces, none escaping, but a few who threw themselves on the ground as dead to save their lives."*

The French Horse, hotly pursued, fled, some towards Höchstadt, others to Sondersheim, and 30 squadrons were driven over the steep banks into the Danube, where numbers lost their lives, either in their fall or in trying to swim the river. The defenders of Blenheim, seeing the rout of the centre, surrendered, while the French left, now isolated, fell back to Morselingen. Owing to a mistake on the part of the Allies, they were not pursued.

The fruits of the victory were great. Marshal Tallard a prisoner, 40,000 killed, wounded, or captured, 103, guns, 14 mortars, 229 colours and standards, besides all the camp equipage and trains, and 100 fat oxen ready skinned.

The Allies' loss amounted to 6,000 killed and 8,000 wounded, of which the greater part fell in Eugene's right wing. Schomberg's Horse lost Major Creed, who fell in the third charge; Lieut. Hawkes and Quarter-Masters Charlton and Kelsall, killed. Capt. Prime, Lieuts. Stephen Palmes, and Têtefolle, Cornets Clarke, Cruseau, and Little wounded. Capt. Chidley Coote (afterwards Earl of Bellamont) was captured by the enemy and carried to Ulm, but was exchanged three days later. The loss in men and horses is not recorded.

Writing of this victory, our regimental chronicler, Lieut. Richard Pope, says: "I have escaped very well in both these actions [Schellenberg and Blenheim] but had my horses shot under me in both, Col. Sybourg had the same fortune, but was ridden over by 2 or 3 squadrons and was much bruised. Major Creed was killed in action, Mr. Cardonnel and Col. Sybourg tell me I may depend upon having my troop; but they have not yet settled the majority being unwilling to give it to Prince for some good reason, and yet being oldest Captain and wounded in the action seems to counterbalance. . . . This great victory was brought about, next to Providence, by the good disposition of our troops, and secondly by a very great fault committed by Marshal Tallard, who, putting 26 battalions into the village of Blenheim to cover the right of his army so weakened the centre, that with our Horse, we pierced a passage to Höchstadt, and cut off all communication betwixt the right and left wings of his Army."

* Gen. Kane says, p. 55: "I rode through them next morning as they lay dead in rank and file."

1704 August 17th was observed as a day of Thanksgiving for the victory; the whole army paraded, and the service concluded with a triple discharge of all the Artillery and side arms.

A medal was struck to commemorate the battle. On the face was the Queen's bust. On the reverse, Britannia, with her spear in her right hand, and Victory with her attributes in her left. Near her a Captive pinioned on Trophies, with the motto: DE GALL. ET. BAV. AD BLENHEIM. (Of the French and Bavarians at Blenheim). In the exergue: CAPT ET CAES. XXX M. SIGN. RELAT. CLXIII. (Thirty thousand men taken and killed, and 163 Standards or Colours carried off.)

Marlborough now determined to raise the siege of Ingolstadt and make a dash for Ulm; having arrived in the neighbourhood of the latter town on the 21st, he was joined there a day or two afterwards by Prince Louis of Baden's forces from Ingolstadt. Leaving a detachment under General Thungen to invest Ulm (which surrendered Sept. 11), Marlborough marched straight to the Rhine, and, while Prince Louis besieged Landau, Marlborough and Eugene encamped at Weissenburg to cover the operations. Long marches and constant work had told their tale on the horses, and we now find Lieut. Richard Pope anathematizing the camp at Weissenburg as "a place where there is not the least forage to be found. Our horses live on very bad straw, and those that are too nice for that die daily."

In mid-October Marlborough, seeing that Landau would hold out some time, left Eugene in charge of the siege, and made a dash for Trèves, passing, as he himself expressed it, "through the terriblest country that can be imagined for the march of an army with cannon." Trèves fell, and Marlborough and his jaded troops were back again before Landau by Nov. 8. "We have not above 20 horses a troop left," writes Lieut. Pope, "and probably there will not 10 of them be able to march to Holland. Besides the want of forage we have a pestilential distemper amongst them that carries off 40 or 50 a day."

On the 13th November Schomberg's troopers left the Camp near Landau, and marched northwards to their old winter quarters at "the Buss."

This campaign equalled in its decisive results any of those fought in later years by Napoleon. Bavaria was brought to submission, so that France could no longer use that country as a stepping-stone for the invasion of Germany or of Austria. Louis XIV., so far from sending his armies in triumph down the Danube, saw them driven back in flight over the Rhine. Austria was no longer in peril, Germany was freed, and by the capture of Landau (towards the end of November) and of Traerbach, Marlborough had the key of the gate of France.

We may fitly wind up this chapter with the following stirring lines written by one whom we may almost call the laureate of the Black Horse, Sir Elliott Lees. Pity 'tis that our gallant ancestors who fought and won at the Schellenberg had no such bard to sing their deeds in their life-time!

SCHELLENBERG.

A fight was fought at Schellenberg two centuries ago,
 When men still battled hand to hand, still grappled
 with the foe,
 Still donned their bravest uniforms, and marched,
 with flags on high,
 With roll of drums, in serried ranks, to conquer or
 to die.

In those old days men held their fire, till they might
 clearly see
 The bloodshot white of foemen's eyes for mark of
 musketry;
 Then, when the smitten quarry reeled beneath yon
 hail of lead
 Dashed home, with keen and tempered steel, to strike
 that quarry dead.

Shoulder to shoulder fought the Foot, fought knee
 to knee the Horse,
 And ever as the front rank fell, the rear would re-
 inforce;
 No wide extensions, every man breathing his fellow's
 breath,
 Close-formed in common victory, or side by side in
 death.

So marched our gallant Infantry, into such hell of
 fire,
 The task seemed vain, the choice lay plain, to fall or
 to retire:
 All man could do done manfully, as fits the name
 they bore,
 Not Gods, but sturdy Englishmen, yet could the Gods
 do more?

Two Generals of Horse rode up, who marked their
 comrades' plight;
 No chance, in *melée* such as that, for cavalry to
 fight,
 No chance to stretch a charger's stride, or swing a
 sword arm free,
 Yet might brave men the danger share, in common
 chivalry.

"Advance the Horse!" and Lumley's Own, and
 Schomberg's, Woods', and Hay's,
 The Heavy Fifth and Light Fifth, with the Cara-
 biniers and Greys
 Moved up to Wood and Lumley, very steadily and
 slow,
 And halted, welcome to their friends, but targets for
 the foe.

As men cheer hounds in autumn-tide, ere yet the
 winter's frost
 Has tamed the thorns of some thick brake the
 wandering fox has crossed,

This year's young entry smarts and bleeds, almost
 inclined to shirk,
 Till heartened by the jolly cries that spur them on
 to work.

So cheered our Horse, in halted ranks, and, at the
 joyful sound,
 The hard-pressed Foot like heroes fought, and rallied
 on the ground—
 Yet mounted men in halted ranks loom large when
 foes are near,
 And many an empty saddle proved grim payment for
 the cheer.

Here Têtefolle died, and Scaredeville, a Chaplain of
 the force,
 (An apter name ne'er owned a priest who graced a
 troop of Horse!)
 And Wood himself was wounded there, and Palmes
 stricken sore,
 Dragoons, that might not strike a blow, fell, cheering,
 by the score!

But while the suffering horsemen cheered, the
 plodding Foot pressed on
 Till D'Arco's troops were pierced and fled, all
 discipline undone:
 Now comes the hour for mounted men, now blow, ye
 trumpets, blow!
 "Charge!"—and a hurricane of Horse is racing on
 the foe!

Oh! but the merry slashing! Oh! the slaughter as
 they rode!
 The standards that they captured, and the meadow,
 red, they mowed!
 And Oh! the pride of honour gained, the sweetest
 prize on earth,
 When Marlborough deigned to lead them home, for
 token of their worth!

Think you such deeds are out of date, or mad fool-
 hardness?
 To die, for moral aid, no more, to comrades in
 distress?
 Yet there be times in modern war, as in the days of
 old,
 When men must hazard life and fame to make their
 fellows bold.

Maybe to-day the call may come, as on the Danube's
 banks,
 To play the fool?—nay, play the man!—to cheer the
 stricken ranks!
 God grant we find such men to-day, prepared to pay
 the price
 For England's sake, at honour's call, in glad self-
 sacrifice.

ELLIOT LEES.

CHAPTER III.

1705

THE campaign now opening promised to carry the war into the enemy's country, Marlborough intending to invade France by the valleys of Moselle and the Saar. Accordingly the British Horse, at Bois-le-Duc, marched by way of Ruremonde to Trèves, where they arrived on the 28th of May.

Vexatious delays on the part of the Germans, due to an exhausted exchequer and depleted ranks, coupled with a sudden and successful dash by Marshal de Villeroy on Huy, the consequent capture of the town of Liège and investment of the citadel, upset all calculations, and, sorely disappointed, Marlborough marched north on the 28th June. The subsequent course of the campaign comprised the re-capture of Huy, and the forcing of Villeroy's lines on the Little Gheet at daybreak on the 18th July by a combination of mingled surprise and stratagem. On this occasion, the Horse, and more especially Lumley's British Regiment, distinguished themselves by a bold charge led by Marlborough in person, and the 5th Dragoon Guards had the good fortune to capture four standards.

We next hear of Schomberg's Horse on the 28th August, at the camp at St. Remy, near Tirlémont, when Captain Pope writes that "the horses of the English Cavalry are near at an end." Finally, after some time spent in demolishing the lines which had been captured in July, the army broke up, and Schomberg's Horse again retired to winter at Bois-le-Duc.

The following interesting letter from Captain R. Pope to Mr. Thomas Coke, dated Dec. 20, 1705, and written at "the Bosch," gives us a glimpse into the inner history of the Regiment:—

"We have now the pleasure to fancy the distemper is over amongst our horses, very few having died within this three weeks, and those brought it

with them out of camp. Pray God send we don't go into Germany to fetch it again. I cannot forbear giving you an account that Mr. [Lt.-Col.] Sibourg has so far disoblged my Lord Duke of Marlborough, that he will hardly speak to him or look at him. If I could I do not think it proper here to tell you how this has happened. I am very sorry for it for my own sake, and the Regiment; and was very unwilling to mention anything of it here till I considered it was necessary you should know it, to avoid giving into something too readily that spleen may dictate." Happily these differences were settled, for we find hereafter that Colonel Sibourg received promotion.

In the late campaign Marlborough more than once effected his purpose by means of night marches. The strictest orders were given on these occasions against lights either on the line of march or in camp when breaking up; but, apparently, the British soldier and camp follower of the 18th century closely resembled their descendants in the 20th, for we read: "But this is one of the orders which 'tis the hardest in an army to have observed, 'tis so easy broke, and there are so many idle people about a camp, who are always loitering behind, who can't be kept within rules; besides that it is often done by the peasants who are commonly upon the ground as soon as the army is off it."

Marlborough, with a lively recollection of the hindrances caused in previous campaigns by the Dutch Deputies, and by the dilatoriness of the German and Prussian contingents, determined, if possible, to be quit of both in the ensuing campaign, and to march across Europe with forty battalions and forty squadrons to the help of Prince Eugene, who was hard-pressed in Northern Italy. This plan, bold in conception, was not destined to be fulfilled. The Dutch, perhaps not unnaturally, objected to sending their troops so far afield, and, while the matter was still under consideration, Marlborough's hand was forced by Marshal de Villars, who,

Order of Battle of the Confederate Army.

(British Cavalry only).

May 29, 1705.

General of Cavalry ...	The Prince of Hesse Cassel.
Lt.-General ...	The Honble. Harry Lumley.
Major-Generals ...	Ross and Wood.
Squadrons.	
Dragoon Brigade.	{ Greys 3. Right of 1st line.
Br. Lord John Hay.	{ 5th Lancers 3.
Horse Brigade.	{ 1st D. Gs., 3.
	{ 5th D. Gs., 2.
	{ Schomberg's Horse 2.
	{ 6th D. Gs., 2.
	{ 3rd D. Gs., 2.
Br. Francis Palmes.	

Ramillies Order of Battle.

(British Cavalry only).

May 12th, 1706.

Lt.-General Lumley	
M.-General Wood	{ Greys. Rtt. of 1st line.
Br. Lord John Hay	{ 5th Lancers.
M.-General Ross	{ 1st D. Gs.
	{ 3rd D. Gs.
	{ Schomberg's Horse.
	{ 6th D. Gs.
Br. Palmes	{ 3rd D. Gs.

1706 assuming the initiative, attacked Prince Louis of Baden on the Upper Rhine and drove him back.

The Dutch were now thoroughly alarmed, and, in order to keep Marlborough and his troops, they undertook that their Deputies would not interfere with the conduct of military operations.

Marlborough, bitterly disappointed at the failure of his grand scheme, immediately set to work to plan a campaign in the Netherlands, and the whole army was ordered to concentrate in the vicinity of Maestricht by the 19th May.

By the 20th May Marlborough had concentrated his whole force, 73 battalions, 123 squadrons, and 120 guns, some 60,000 in all, and directed his march on Tirlémont with a view to a dash at Namur. Marshal Villeroy, with 74 battalions, 128 squadrons and 130 guns, 62,000 men, fearing for the safety of Namur, left the line of the Dyle and marched towards Judoigne.

Battle
of Ram-
illies.

On the 22nd May Marlborough having received information that Villeroy had crossed the Great Gheet, directed his march to the sources of the Little Gheet. The night of the 22nd was very stormy and wet; a dense fog prevailed on the morning of the 23rd, and when it lifted, about 10 a.m., the Allies saw the French in movement on the position of Mont St. André, a point Marlborough himself was intending to occupy. The surprise was mutual, and Villeroy immediately set to work to occupy to the best advantage the position he was on. Establishing his left with some cavalry at Autre Eglise in the fork of the Little Gheet, he continued his line with infantry till it reached the high ground behind the village of Ramillies.

The villages of Autre Eglise, Offuz (centre) and Ramillies were each held by infantry.* South of Ramillies and between it and the Mehaigne, Villeroy concentrated nearly the whole of his remaining cavalry in two lines. Tavières was also occupied by an Infantry Brigade and a Regiment of Dragoons.

While the allied columns were marching towards the field of battle, Marlborough, who accompanied the Advanced Guard with his generals, had ample time to reconnoitre the position and to formulate his plan of attack. From the marshy banks of the Little Gheet and Mehaigne the ground rises abruptly, forming an elevated and gently undulating plain, the highest point of which was formed by a mound known as the Tomb of Ottomond.

* COXE, *Vol. II.*, p. 343, and KANE, p. 65, say that Ramillies was strongly held by 20 battalions of Infantry. On the other side DE FEUQUIERE, p. 361, says: "What was still more extraordinary was . . . we placed there [in Ramillies] only the poorest Infantry of the Army [On n'y mit que la moindre infanterie de l'Armée] nearly all foreign battalions, and recruited even from prisoners captured from the enemy."

1706 Marlborough was not long in perceiving that Villeroy's position, though apparently strong, yet possessed two great defects. The left wing was much cramped between the two rivers, and though fairly secure from attack by reason of the marshes in its front, was, from the same cause, unable to assume the offensive. The whole French front was formed up on the arc of a circle, and it was evident that an attacker manœuvring on the chord of that circle would be in a position to concentrate on either flank quicker than the defenders. Moreover, the Brigade at Tavières was not within supporting distance of Ramillies, and lastly the baggage of the Army had been allowed to remain between the first and second lines, thus considerably hampering their movements.

To Marlborough the Tomb of Ottomond appeared to be the key of the whole defensive position, and he determined to feint on his right and drive home the attack on his left. Accordingly, the whole of the Infantry of the right, led by the British redcoats, marched down to the banks of the Little Gheet as if about to deliver an attack on Autre Eglise. Villeroy, falling into the trap, immediately drew infantry from his centre and right to his left. As soon as Marlborough saw Villeroy well committed to this change of plan, he directed both lines of the right wing to retire up to the highest part of the rising ground overlooking the Little Gheet. Then, halting his first (British) line in full view of the French, he rapidly concentrated the whole of the second line, together with the Danish Cavalry, out of sight behind his left centre. The British Cavalry was left in support of the British Infantry.† At 1-30 the battle commenced with heavy artillery fire, and an attack by the Dutch on Tavières. Villeroy, perceiving his mistake, tried to repair it by dismounting 14 squadrons of Dragoons behind the Tomb of Ottomond, and sending them to the defence of Tavières. Before they arrived, Tavières had been captured, and the Danish Cavalry charged the dismounted Dragoons, killing many, driving the remainder into the Mehaigne and capturing their led horses. The whole of the Cavalry of the left wing (Dutch and Germans) now charged the French right and defeated their first line, but in turn were repulsed by the French second line. Marlborough, seeing the danger, sent gallopers to collect all the available squadrons except the British, who were still on the right, and endeavoured himself to restore order. In the ensuing *melée*, Marlborough was attacked by some French Dragoons, and, while attempting to leap a ditch, fell. His aide-de-camp, Captain Molesworth, at once dismounted and gave him his own horse. As Marlborough was in the act of mounting, a cannon-ball took off the head of Colonel

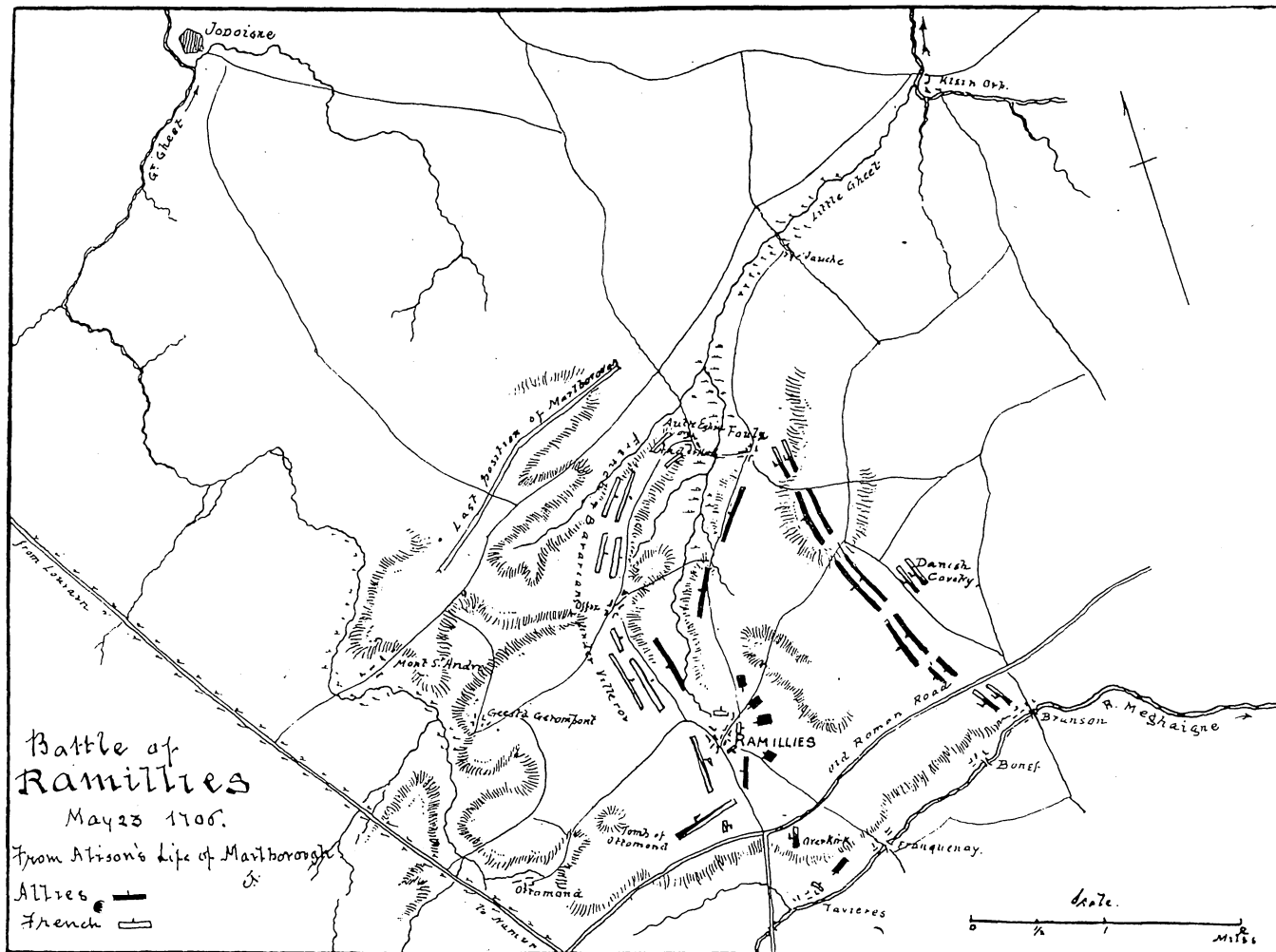
† DE FEUQUIERE, p. 362, says that the whole French left wing thoroughly grasped the meaning of this manœuvre and that its Commander in vain begged Villeroy to transfer all the French squadrons from the left to the right.



1706 Bingfield, the Equerry who was holding his stirrup. By this time twenty fresh squadrons had galloped up to Marlborough, and the French being now checked, an opportune and gallant charge drove back the whole of the French right, and gave the Allies possession of the Tomb of Ottomond. The fate of the day was no longer doubtful. Ramillies, after a

battalions of the famous King's Regiment (Regiment du Roi).^{*} Wood now co-operated, and, again charging at the head of the 3rd Dragoon Guards and the Carabiniers, he attacked the left of the Bavarians as they retreated, captured a standard and some kettledrums, and almost succeeded in capturing the Elector of Bavaria himself.

1706



desperate resistance, was cleared, and the attacking infantry, supported by Wood with the 3rd and 6th Dragoon Guards, were directed upon Offuz. On their approach the French evacuated the village, and General Wood, riding at the head of his own Regiment (3rd Dragoon Guards), gained the high ground to the north. The turn of the British Infantry and Cavalry on the extreme right had now come, and the former, supported by five squadrons of the 1st Dragoon Guards, Greys, and 5th Lancers, struggled across the morass, and attacked and defeated the defenders of Autre Eglise, while the Greys, by a brilliant charge, captured the four

^{*} DE QUINCY, *Hist. Milit.*, Vol. V., p. 8, says: "The Infantry 'Regiment du Roy,' retiring by the plain between Ramillies and Judoigne, where, in marching to the fight, they had left their packs (*avresacs*), unfortunately broke their ranks to go and take them, although they saw a corps of Cavalry behind them. It is true they thought they were French."

All accounts agree in giving the credit of this incident to the Greys, but it seems probable that the 1st Dragoon Guards and 5th Lancers also helped. Of the five squadrons specifically mentioned, three might have been "Greys," and in this case, they, as being present as a Regiment, would probably get all the credit. Conversely, in later years, at Chillianwala, a Regiment which was represented by a wing only, and therefore was not present as a Regiment, escaped all blame for the "regrettable incident" which marred that battle.

1706

Up till this moment the French, in their retreat, had preserved some semblance of order, but these repeated charges of the British Cavalry shook their moral, and, being hampered with the baggage trains, they broke their ranks, threw away their arms, and fled in the wildest confusion through Judoigne to the Dyle. The cavalry pursuit was most energetic, and was carried through Judoigne to the vicinity of Louvain itself.

stood in Order of Battle as follows: Greys, 5th Lancers, 1st Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoon Guards, Schomberg's Horse, 6th Dragoon Guards, and 3rd Dragoon Guards on the left. We have seen how the 3rd and 6th Dragoon Guards were employed under Wood, and also how squadrons were drawn from the three Regiments on the right to support the Infantry attack upon Autre Eglise. It seems reasonable, therefore, to assume that the two centre

1706

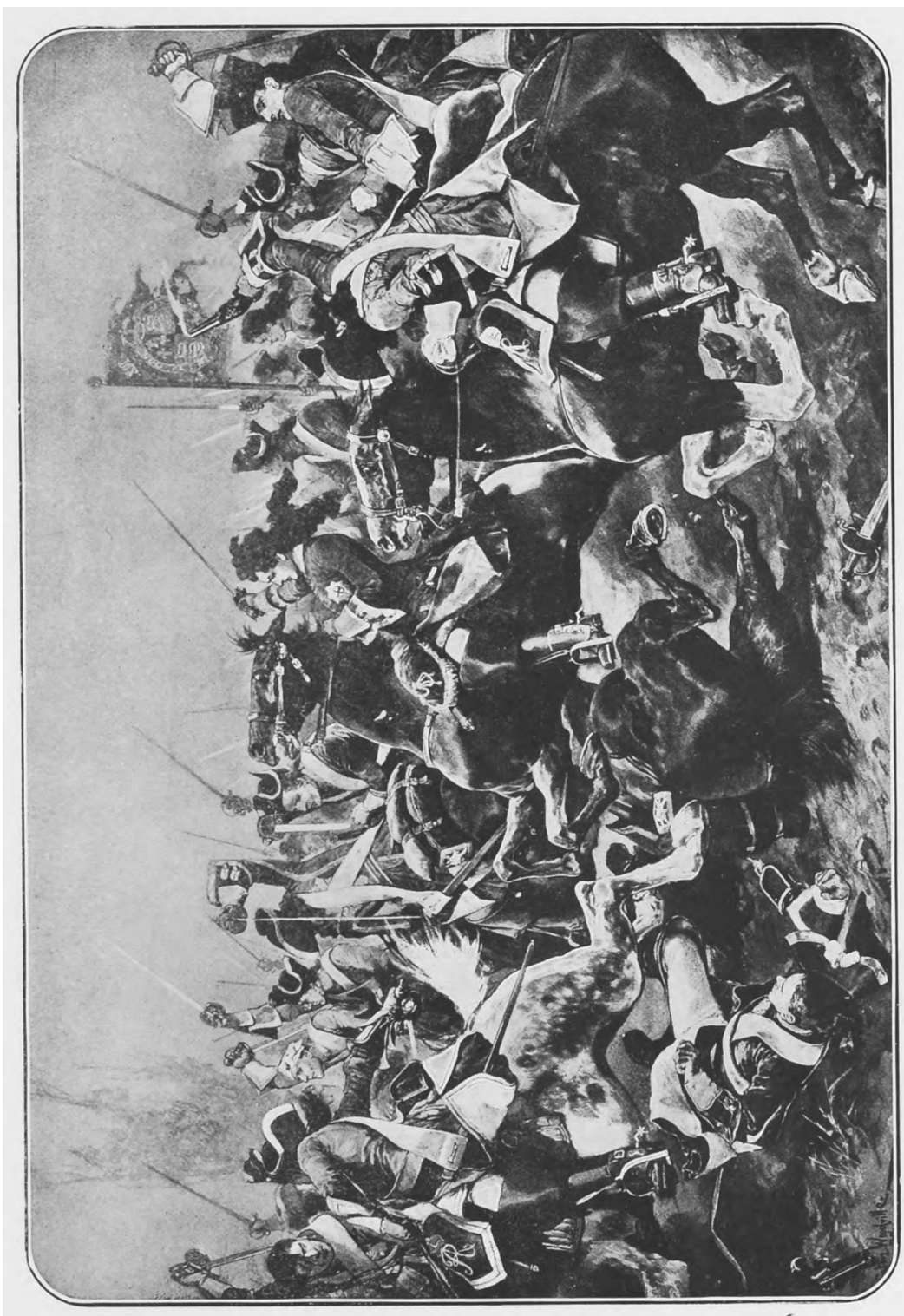


JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, K.G.
From the miniature in the possession of Mr. C. Dalton.

In this great battle the French lost, in all, 15,000 men, the whole of their guns, nearly all their baggage, and 80 colours and standards, while the Allied loss amounted to 1,066 killed and 2,567 wounded, chiefly among the Dutch, Danes, and Germans, who bore the brunt of the fighting on the Allied centre and left.

It is much to be regretted that no definite information is forthcoming of the part played by Schomberg's Horse in this memorable fight. The British Cavalry, counting from the extreme right,

Regiments, 5th Dragoon Guards and Schomberg's Horse, were kept in hand by Lumley as support. That the Regiment was present at the battle there can be no question, for on the 2nd of June Captain Richard Pope writes as follows from the camp at Meerlebeck, near Ghent:—[After Ramillies] "we were detached with 1,000 Horse and 2,000 Grenadiers to secure the passage on the Scheldt, commanded by the Duke of Würtemberg, but the enemy were kind enough to abandon it, as well as Ghent itself. Everyone that is not prejudiced must allow my Lord Duke



BRITISH CAVALRY CHARGING AT THE BATTLE OF RAMILLIES.
(From the picture by R. Caton Woodville.)

The medal issued for the Ramillies Campaign bore on the face the bust of the Queen. On the reverse, two flying Fames, sounding their trumpets and holding a plan of the Battle of Ramillies, with a map of the provinces of Flanders and Brabant.

“The ill-success of the Elector and Villeroy put old Louis on sending the Duke of Vendome to command in their stead; but with positive orders not to hazard a battle,” writes General Kane, while Marlborough, again hampered by Dutch Deputies, had to face a superior French force, and was thrown on the defensive. Although there was more than one attempt on Marlborough’s part to come to hand-grips, yet no collision of any importance occurred. The two armies spent a wet and miserable summer in

standing camps, the Allies for many weeks being encamped at Meldert, near Louvain. 1707

It is probable that Schomberg's Horse again wintered at Bois-le-Duc.

This year cuirasses were issued to the whole of the Horse. At a review at Meldert in June they appeared "for the first time in the cuirasses, and the whole was very complete and in good order," but Marlborough, very sensibly, sanctioned this protection for the breasts only and not for the backs.

Early in April Marlborough arrived at the Hague, where he met Prince Eugene, and the two concerted their plan of campaign, which necessitated the concentration of two armies, one in the Netherlands under Marlborough, the other in the Moselle under Eugene. Their design was to lead the enemy to believe that, as in 1705, an invasion of France by the valley of the Moselle was intended, while in reality the plan aimed at a rapid concentration in the Netherlands and an attack on the French with superior forces.

British Cavalry only. Lt.-Gen. the Honble. Harry Lumley.†
 Lt.-Gen. Wood.
 Major-Generals Palmes and Cadogan.
 Four foreign Rgts. on right of the line
 Br. Lord Stair's { Greys.
 Dragoon Bde. { 5th Lancers.

Br. Kellum's { 1 Foreign Regt.
 Horse Bde. { 1st D. Gs.
 { 6th D. Gs.
 { 5th D. Gs.

Br. Sibourg† { 3rd D. Gs.
 Horse Bde. { Schomberg's Horse

“ Lumley the Horse to glorious dangers led,
In Northern Climes, near rapid Humber bred;
Long e'er this Isle the Norman fury felt,
His war-like Race near Scotland's Borders dwelt;

Not born to title, nor a splendid state,
Wood change'd the sable colour of his fate,
And sees himself by his own merit great,
Ancient Records, nor modern story, can
Produce a better or a greater man.

Civil to all, and in his dealings just,
He breaks no Traders with perpetual Trust.
His worth the soldiers with applauses own,
Who never sold a post, or bought his own.

Undaunted Ross, the fierce Dragoons brought on

Commanded Troops were never known to fly."

(British Cavalry only).

Lt.-General the Honourable Harry Lumley.

Major-General Wood	Dragoon	{ Greys.
Br. Lord Stairs	Brigade	{ 5th Lancers.

Major-General Palmes	Horse	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{1st D. Gs.} \\ \text{5th D. Gs.} \\ \text{Schomberg's Horse.} \\ \text{6th D. Gs.} \\ \text{3rd D. Gs.} \end{array} \right.$
Br. Ross	Brigade	

‡ This was, of course, the Lt.-Col. of Schomberg's Horse.

On the French side King Louis XIV. had concentrated an army of 110,000 men under the orders of his grandson, and heir to his throne, the Duke of Burgundy, with Vendôme as bear-leader. With this Army was the Chevalier de St. George, son of King James II., commonly called "The Pretender." Marlborough shrewdly opined that the presence of the Princes at the French headquarters "would be rather a hindrance and a perplexity to M. de Vendôme, and not any advantage."

For several weeks Marlborough had successively occupied several camps in the neighbourhood of Brussels and Louvain, longing for news of Eugene's march from the Moselle. At last, on the 30th of June, Eugene, who had been beset with difficulties, political as well as military, started.

On the 4th July the French suddenly moved, and on the morning of the 5th, Ghent and Bruges, mainly through treachery, fell into the enemy's hands. Marlborough at once broke up his camp at Terbank and started in hot pursuit, but, hearing on the 6th of the fall of the towns, he took up a position at Aasch to cover Brussels, where the alarm was extreme. The gallant Eugene, scenting a fight, and realizing that his force would be too late, pushed on alone, and, though without his troops, was in time to join Marlborough at this critical juncture.

Battle
of Ouden-
arde.

The intention of the French to seize Oudenarde (or Audenaerde) was known to Marlborough, who hastily collected a few scattered garrisons and threw them into that town. On the 9th July Oudenarde was invested, and the Duke of Burgundy marched to occupy a covering position at Lessines on the Dender. Marlborough, at Aasch, was double the distance from Lessines, but marching at 2 a.m. on the 9th, he covered 15 miles by mid-day. At 4 p.m. Cadogan (Colonel of the 5th D.G's. and Quarter-Master General of the army) was dispatched with 8 squadrons and 8 battalions to bridge the Dender and seize Lessines, a task he successfully accomplished by midnight. After another night march* Marlborough's main army crossed at Lessines at 4 a.m. on the 10th, just as the French Advanced Guard was leisurely

* The following description of this march appears in "A Journal of the March of the Confederate Army," 4-12 July. "The Army marched in 4 columns by the Left, all the Horse of the Right Wing in one column on the right The Regulations touching the Baggage was exactly observed, and the way being well made, the Army marched in beautiful order, and with prodigious expedition—well closed up without any straggling, or anything left behind."

The total distance, Aasch to Lessines, was 30 miles, covered in 26 hours, from Lessines to Oudenarde a further 15 miles, so that from 2 a.m. on the 9th till 9 p.m. on the 11th, 55 hours, Marlborough's Army, approximately 83,000 strong, covered 50 miles, fought and won the battle of Oudenarde.

In the Peninsular War, Crauford with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Foot marched to Talavera (62 English miles) in 26 hours, each man carrying a pack 50-60 lbs. weight. There were only 17 stragglers.

approaching. Great was the astonishment of the French Generals to see Marlborough, who, of course, now interposed between them and their own frontier, and they at once turned in a north-westerly direction with the intention of crossing the Scheldt at Gavre, picking up the investing force at Oudenarde on their way.

At dawn on the 11th Marlborough dispatched Cadogan with 16 battalions, 8 squadrons, and 32 guns, all foreign, to clear the roads and bridge the Scheldt near Oudenarde, he himself following with the whole Army at 8 a.m. By noon Cadogan had completed his bridges, had crossed the river, and had seized the heights of Bevere, while the French were leisurely crossing at Gavre, unconscious of his proximity. Seeing them in the act of foraging, Cadogan at once attacked. Though thoroughly surprised, Vendôme quickly appreciated that he only had to deal with a detachment, and he gave orders for a general attack, with intent to overwhelm Cadogan before the main army could arrive. This order, however, was countermanded by the Duke of Burgundy, and the resulting indecision, and the differences now and afterwards between the two French Generals, account, in a great measure, for their defeat. Meanwhile Marlborough, anxious for Cadogan, took with him a strong column of Prussian Horse, galloped all the way to the bridges, and arrived north of Bevere by 2 p.m. The British Cavalry, on the right flank, guarded the Infantry advance. By 3 p.m. the heads of these columns arrived at the bridges, and, to accelerate the crossing, the Horse of the left wing was diverted through Oudenarde. The ground between the opposing armies was undulating, in some places very marshy, in others wooded, much of it highly cultivated—generally unsuited for cavalry action except on the plain to the north of Huerne and west of Huyse. The windmill of Oycke marked the highest point in the field.

Cadogan, who hitherto had been playing a game of "bluff," now attacked in earnest, and it was then that the Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards George II. of England) charged, sword in hand, at the head of a squadron of Bulau's Dragoons. His horse was shot under him, and Colonel Fascky was killed while bravely fighting at his side.

Between 4 and 5 p.m. the battle became general. Marlborough himself now took charge of the centre, leaving the right wing, mainly British and Dutch, to Eugene, and the infantry of both sides fought fiercely with varying fortune. Perceiving that the French right wing approached, but did not occupy, the heights of Oycke, Marlborough dispatched the veteran Overkirk with the cavalry of the Left Wing and 20 battalions (all Dutch, Danes, or Germans) to effect a turning movement. Having arrived at the windmill, Overkirk, with the young Prince of Orange, pushed on, and completely turned the French right, thus threatening their line of retreat. Although Vendôme made great efforts to retrieve

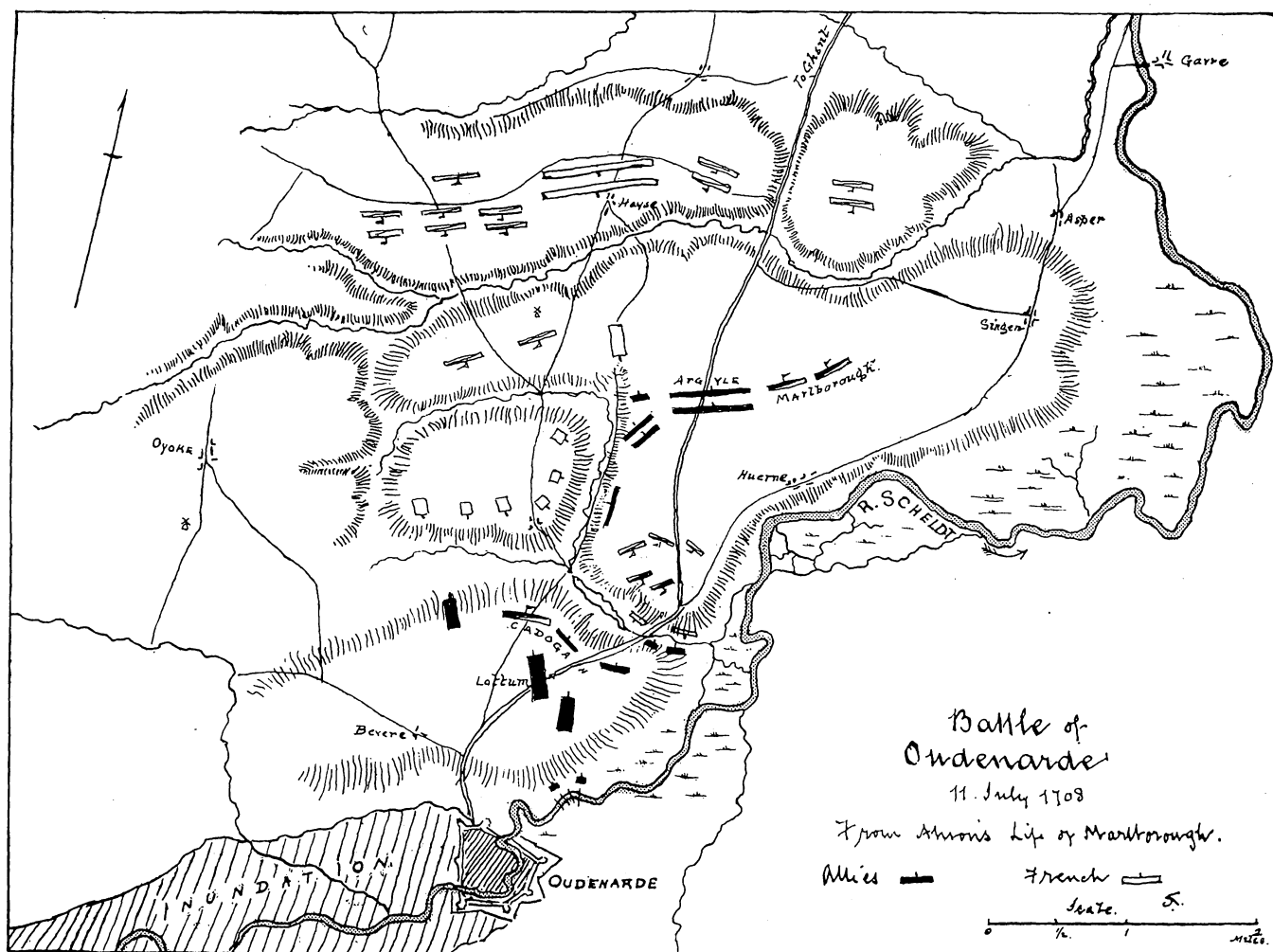


THE BATTLE OF OUDENARDE
IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

1708 the fortunes of the day, yet his left was continually being pressed back by the Allied right, until at last, in the gathering darkness, the two Allied wings approached each other so closely that the one actually mistook the other for the enemy and opened fire. Utterly broken, the French now made off in great disorder towards Ghent, and the victorious troops spent the night in their battle positions, pursuit being out of the question owing to the darkness.

The French loss during the battle has been 1708 computed at 6,000 killed and wounded and 9,000 prisoners, while the Allied loss amounted to 3,000. In this battle the English loss was trifling, for, although Lumley's Division of Horse was present throughout, yet it was not engaged at all.

At dawn on the 12th the pursuit was taken up by 40 squadrons (including all the British, 17 squadrons) and a corps of Infantry towards Ghent.



It is related that during the night numbers of the French passed through an opening in the Allied Centre and so escaped to France, while many more fell into a trap artfully laid by Eugene, who caused his drummers to beat the French retreat, and the French Huguenot officers in his service to give the rallying words of the various French Regiments.

The Allied force consisted of 112 battalions and 180 squadrons, the French of 124 battalions and 197 squadrons.

Although many stragglers were picked up, yet no real damage was inflicted on the French, whose rear-guard was so admirably managed that they ambushed, and almost entirely destroyed, one of the German Regiments. The French retired to their fortified lines between Ghent and Bruges, where they were so situated as to deny the valuable water communications of the Lys and Scheldt to Marlborough.

Shortly after the battle of Oudenarde, Eugene's troops arrived at Brussels, and he and Marlborough now conceived the idea of attacking Lille, the capital

1708 of French Flanders, a city heretofore considered impregnable, the masterpiece of Vauban—the greatest of French engineers. The difficulties were enormous, for the Allied advanced base was at Brussels, and, as we have seen, Vendôme and the Duke of Burgundy were near Ghent, while the Duke of Berwick (natural son of James II.) had hurried up from the Rhine, and at the end of July was at Lens with a second French Army. Lille itself was garrisoned with 15,000 men under Marshal Boufflers.

To prosecute the siege Marlborough had collected 94 guns, 60 mortars, and 3,000 ammunition waggons at Brussels. Transportation by water was out of the question, for the French at Ghent held the waterways. Fifteen miles of road space was occupied by the vast convoy, which, escorted by Eugene, left Brussels on the 6th of August. The French moved out from their lines, but failed to attack. Marlborough dispatched his Horse to meet the convoy, marched with his main army on the 12th from his camp at Wervick, near Menin, to Helchin on the Scheldt, and there met Eugene, who arrived safely without losing a single waggon. This extraordinary success was due to the precautions and excellent plans of Marlborough and Eugene, but "what no one of any sense will ever understand," is why the French, who were in superior force, did not attack.

The siege of Lille was at once undertaken by Eugene, while Marlborough covered the operations. Of the many incidents, the assaults, the stratagems, of the opening of a fresh line of communication from Ostend, the arrival of fresh convoys therefrom, of the battle of Wynendael, at which it is possible the Regiment was present, although no proof is forthcoming, the reader can find sufficient accounts, not only in Mr. Fortescue's admirable *History of the British Army*, but also in the various contemporary authorities mentioned in the Appendix. Suffice it here to say that the citadel of Lille surrendered early in December to Eugene, the gallant defenders, who had lost half their numbers, being permitted to march out with all the honours of war, and that Marlborough, on hearing the Elector of Bavaria had laid siege to Brussels, marched north to relieve it. Such was the terror he inspired that, on his approach, the Elector hurried off as fast as he could by night towards Mons, leaving his guns, ammunition, and 800 wounded behind.

Although it was now nearly mid-December, yet the weather was mild and open, allowing Marlborough to continue operations all the winter. He laid siege to Ghent, captured it on the 31st of December, and received the surrender of Bruges on the following 3rd of January.

In all these operations Schomberg's Horse, in common with the remainder of the British Horse, took part, and, the campaign being now over, they went into winter quarters at Bruges.

The medal issued to commemorate the Oudenarde campaign bore on the face: The bust of the Queen. On the reverse: A monumental pillar surmounted by Victory, adorned with trophies of standards and colours of France, and two captives, with this legend: GALLIS. AD. ALDENARD. VICTIS. (The French vanquished at Oudenarde.) And in the exergue: xxx JUNII, MDCCVIII. (30th June, 1708).

The spring was miserably wet, and it was not till the 23rd June that Marlborough and Eugene were able to assemble their respective armies at Looz, south of Lille. Opposite to them, the French, now under command of Marshal Villars, were in great force behind their entrenched lines between Douay and Bethune, commonly known as the lines of La Bassée. Villars was convinced that Marlborough meant to attack him, so he strengthened himself by drawing three battalions from Tournai, and he dug, and dug, and dug, to bar the way to France. Marlborough had no intention to disabuse Villars; in fact, by feints and otherwise, he encouraged him in his belief, and, ostentatiously sending his baggage to Lille, he marched at 9 p.m. on the 26th June towards the French lines. The whole army was convinced that a battle was to be fought. During the night the direction of the columns was altered, but few realized the change; all tramped on heedless of direction, knowing only that they were about to fight, and thinking, possibly, that the French lines were further off than they expected. Dawn broke, the weary columns rubbed their eyes. Where were the French lines? What was this town in front of them? Who were those red-coated troopers? Well might they wonder, for, during the night, instead of maintaining a direction south or west, the columns had been marching due east, and there before them lay Tournai surrounded by Schomberg's men and the other Regiment of Lumley's Cavalry Division. If the Allied Army was mystified, so equally was the Governor of the City, for a part of his troops was surprised out foraging. The preliminary investment was entrusted to Lumley, with 45 squadrons and 24 battalions, Marlborough undertaking the siege, while

Order of Battle.

(British Cavalry only).

Camp of ORCHIES. Aug., 1709.

Right of the first line.

Lt.-Generals Hon. Harry Lumley and Wood.
Major-General Lord Stair.

	Squadrons.
Brigadier Sybourg. { Greys,	2.
5th Lancers.	3.
1st D. Gs.	2.
5th D. Gs.	2.
Brigadier Kellum. Schomberg's Horse.	3.
6th D. Gs.	2.
3rd D. Gs.	2.



THE BATTLE OF TANIERES OR MALPLAQUET.

1709 Eugene covered the operations. Had the town been held by a full garrison, the siege would have been most difficult; but we have already seen that Marlborough had artfully contrived matters so that part had been withdrawn by Villars.

The defences of Tournai were scarcely inferior to those of Lille, but they differed from the latter inasmuch as there was a most elaborate system of underground works and mines. To combat these, the attackers had to burrow and mine, and the horrors of underground fights and exploding mines were sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail. Here, Generals and Colonels and Officers generally were no use; they could only direct. It was a case for the private soldier, who burrowed and burrowed until at last, in black darkness, he would strike into an enemy's tunnel. Then at it with pick, or shovel, dagger, or fist, until one side cleared the other out, or the attackers themselves were blown sky-high, a mangled mass of arms and legs and headless trunks.

"Whatever other hazards our most daring generals may have exposed themselves to," writes a contemporary historian, "we never find them here [underground]; this service is left entirely to the common soldiers and inferior officers; and it is amazing that any man should be so hardy as to undertake it. Ambition and avarice have prompted men to run vast hazards, but that men should expose themselves to so many deaths for little or no reward, and where few or none can be witness of their bravery this is indeed very surprising."

Occupied as he was before Tournai, Marlborough already was looking ahead, and had resolved upon the capture of Mons as the next stepping-stone to Paris. Between Tournai and Mons, however, ran a section of Villars's interminable lines; but Marlborough, thanks to the energy of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, whom he had dispatched with 60 squadrons and 4,000 foot on September 3rd (the day the citadel of Tournai capitulated), was enabled to cross the lines without firing a shot, and to invest Mons from the side of France. Villars now moved towards Mons; Marlborough and Eugene moved southward to meet him.

**Battle
of Mal-
plaquet.**

On the 3rd of September Marlborough and Eugene took up a position about Quevy, facing south-west, their advanced troops being in touch with the enemy. On the 9th Villars advanced to the heath of Malplaquet, and threw some troops into the wood of Lanierie. The rival armies were numerically about equal, the Allies having 129 battalions, 252 squadrons, and 101 guns, while Villars had 130 battalions, 260 squadrons, and 80 guns.

The field of the approaching battle was undulating, and between Malplaquet and Quevy much broken up by a series of streams with steep banks. The whole country, except the actual heath of Malplaquet, was either under cultivation or clothed

with large woods, the remains of an ancient forest. Through this intersected country ran two gaps, called, in the language of the country, Trouée d'Aulnois (after the village of that name) and the Trouée de Louvière.

Marlborough and Eugene expected to be attacked, but determined, in the event of Villars not doing so, to attack themselves.

Villars, who had arrived near Malplaquet on the evening of the 9th, spent the whole night in throwing up entrenchments, and fortifying the edges of the woods with redoubts, redans, stockades, abattis, and entanglements, and had made such progress that the Allied commanders were thoroughly surprised when, on the morning of September 10th, they reconnoitred the French position. Marlborough was for attacking at once, but Eugene advised waiting for some battalions that had not yet arrived from the siege of Tournai. The Dutch Deputies supported Eugene, and the attack was deferred. The remainder of the day was spent by the Allies in perfecting their plans, and by Villars in digging furiously. From the nature of the ground the approaching battle would evidently be mainly an infantry struggle, so Villars drew up his cavalry, as well as the nature of the ground would permit, in several lines in rear of his infantry, the Gardes du Corps being on the right, the Gens d'Armes in the centre, and the Carabiniers on the left.

Marlborough's plan on the 10th was first to attack the French left and left-centre with 62 battalions under Schulemburg and Lottum, and half-an-hour later to attack the French right with 31 battalions, principally Dutch, under the Prince of Orange. Lord Orkney with 15 British battalions was detailed to act as a containing force opposite the Trouée d'Aulnois, and to join in when Lottum and Schulemburg made progress. To sustain the infantry, 21 Dutch squadrons were detailed for the left; 30 more, all Dutch, to sustain Orkney; the British, Hanoverian, and Prussian squadrons to cover Lottum, while Eugene's cavalry covered Schulemburg. A closer reconnaissance of the French lines revealed the extraordinary strength of the French right, and, as Withers had not arrived from Tournai, the original plan was modified so as to make the left attack a feint, while Withers with his 19 battalions and 10 squadrons was to be directed through the woods to turn all the entrenchments and penetrate in rear of the French left.

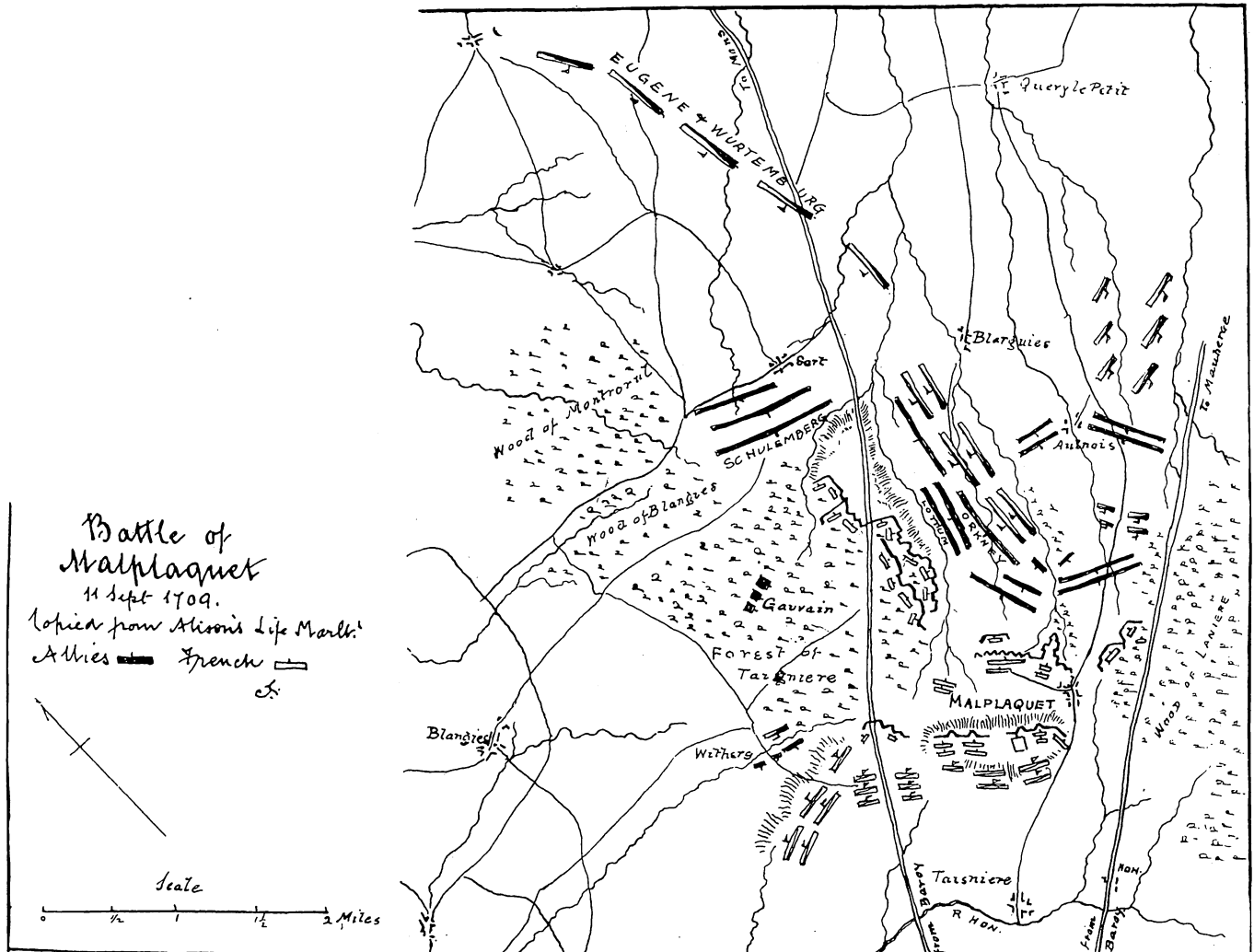
At dawn on the 11th September a dense fog prevailed. At 3 a.m. divine service was held in the Allied lines, and at 7-30, the sun appearing, the artillery of both sides opened the battle. Eugene now went to the right, Marlborough commanded the centre and left. On the French side Villars, the darling of the French soldiery, commanded the left, while the veteran Marshal Boufflers took charge of

1709 the right. After a pause in the cannonade, the great battery of 40 heavy guns in the Allied centre fired a salvo. It was the signal to attack.

The Prince of Orange on the left, Lottum in the centre with Marlborough in person leading the lines, and Schulemburg on the right, advanced to the attack. Arrived at a point just out of range of the French guns, the Prince of Orange, obeying orders, halted; the others moved on. The fight in the woods,

Gauvain, who had stolen off unperceived on a similar errand with 3 battalions from Schulemburg's column. A half-hour had passed, and the Prince of Orange, regardless of the alteration in the original plan, and without express orders, advanced to attack the French right. Dutch Guards and the Highlanders of Tullibardine* led the way, the fiery young Prince at their head. The attack was met with a murderous fire, whole ranks were swept away

1709



and at the foot of the entrenchments, was tremendous; again and again the gallant Dutch infantry were driven back, only to advance with greater determination against a foe, who, animated by the presence of their beloved chief, fought with a heroism never excelled even by them.

Meanwhile Withers was groping his way silently and surely through the woods on the French left without firing a shot, and not far off was

by fire from front and flank, and the columns hesitated. The Prince's horse was shot, but, undismayed, he seized a standard and marched towards the entrenchments. "Follow me, my friends, here is your post," he cried; but, in spite of the most heroic efforts, the columns were driven back, losing near 2,000 killed, two battalions of the Dutch Blue

* Scots troops in the pay of the Dutch.

1709 Guards being almost destroyed. Reinforced by two more battalions, the attack was again renewed; this time the entrenchments were carried, but, being charged by fresh troops, the gallant attackers were driven back with further loss.

On the Allied right matters were no less critical, for Villars, having collected reinforcements (including the Irish Brigade), drove the attackers back with a furious charge. Eugene, seeing the confusion, rushed into the thick of the fight, and, whilst rallying the regiments, received a wound in the neck, but refused to leave the field. Encouraged by his example, the brave Germans again made headway, and a desperate fight ensued in the wood. With his nineteen battalions Withers now made himself felt, and it was in a great measure, owing to the pressure brought to bear by his troops and those of Gauvain, that the French were driven out of the wood at Taisnière. It was in this quarter that the 18th Royal Irish, coming to an opening in the wood, saw a battalion of the enemy drawn up opposite to them. Captain Parker, himself an Officer in the 18th, describes how "we advanced gently towards them, with the six Platoons of our first fire made ready. When we had advanced within a hundred paces of them, they gave us a fire of one of their ranks: whereupon we halted, and returned them the fire of our six Platoons at once; and immediately made ready the six Platoons of our second fire, and advanced upon them again. They then gave us the fire of another rank, and we returned them a second fire, which made them shrink; however, they gave us the fire of a third rank in a scattering manner, and then retired into the wood in great disorder: on which we sent our third fire after them, and saw them no more. . . . We had four men killed and six wounded, and found near 40 of them killed and wounded." The battalion thus worsted was the Royal Regiment of Ireland in the pay of the King of France, truly a case of Greek meeting Greek.

As Eugene debouched from the wood at the head of five German battalions, he was charged by the French with fixed bayonets and driven back to the edge of the wood. Here it was that the gallant Villars was wounded, and, calling for a chair, refused to quit the field, until, fainting from loss of blood, he was carried off to the rear. The crisis had now arrived, and Orkney, supported by 30 Dutch Squadrons in two lines, with a third line behind composed of the whole of the British Horse, advanced. His first mad rush gave him the redans in his front, and the Dutch squadrons began to cross the captured works. When part only were over, they were charged by French cavalry, but managed to hold their own. The gallant Marshal Boufflers now placed himself at the head of the Gens d'Armes and Gardes du Corps, addressed them in a few inspiring words, charged and drove the Dutch squadrons back to the entrenchments, where he was, in turn, checked by Orkney's infantry. Again, and again, and again, the gallant Frenchmen charged, only to be driven

back by a hail of lead. As they were retiring sullenly from the third attack, they were suddenly charged in flank by the British and Prussian cavalry, who had by this time arrived. Their fate would have been sealed had not 2,000 fresh horsemen been hastily collected from the French right. Putting himself at their head, the gallant Boufflers charged with whirlwind force through the first line, through the second, and into the third. Red, blue, and white coats were inextricably mingled together. Orkney's Foot could no longer fire for fear of hitting friend as well as foe, and so the struggle went on. But presently, above the tumult of clashing steel and its accompaniment of dying groans, deeper than the fierce oaths and hoarse commands, there came an ever-increasing thunderous noise—the beating of twice twenty thousand hooves in mad career. It was the whole of Eugene's cavalry of the right wing which had so opportunely arrived, and, outflanking the enemy, drove them back. Pressed back, but undaunted, the gallant Frenchmen retired and reformed.

By this time the Prince of Orange had again advanced, and in conjunction with the Prince of Hesse, drove the French out of their entrenchments on their right.

Boufflers now received the news that his left was in full retreat, and reluctantly the gallant soldier gave the order to retire, arranging a methodical and orderly withdrawal towards Quesnoy and Valenciennes, covered by a strong rearguard drawn from his reserves.

Spent with the day's long fight, the Allied Army rested on the ground it had so hardly won, the cavalry pursuing as far as the defile of Bavay with great slaughter.

The losses on both sides in this, the bloodiest, of all Marlborough's battles, were enormous. The Allied infantry alone lost 5,544 killed and 12,706 wounded and missing, the total loss of all arms being estimated at no less than 20,000. Of this total the Dutch, who undoubtedly bore the brunt of the fighting, claimed 11,000, although their total force was not more than a fourth of the Allied Army.

On the French side the loss was about 14,000.

This battle led to no far-reaching consequences such as Blenheim; it gave the victors the field, and enabled them to continue the siege of Mons, but it gave them nothing else, and Marlborough was bitterly attacked at home for what was stigmatized as a useless waste of brave lives.

Mons fell on Sept. 20th, and on the 28th following the Army separated for the winter, Schomberg's Horse marching to Ghent.

The medal issued for Malplaquet bore on the face, the bust of the Queen. On the reverse: A fight in a wood, and Victory flying over it, with

1709

1709 garlands of Laurels in her hands, with this motto: CONCORDIA ET VIRTUTE. (By Concord and fortitude.) In the exergue: GALLIS AD TAISNIERE DEVICTIS, AUG. xxxi. MDCCIX. ("The French vanquished at Taisnière, Aug. 31, 1709.")

1710 There is little of interest to record in this year. The Army assembled near Tournai towards the end of April, 1710, and successively invested and took Douay, Bethune, St. Venant, and Aire. The capture of the last two towns opened up the River Lys, while Douay gave Marlborough a second and most useful line by the Scheldt. Villars had no intention of forcing a fight, for he feared that a disaster would open the way to Paris, so he manœuvred skilfully to avoid a battle, and again took to the spade, with results which we shall see in the next campaign.

1711 On the 27th January Meinhardt, Duke of Schomberg, resigned the Colonelcy of the Regiment, and was succeeded by his son Charles, Marquis of Harwich, and for the next two years the Regiment was known as HARWICH'S HORSE. On March 21st William Bray was appointed Lt.-Col., vice Charles Sybourg, promoted to the Colonelcy of Argyll's Regiment of Foot.

During the preceding nine years we have followed the fortunes of Schomberg's Horse in many different phases of campaigning; in sieges, escorts, long, arduous, and rapid marches, brilliant and bloody battles, where victory was the reward of the transcendent genius of "Corporal John," as the army affectionately called their great Captain, or where, as in the case of Malplaquet, it was won by the superb courage of those veteran troops which he, and the no less brilliant Eugene, commanded. We arrive now at a campaign marked by no great battle, but which, perhaps more than any other, exemplifies the extraordinary genius of the leader, and the dogged determination of the led.

In December, 1710, the Allied forces operating in Spain, after a brilliant commencement of the campaign, had met with a great disaster. A British column composed of Horse and Foot was captured, and of the whole Allied Army in that country only some 7,000, out of an original strength of 25,000 men, escaped.

At home, a change of ministry resulted in a considerable diminution of Marlborough's already

waning popularity and power; while on the Continent, by the death of the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, fresh complications were raised, and Eugene, who was to have co-operated with Marlborough in the Netherlands, was called away to the Rhine with a great part of his forces.

On the French side King Louis, encouraged by his success in Spain and by the change of ministry in England, had, during the winter, made immense preparations. With Lille, Tournai, and Douay in Marlborough's possession, there were few remaining fortified towns to bar an invasion of France from the north, so Villars constructed a series of lines which he boastfully proclaimed to be Marlborough's *ne plus ultra*.*

Commencing at Namur on the east, they followed the lines of the Sambre, thence, taking advantage of streams and marshes, they ran by a somewhat irregular line through Valenciennes and Arras westward to the sea. Forts, redoubts, double ditches and inundations were employed; in short, every device that could be suggested by the ingenuity of engineers reared in an age when military engineering was at its zenith. To defend these lines Villars had probably 90,000 horse and foot and 102 guns and howitzers, besides the garrisons of various towns.

By the 30th April Marlborough had collected his Army, about 80,000 strong, at Orchies, while Villars began to assemble in the neighbourhood of Arras.

Let us turn to that portion of Villars's lines which separated the hostile armies. Between Valenciennes and Bouchain the bridges over the Scheldt were defended by têtes-du-pont. Bouchain was strongly fortified; thence the line ran westward to Aubigny, where there was a strong redoubt. From Aubigny it followed the Sensée to Arleux, thence to Biache on the Scarpe, this river being connected with the Sensée by a canal. In this section every opportunity had been seized to augment the defences by inundations. Across the inundations Villars had constructed three causeways—one at Arleux, defended by a strong fort; another at Aubauchœl-au-bac, defended by a lesser work; the third was at L'Ecluse. From Biache to Montenaucourt the country was flooded, Arras was strongly fortified, and several redoubts were constructed. The gap from Montenaucourt to Oppy on the Cranche was defended by a line with redoubts and redans within supporting distance.

The month of May was spent in reconnaissances, skirmishes, and various offers of battle on the part of Marlborough; but Villars, obeying orders from Versailles, would not be tempted to quit his lines. By the end of the month the rival armies, by reason of detachments to the Rhine, had been reduced to

* *Ne plus ultra*—"no further"—implying that a limit had been set to Marlborough's career.

Order of Battle at the Camp of Warde. 1st May, 1711.

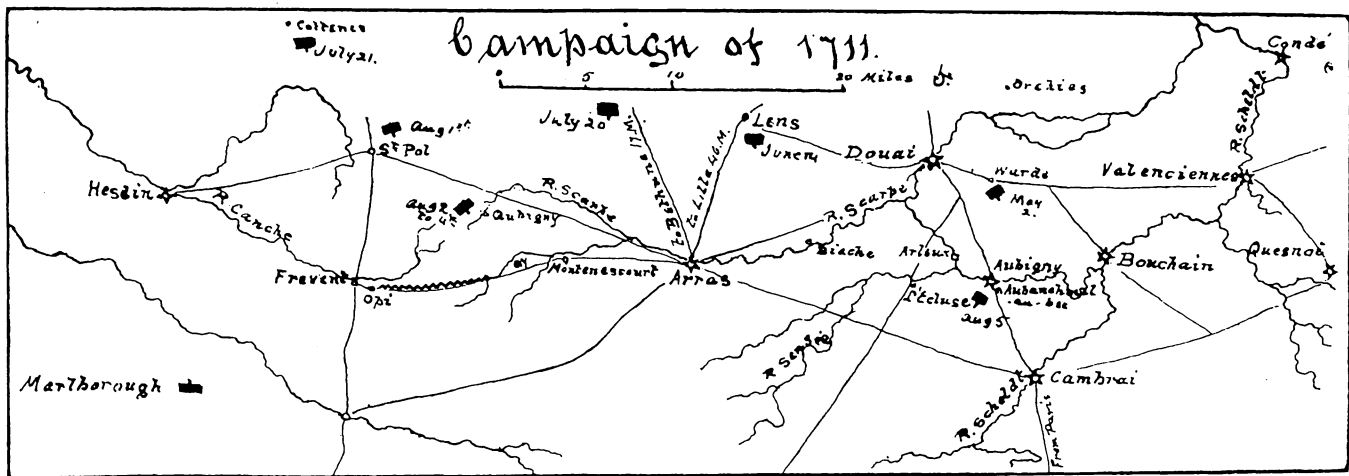
(British Cavalry only). General The Honble. Harry Lumley.
Lt.-Generals Ross and Wood.
Mj.-Genrl. and Brigadier ? ?

Greys	3 squadrons	} Right of first line.
5th Lancers	3 "	
1st D. Gs.	3 "	
5th D. Gs.	2 "	
Harwich's	2 "	
6th D. Gs.	2 "	
3rd D. Gs.	2 "	

1711 approximately 70,000 each. Convinced by close inspection that the lines were practically impregnable to attack, Marlborough set to work to devise a scheme to outwit Villars. In the whole section there was only one practical point where a passage could be effected, and that was at the causeways. The principal causeway was defended by the fort at Arleux, and this Marlborough knew he could take when he wished, but he was aware that it would be no use to take and demolish it if Villars were to re-take and re-build it directly he left. So, he argued, it would be better to make Villars destroy it himself, and, to succeed in his project, he determined to take Arleux, just to show Villars that he could; then he determined to ostentatiously strengthen the defences to show how he valued them; and, finally, he determined to march off, leaving only a small force as a garrison, in order that Villars should be able to re-take it. Accordingly, Marlborough detailed a force under General Hompesch, Governor of Douay, to

moonshine did not last long," and a day or two afterwards Marlborough attacked and took Arleux, and then personally superintended the improvements to the defences. Leaving a garrison of 400 men under a Colonel Savary, Marlborough marched his Army, on July 20th, to the camp at Cote, near Hesden, 45 miles, where he arrived on the 23rd, and at once began to collect forage. Villars, leaving a force near Arleux, followed Marlborough, and on the 23rd his left wing was at Hesden. The same day, Marlborough, to his disgust, heard that Arleux had been re-taken. Twice within a fortnight "regrettable incidents" had occurred, and, in the worst of tempers, he shut himself up in his tent, and vowed that, come what might, he would be even with Villars, and would attack him in his lines.

On July 28th he sent off all the heavy baggage to Douay, and, two days after, most of the guns with strong escorts of horse and foot drawn from the left



be in readiness, and, as a preliminary, camped them on the Glacis of that town. Lulled into security by their position under the guns of Douay, no precautions were taken, the General and most of the Commanding Officers were sleeping in the town, when Villars suddenly pounced on the detachment at midnight (July 12th), killing and wounding over a hundred and capturing many horses.* "This may be a caution to all Officers from the General to the Subaltern, never to think themselves too secure, let the command be what it will," says General Kane. This success highly elated Villars, and Marlborough seemed proportionately disgusted. However, as Kane remarks, "This mouthful of

wing. At 4 a.m., August 1st, he marched towards Villars, and immediately set to work to improve the roads between St. Pol and the Oppy—Montenau-court section. Villars, feeling that at last his enemy had been delivered into his hands, collected his force from far and near, and worked unremittingly at his great lines. On the 3rd Marlborough was within a league of him, and Harwich's Horse with all their mounted comrades were set to work to cut fascines for filling the ditches preparatory to the assault. At dawn next day Marlborough, with all his Generals and an escort of 80 squadrons, made, as was his custom, a personal reconnaissance. Just out of gun-range, for a league and a half, up and down the lines he rode, stopping here and there to point out the exact spot this or that general was to assault. The once cheerful and courteous leader had been transformed into a harsh, lowering, morbid man, careless of life, bent only on wiping out the

* There is a certain amount of confusion as to whether this episode preceded or followed the capture of Arleux. COXE, LEDIARD, and ROUSSET say it followed, but KANE and PARKER, both of whom were present, say the reverse.—C.T.

1711 late defeat, no matter at what cost. Was it true, as the Tories said, that this man thought only of himself and cared nothing for those under him? Surely it must be so, thought the despairing generals, as they comprehended the gigantic task set them, and Villars, who watched and followed, rubbed his hands in glee, and continued digging and collecting every available man. The reconnaissance over, on return to camp, orders were issued for the assault on the morrow, and the troops, quickly taking the cue from their generals, wondered how, without Artillery, and with a force now numerically less than the French, those formidable lines were to be stormed. A league away in the French lines all was bustle, excitement, and confidence at the thought of the approaching struggle. That afternoon General Cadogan left camp with an escort of 40 Hussars to look after the baggage, and many, doubtless, envied them their mission.

It was evening, tattoo sounded, and immediately orders were given to strike camp and fall in. Quickly and silently, regiment by regiment and brigade by brigade, the army assembled. A night attack? Generals and men wonder what madness has seized their leader, and wait in grim silence further orders. "March!" It is a night attack! "Heads of Columns Left Wheel." And all wonder again, generals and privates. There was a full moon, and the columns follow each other in orderly procession. Harwich's Horse, and their comrades of the cavalry of the right wing, receive orders to halt, and to see the others well on their way, then follow. The column tramps on, with Marlborough leading it at the head of the Horse of the left wing. Shortly before dawn a curious rumour runs from mouth to mouth, to the effect that Cadogan and Hompesch had crossed the causeway at Arleux without opposition, and were in possession of the enemy's lines. But before men's minds could grasp the meaning of the report, Marlborough, with all the Cavalry of the left wing, spurred on, and orders arrived for every unit to march with all possible haste. Away and away they marched, and opposite Arras, were overtaken, on the south side of the Scarpe, by a body of 100 French horsemen riding madly eastward. It was Villars, who, early informed of Marlborough's move,* yet thought it was a ruse, did not stir until a galloper brought word that Cadogan was at Arleux, and now, having set his own army on the march, was hastening there to see the situation himself. Heedless of precautions, perhaps not believing his information, he galloped straight into Cadogan's troops, where he lost all his escort, and barely escaped capture himself.

It was now a race between the rival armies. The Allies had the start, but the French the shorter road, and both forces strained every nerve. The weakly fell out, some died, others fainted, but the

* Villars heard at 11 p.m., through his spies, of Marlborough's march, but thinking it was only a ruse, did not himself start till 2 a.m.

1711 mass raced on regardless of order, bent only on reaching the goal, and determined to win. About noon, or soon after, the head of the column reached Arleux,† and as each unit arrived it was hurriedly drawn up in position, and so, after covering near 40 miles in 18 hours, in hot weather, each man carrying a kit of near 50 pounds, the race was won, and Villar's boasted *ne plus ultra* lines were passed without a shot being fired or a man lost, save those unfortunates who fell by the way. It only remains to say that the various squadrons and battalions who had been sent off to escort baggage and guns had been quietly collected in separate hamlets surrounding Douay. No one unit knew that others were in the vicinity, and when Cadogan arrived there, about 10 p.m., he found Hompesch with 40 squadrons and 20 battalions ready drawn up, and starting at once, they, as related, crossed the causeway unmolested. As has been stated, there was a full moon, and this had evidently entered into Marlborough's calculations, for, without it, the difficulty of mending the causeway, where destroyed by Villars, would have been extreme.

Following this exploit Marlborough laid siege to Bouchain, and after overcoming extraordinary difficulties caused by inundations, he captured that town on September 14th, while Villars, with his numerically superior army, looked helplessly on.

The capture of this town brought the campaign to a close, and the Army broke up on October 27th and retired to winter quarters.

The medal issued to commemorate this campaign bore on the face: The bust of the Queen. On the reverse: Britannia, sitting on a great gun, holding her spear in her right hand and her shield in her left, inscribed with the motto: FORTUNA MANENS. (Constant Fortune.) A soldier on his knee, delivering up to her his musket and sword, and by him a mural crown. The town of Bouchain at some distance. The legend: HOSTES AD DEDITIONEM. COACTI. (The enemy forced to surrender.) In the exergue: VALLO. GALLORUM. SUPERRATO. ET. BUCHEMIS. CAPTO. MDCCXI. (The French lines forced and Bouchain taken, 1711.)

We now take leave of that brilliant genius under whom, for the past nine years, the Regiment had served, who had led them successfully from the sea to the Danube, and under whose matchless leadership they had defeated one opposing army after another. By him the prestige of the British Soldier had been raised to a height attained perhaps once before in the bygone days of Cromwell, but certainly not surpassed, even in the more modern era of Wellington and Waterloo. Latterly, political intrigue, jealousy, and private spite had done their work, and, while Marlborough was fighting abroad,

† Marlborough and the Cavalry of the left wing arrived at 8 a.m. The Infantry marched for 10 hours without any halt at all.

1711 his many enemies had prevailed at home, and the victor of Blenheim was dispossessed of his command and disgraced.*

1712 In the beginning of May the Allied Army, under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Ormonde (who had been sent out to succeed Marlborough), assembled in the neighbourhood of Douay, the total strength being some 122,000 fighting men, of which more than one-third were Horse and Dragoons. Villars with 100,000 men was in the vicinity of Cambray. The Allied Armies were actually marching to invade France, when the Duke of Ormonde received orders from home to halt, as the Government was negotiating a separate peace between England and France. Baulked of his march on Paris, Eugene laid siege to and took Quesnoy, while Ormonde lay inactive. In front of them lay the land of France, and the British soldiers fretted and fumed as they heard the guns of their late allies, as they saw the fruit of long years of campaigning within their grasp, and yet realized that their dream of carrying the war into the enemy's country was vain. At last the order came for all the troops in British pay to march back to Ghent. Sullenly, and with heavy hearts, the British prepared to obey, but the auxiliaries, almost unanimously, refused to imitate them, and, while Ormonde marched northwards, they rejoined Eugene. That night, at the head of every regiment, a general order was read to the effect that a cessation of arms had been agreed upon between England and France. It was received by a storm of hisses. Thoroughly disgusted and full of shame, the army marched to Ghent and Bruges, there to await the ratification of the Peace of Utrecht which seemed to them practically to cede to France all that they had so long been fighting for.

1713

Two hundred years ago the British Army must in many ways have much resembled the Army of to-day, and we feel sure the following letter, which explains itself, will be read with sympathetic interest

* So enduring is the memory of the name of Marlborough (corrupted into Marlborough and Malbrook) that to this day his fame is recalled in a doggerel sung by French nursemaids, the first verse of which runs as follows:

Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,
Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra.

by many. It was written by Genl. Charles Sybourg to Vice-Chancellor Coke, and is dated Ghent, Sept. 6, 1712. 1713

"We have reports here of the breaking up of many more regiments than our first list of thirty-six. If so it must be very bad with me. You are the best friend I can have recourse to both for advice and assistance. It is a damned thing to out-live one's trade—*principalement quand on a toujours compté sans son hoste*, and the balance is always on the wrong side. This is pretty melancholy, but *vogue la galère*."

The Marquis of Harwich having died, General Charles Sybourg was on Oct. 12th. re-transferred from Argyll's Foot to be Colonel of his old Corps, and the Regiment was now known as SYBOURG'S HORSE.

Leaving the Netherlands in 1714, Sybourg's Horse proceeded by Sea to Ireland, and was placed on the Irish Establishment, a move which was not altogether to the liking of the men, for the pay in Ireland was less than in England, and the Regiment petitioned for the difference. 1714

And now, after a total service of six and twenty years, of which all but four were spent in the face of the enemy, the Regiment entered upon a long period of home service. Regiments, then unborn, have in later years earned more battle honours, but few can look back upon a more robust youth—none can boast of a fairer fame or a more glorious record; and when, at the "Great Reveille," we meet again the troopers of Devonshire, of Schomberg, Harwich, and Sybourg, may we be able to look them square in the face and say: "As you began so have we ended!" *Requiescant in pace.*

Order of Battle of the Duke of Ormonde (1712).

(British Cavalry only.)

Right wing.	}	Generals	Orkney,	Lumley.
First line.		Lt.-Generals	Cadogan,	Wood.
		Major-General Sybourg		

Brigadier Panton	{	Greys.	Right.
		5th Lancers.	

Brigadier Napper	{	K. D. Gs.
		5th D. Gs.

Brigadier Preston	{	Harwich's Horse
		6th D. Gs.
		3rd D. Gs.



CHAPTER IV.

1720
TO
1741

ON the 8th July there was appointed to the Command of the Regiment Jean Louis Ligonier, a soldier already notable for his romantic history and high personal courage, and who was in the future to show himself possessed of such powers of organization and generalship as have earned for him not only a high place among the great soldiers of the British Army, but also an imperishable position in the affections of the Regiment he commanded. For nearly two hundred years his name has been a household word in the Regiment. To this day one of the first articles of faith a recruit learns is his reverence for the name of Ligonier—to this day no Regimental Sports are held but at least one event is called after him. Chargers innumerable have borne his name, the very children have been christened after him. His kindly face is to be seen in the Officers' Mess, in the Sergeants' Mess, and in the Recreation Room; his crest and motto are borne by every member of the Regiment; his old Standard now hangs within the barrack walls. These are the outward and visible signs of the influence this great soldier has exercised over all of us for nearly two centuries; but there exists another influence, equally real though intangible—it is a spirit which calls and has called to each one of us from the past, whose voice is equally insistent in peace or in war, whose message is uttered in greater or less degree to each one of us, setting before us an ideal of nobility of character, of devotion to duty and to the Regiment.

Our Hero, for such indeed he was, was one of six sons of a noble Huguenot family, and was born at Castres in the South of France in 1680. In common with so many others of his faith, he was driven from his native land by religious persecution. Though life was rendered intolerable for the Huguenot at home, he was yet forbidden, under heavy penalties, to free himself by emigration, and the story goes that he was smuggled over the frontier in an empty barrel! Be this as it may, we find a friendly relative in the Low Countries supplying him with sufficient money to purchase 6 shirts, 6 cravats, and 6 handkerchiefs "of which he was greatly in want, because he was very badly fitted out, the whole without lace and without embroidery," which, be it remembered, were in those days considered proper and almost necessary adjuncts to the dress of a gentleman. Thus equipped, and with little else but his sword, his strong arm, and stout heart, the lad landed in Dublin in 1697, and on the declaration of war he joined Marlborough's Army in the Netherlands.

We have already had a glimpse of him as a young man of two and twenty figuring as one of

the first two who climbed the breach at the capture of the citadel of Liège. The following year, 1703, he purchased a commission in the present 10th Foot, and in that capacity he fought at Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Wynendael, and Malplaquet; at the last-named battle he had 23 shots through his clothes, but was himself unhurt. He earned great distinction in Sept., 1719, when, at the head of 100 Grenadiers, he carried Fort Marino, Vigo, in the expedition led by Lord Cobham.

It was with this brilliant record that, at the age of 39 or 40, he was appointed to the command of our Regiment. An indication of his attention to its interior economy, and of his care for the men, is afforded by the fact that he maintained a second regimental surgeon at his own expense.*

At Dettingen, where he held the rank of Major-General, and, later on, at Fontenoy, he set a brilliant example. Heading a timely charge at the battle of Laffeldt, he saved the retreating infantry, but, his horse being killed, he himself was made prisoner; and, as prisoner, he was presented by the great Marshal Saxe to King Louis XV. "Sire," said Saxe, "I present to Your Majesty the man who has defeated all my plans by a single glorious action." The King was most gracious in his reception of the prisoner, whose services were utilized in the negotiations which ended in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.

Ligonier was transferred to the Colonelcy of the 2nd Dragoon Guards in 1749, to the Blues in 1753, and on October 24, 1757, he succeeded the Duke of Cumberland as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He was created Viscount Ligonier in the Peerage of Great Britain in 1763, and on Sept. 10, 1766, he was created Earl Ligonier of Ripley, and made a Field Marshal. Our Hero died on the 28th April, 1770, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had taken part in 23 general actions and 19 sieges without ever receiving a wound.

* My authority for this statement is an original MS. in the possession of the Regiment. This MS. was obtained in 1894 by Colonel Rowan Hamilton, late 7th Dragoon Guards, from the late Colonel Waring, M.P., commanding the 5th Bn. Royal Irish Rifles, and was written by his great-grandfather, Major Holt Waring, who served as a volunteer in the 33rd Regiment at Dettingen and who was promoted to a Cornetcy in Ligonier's Regiment for his distinguished conduct on that occasion. He afterwards rose to the rank of Major in the Regiment. The MS. was printed in 1833 in *Colborne's United Service Magazine*, and copied therefrom into the *Black Horse Gazette* for May, 1893. The original article was signed by the initials W.H., and it is believed that this is the first occasion on which the writer's name is made public. This document will be referred to hereafter as the *Holt Waring MS.*



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT LIGONIER.
From the picture in the National Gallery by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

1720
to
1741

In course of time the ranks of Ligonier's Horse, by reason of its being stationed in Ireland, became filled with none but Irishmen; and so great was the reputation it bore that no difficulty was experienced in recruiting. The majority of the men consisted of the younger sons of old and respected families, and indeed it was no uncommon thing for would-be recruits to pay from 20 to 30 guineas for the privilege of serving in the Corps.

Having followed Ligonier's career to its close, we must now go back and briefly trace the course of events from the close of the war of the Spanish Succession by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. Since then Queen Anne had died, George I. had come and gone, and George II., whom we first heard of as

clothing of the men near the last month of its service, but making light of all difficulties and burning to earn fresh laurels, Ligonier's Horse rapidly prepared for embarkation, landed at Parkgate on April 24, and then marched to Chester. The following month they moved to Leicester, Loughborough, and Lutterworth, and on June 26 to Guildford, Farnham, and neighbouring villages.

1742

Still in their worn uniforms and with their horses in bad condition, the Regiment was reviewed a day or two afterwards on Hounslow Heath by the King. On the right of the line stood the Blues, on the left the King's Dragoon Guards. Both Regiments were fully equipped, had recently received new uniforms, and their horses were in the pink of condition. In



MAJOR HOLT WARING,* of Ligonier's Horse.

Electoral Prince of Hanover charging at the head of a squadron at Oudenarde, sat on the throne. In 1740 the Emperor Charles VI. died, and Europe plunged again into war over the succession to his hereditary dominions and to the Empire. Great Britain upheld the right of his daughter Maria Theresa to the hereditary dominions, while France supported the claims of her ancient ally the Elector of Bavaria—Charles Albert, the son and successor of that Elector of Bavaria already known to us in Marlborough's wars.

1742 In the early spring of 1742 the Regiment unexpectedly received orders to embark for England on its way to the war. When the order was received, all the troop horses were out at grass, and the

the centre Ligonier's Horse cut but a sorry figure; their thin and wretched horses scarce able to crawl under the burden of the raw-boned, half-naked Irishmen. The King could not help noticing the great disparity between the Corps, but his judgment and Cavalry instinct, coupled doubtless with a generous desire to make allowances, led him to think that there must be a sufficient excuse, and, turning to their dejected Colonel, he said: "Ligonier, your men have

* The above portrait of the Author of the Holt-Waring MS. is taken from a picture in the possession of his great-grandson Mr. Holt Waring, of Waringstown, Co. Down, Ireland. The uniform, which is very indistinct in the original, consists of a red coat, with black collars and cuffs, and a buff vest.

1742 the air of soldiers; their horses indeed look poorly. How is it?" "Sire," replied he, "the men are Irish and gentlemen, the horses are English." The answer does credit to Ligonier's quickness of wit, though the fling at England, which had given shelter to his brethren in religion, was, it must be admitted, not in the best possible taste.

On August 27 the Regiment marched to Northfleet, and there embarked for Willemstaad.

1743 In early spring the British Troops in the Netherlands began their march to the Rhine under the Earl of Stair, a veteran now nearly 70 years of age, who had fought in most of Marlborough's great battles. The rust that always gathers in a long peace was not yet rubbed off the Army, and there were great difficulties in providing forage, so it was but slowly and gradually that the forces of Great Britain, with those of her Austrian and Hanoverian Allies, collected on the right bank of the River Main between the Rhine and Frankfurt. The Austrians were commanded by the Duke D'Ahremberg, a gentleman who soon quarrelled with Lord Stair, while the Hanoverians, though nominally under Stair's orders, were jealous of taking orders from anyone but their own Elector, England's King, George II. In all, the Allied Army numbered 40,000. Opposed to them Marshal Noailles had assembled near Speier a French Army of about 60,000 troops, and gradually advancing, he eventually established himself on the left bank of the Main, opposite to the Allies, who were then concentrated about Aschaffenberg.

The position in which the Allies now found themselves was not very reassuring. Supplies had been drawn either from Hanau, where there was a big supply depôt and over 10,000 troops, or by water from the upper reaches of the Main. The latter source of supply was now cut off by Noailles, who erected a fort on the river bank above Aschaffenberg, while he seriously threatened the Hanau line by throwing two bridges over the river at Seligstadt. The valley of the Main, east of the river, was about a mile broad, and was shut in by densely-wooded and roadless hills.

Ligonier's Horse, with the Life Guards, Blues, and King's Dragoon Guards, under Major-General Philip Honeywood, had joined the Army early in

June, and by the middle of the same month, when King George II. and his son William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, at this time two and twenty years of age, had arrived, supplies were running very short, and there was no means of replenishing them. A week slipped by, and each day the supply difficulty became more acute, till at last King George had no alternative but to order a retreat upon Hanau. Noailles, keenly observant, and anticipating the inevitable move, had already erected a series of batteries along his (the left) bank in order to pound his enemy on the march. Soon after midnight, June 26-27, Noailles had intimation of the Allied march, and his plans, long matured, were at once put into execution. The Duke de Grammont (nephew of Noailles) was ordered to cross the Main at Seligstadt with 30,000 men and bar the march to Hanau at a point a little north of Dettingen, where he would be in a position to fall upon the head of the British Column as it crossed the bridge over the little stream that falls into the Main at that village. A second force was dispatched to cross the Main at Aschaffenberg and to bar any contemplated retreat in that direction. Thus the Allied force was a nut between the crackers, or might be considered as taken in a mousetrap (*souricière*), the term used by Noailles himself.

[Before beginning a description of the actual fight, I think it only fair to the reader and myself to record the extreme difficulty I have experienced in connecting the various phases in due order, and in marshalling the facts which I have collected from many sources. I am aware that my narrative differs from that of other and abler pens, but, as far as Regimental incidents are recorded, I have relied chiefly on Major Holt Waring, who was an eyewitness, and who recorded at the time all he described. Upon the conduct of certain Cavalry Regiments severe reflections have been made in certain contemporary letters by an Officer of the Foot Guards, who, as forming one of the Rearguard, neither was in danger himself nor saw what he described. Those Regiments require no defence at my hands, but as their critic in one instance refers somewhat disparagingly to Ligonier's Horse, or "The Blacks," as he actually calls them, I content myself with recording, in due course, the official estimate of the conduct of the Regiment as published in the *London Gazette*.—C.T.]

The outposts on the night of the 26-27 were furnished by Ligonier's Regiment, and when the main body of the Regiment fell into the line of march it numbered no more than 180 of all ranks. King George anticipated that he would be attacked in rear, and, therefore, kept a strong Rearguard of British Guards, German Infantry, and Hanoverian Cavalry, while the British Cavalry, followed by that of Austria, and these again by the British and Austrian Infantry in the order named, marched towards Hanau. The baggage, for convenience of marching, was between the British and Austrian Infantry.

1743

Order of Battle, 1743.

(British Cavalry only).

Right wing	{
First Line		Life Guards					
		Blues					
		1 Foreign Regt.					
2nd Line	{
		Ligonier's					
		1 Foreign Regt.					

Battle of
Dettingen.



LIGONIER'S HORSE CHARGING AT THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, 1743.

1743

Throughout these preliminary formations the French batteries had kept up an enfilade fire, causing great loss to the 33rd. All being in readiness, the 1st Line of Infantry advanced.

The Earl of Stair, who was stationed on the right, close to the King, ordered the Foot to hold their fire till they could see the colour of the enemy's eyes. The order was obeyed in front only, as some regiments on the right opened too soon, with the result that they did little damage to the French, who gallantly marched up and fired in the faces of the Allies.

A desperate struggle for full half an hour ensued, and then the French 1st Line gave way and was replaced by the second. Another desperate struggle, each side doing its utmost, resulted in the overthrow of the French 2nd Line, then the victorious Allied 1st Line, being spent with their exertions, paused to gain their breath while the Cavalry took up the fight.

On the French right the Duke de Grammont had massed the Gens d'Armes, the Household Troops, and the Black Musketeers. Up till now they had remained inactive, but their menace was so great that the bulk of the British Cavalry, which for an hour and forty minutes had been exposed to a galling Artillery fire, was now put into motion, and a Brigade, Ligonier's Regiment being in the centre, advanced to the attack. As hounds dash to covert so Grammont, with a whip crack, set his squadrons, in ranks six deep, to the charge, and line approached line. A British Regiment on the flank, in its eagerness, lost all order, and was driven back. The Regiment on the left was also borne down, and Ligonier's in the centre was "surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy as the only means to prevent their being totally cut off." Slowly but surely the cuirassed ranks of the Frenchmen yielded to these terrible Irishmen as they carved their way back. Knee to knee, all order lost, these heroes emerge from the press, leaving their Colonel and one-third of their numbers behind, but bearing aloft, torn but untaken, that standard which has so long hung on our barrack walls.

An Officer of the 33rd Regiment relates that he saw a veteran corporal of the Regiment with half a dozen troopers, covered with wounds, and their swords dripping blood, turn on the enemy. "Come on, my men," the corporal cried, "well we've begun the day and well we'll end it." Mad with the lust of fight, the gallant band charged recklessly back into the thick of the fray, and fighting fell.

Through the ranks of the broken British Cavalry came the Household Troops of France, and burst with all their weight on the British Infantry. "The

Gens d'Armes behaved most charmingly," writes an Officer. "They rode up to us on a full trot, with a broad sword slung on their wrists, and a pistol in each hand, which, as soon as they had fired, they flung at our heads, and fell on, sword in hand." But the British Infantry, acting upon orders, opened a way through their ranks for the Frenchmen, and then turning inwards, assailed them with bullet and bayonet thrust, until, out of 400, scarce 50 escaped. Seeing the plight of their comrades, the Black Musketeers, perhaps to make a diversion, galloped along between the Allied lines to attack the squadrons on the right. The Royals, Greys, and Austrian Hussars take them in front and flank. The Musketeers lose their Standard to the Greys, and are all but annihilated. And now the action becomes general. The Cavalry collect on the left, and the Infantry take up the fire fight. The enemy's guns are silenced, either by the Allied Artillery or for fear of hitting their own men, so close is foe to foe. The British begin to hurrah, and the Earl of Stair, galloping into the hottest of the fire, shouts: "Come, drop your huzza for a few moments; but when I give the signal, let the huzza be general through the line, and, my life for it, the victory is ours." Gallopers carry the order to right and left, and then Lord Stair lifts his hat and waves it in the air, and a shout went up such as Britons only can give. "If," said the veteran, laughing, "I can't beat them by firing I shall beat them by huzzaing."

During the fight King George's horse had bolted, and, when stopped, the King dismounted and stood on foot on the right of the line at the head of the Hanoverian Infantry, encouraging and directing. He now ordered 7 guns to be placed on a spur on the right, whence they opened an unexpected fire on the French.

On the left the Cavalry had not been idle. The 3rd Hussars had delivered an heroic charge, and thrice had forced their way through the triple French line, losing half their numbers. Now Life Guards, Blues, Greys, Ligoniers, and Hussars delivered another attack, and the French lines began to retreat. Withdrawing as best they could across the stream, the Frenchmen took up a position on the opposite bank to cover their retreat. Some crossed by the bridges, others by fords, and so, in great disorder and with the loss of some 7,000 killed and wounded and 2,500 prisoners, they reached the left bank of the River Main.

The Allied loss was 2,500 killed and many wounded. Pursuit there was none, for, satisfied with opening a way to Hanau, and glad no doubt to have escaped from Noailles' "mousetrap," King George called a halt, and seating himself under a tree, ate his lunch off a cold shoulder of mutton.

1743



STANDARD CARRIED BY CORNET HENRY RICHARDSON AT DETTINGEN
IT BEARS THE ARMS AND MOTTO OF
COLONEL JOHN LIGONIER

1743

In the battle Ligonier's Regiment lost Capt. Robinson and Quarter-Master Jackson, killed; Lt.-Col. Francis Ligonier, Capt. Stewart, Lieut. Cholmondley, and Cornet Richardson, wounded; and 56 men killed and wounded, all in the first great charge.

It was in this charge that Cornet Richardson earned undying fame, not only by his gallantry, but also by his mother-wit. Surrounded by the French horse, he stoutly defended the Standard he carried, receiving no less than seven and thirty cuts and bullet holes upon his body and through his clothes, besides many another in his Standard pole. Asked afterwards how he managed to save his charge, the gallant Irishman replied in right Irish fashion: "If the wood of the Standard had not been of Iron, it would have been cut off."*

The official account of the battle, as published in the *London Gazette*, mentions only two Regiments individually, and states:

"IN THIS ACTION LIGONIER'S REGIMENT OF HORSE AND BLANDS' DRAGOONS [3rd Hussars] SUFFERED MOST, AND GAINED GREAT REPUTATION."

The night after the battle was very wet, and the whole army marched to Hanau, where it arrived at 1 a.m. the following morning, leaving, we blush to state, all its dead and wounded to the tender mercies of the French, who, on this occasion, treated their captives very badly.

Dettingen may rank with the Alma as a soldier's battle pure and simple. Hard fighting on the part of the Regimental Officer and man won the day for the Allies, and to the Regiments alone is the credit due. On the French side the brilliant generalship of Noailles was spoilt by the foolish impetuosity of the Duke de Grammont, and by the indifferent behaviour of their Infantry.

After the battle, on arriving at Hanau, King George revived the ancient custom of creating "Knights Banneret," and among the recipients of this rare, and now extinct, honour was General John

* *Holt Waring MS.* The Regimental Standards were presented shortly afterwards to the Cornets that carried them on this eventful day. Cornet Richardson's Standard, of which we give an illustration, is an heirloom in his family, being at the present time in the possession of the Cornet's great-grandson Colonel Richardson, of Rosfad, Ballinamallard, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland. It bears Ligonier's arms and motto as now worn by the Regiment, and it is believed to be the oldest Standard extant (cf. Milne. *Colours and Standards of the British Army.*) It is much to be regretted that no trace can be found of the other Standard.

Ligonier, Colonel of the Regiment, a compliment no doubt due to the gallant bearing of his Regiment.†

1743

A tangible relic of this Homeric fight exists in the shape of two brass Kettledrums captured by our Regiment from a French Cavalry Regiment. For many years these drums were kept at the Tower of London, and it was only in recent years, and after repeated applications, that they were handed back to the Regiment.

An interesting anecdote connected with Quarter-Master Jackson, who was killed in the action, is recorded by Major Holt Waring.

Jackson, the son of a Quarter-Master in the Regiment, as a youth, shipped on board a fleet bound for the Mediterranean, and formed one of a party that landed on the coast of Spain, and all of whom were captured. After languishing for a whole year in gaol, young Jackson, to regain his liberty, enlisted under the Spanish, where, after a year's service, he formed one of a small party that was surprised by the Moors. Jackson was made a prisoner, was carried off to Oran in Barbary, and was there offered for sale as a slave. The English Consul, recognizing a countryman, purchased him, and for some years Jackson lived in the Consul's family as a kind of head servant. Eventually, obtaining his release, Jackson worked his way back to Ireland in 1734, and found his father still serving as Quarter-Master. Colonel Ligonier allowed the old gentleman to resign his warrant to the son. A year or two after this event, the Regiment was quartered in Dublin, and, passing through the Castle Yard, Jackson passed a sentry stationed at the Provost Gate, who turned aside his face as Jackson drew near. The face seemed strangely familiar to Jackson, and returning next morning, he waited until the guard was dismissed, when he accosted the soldier and found in him his protector, the Consul of Oran. The poor ex-Consul had fallen on evil times. Debt and difficulties had brought about his dismissal from his post, and soon after his return to England he enlisted. The rest of this tragedy is best told in the chronicler's own words:

† The last previous creation was after the battle of Edgehill, when King Charles knighted Sir John Smith for rescuing a standard. The *Country Journal*, No. 899, July 9, 1743, states: "Bannerets were second to none but knights of the Garter The form of the Banneret's creation was thus: On a day of battle the Candidate presented his flag to the King or General, who, cutting off the skirt and train thereof, and making it a square, returned it again; the proper Banner of Bannerets, who are hence sometimes called Knights of the Square Flag." The arms assumed by Sir John Ligonier after his creation show two supporters bearing "square flags." The *Oxford Eng. Dict.* says: "Heraldic authorities do not admit the validity of the claims" to the title of banneret of any person knighted since 1612. Also it throws doubt upon the cutting of the pennon square, calling it "the alleged fact."—C.T.

1743 "Jackson made every return in his power to his Benefactor, obtained his Discharge, and had him taken a Trooper in the Blacks, where Jackson shared his pay with him. In the course of six months, the unfortunate Consul died of Brandy and a broken heart."

There is little to record of the remainder of this Campaign. High Jinks at Hanau after the battle of Dettingen; then more marches, much sickness; and finally the Regiment set out from Wiesbaden on October 24, and marching *via* Aix-la-Chapelle and Louvain, arrived at Brussels on November 20, and went into winter quarters in the neighbourhood.

We reproduce here two recent poems that relate 1743 to this memorable fight.

The first originally appeared in Vol. II. No. 3 of the *Black Horse Gazette* at a time (1896) when great efforts were being made to secure a recognition of the Regiment's services by the grant of Ligonier's Crest and Motto.

The second poem originally appeared in the *Spectator* of October 12, 1907, and is reproduced by permission of the Editor of that paper, and by that of the Author.



QUO FATA VOCANT.

Ye soldiers of England, now hearken and heed.
I sing of the valour of trooper and steed:
I sing of Black Horsemen that once on a day
Followed fate and found fame in the Dettingen fray.
In Column, awaiting the word of command,
Their Colonel is with them, their King is at hand.
Stoop, falcon, to partridge; dash, hounds, to the hunt;
Charge, Ligonier's Regiment!—"Line to the front!"
Curt orders, clear trumpets, ring out as they wheel,
Long lines of black horses, white flashes of steel,
Loud thunder of horse hooves, low curtain of dust,
Then shock of encounter, quick parry and thrust,
Short breathing, fierce cutting,—the Frenchmen
fight well,—

The glory of battle, the tumult of hell!
Here's need for smart riding and swordsmanship cool;
Thank God for the lessons we learned in the school.
Thank God, and our King, and the brave Ligonier,
The fruit of long toil and much sweating lies here,
Lies here, where the Frenchmen reel back from
the stroke,
Lies here, where our van through their cavalry broke.
What title, what comfort, what fair lady's kiss
Were worth but five murderous minutes of this,
When the width of an Empire may wax and enlarge
Or shrivel and wane with the fate of a charge?
Sound "Rally!" Black Horsemen, ride home to
your King,
Hewn, hacked, but untaken, your Standard ye bring.

Your Colonel's proud motto may yet be displayed
By Richardson, brave as the bull that he made.
The wounds on his body count twenty and ten
When the gallant young cornet rides back to his men,
Says, waving in triumph our banner embossed,
"Were the woodshaft not iron, the Standard
were lost!"

The "Guards of the Virgin" they called us in scorn,
And virgin we guarded our honour that morn,
Right proud was our land of the Colonel that led,
The squadrons that followed, the heroes that bled.
Till the trumpet of Michael on Doomsday shall crash
The story will live of our Dettingen dash.
Then, O ye proud powers that preside in Pall Mall,
Great bosses, a word in your ear: Is it well
To snub our delight in the glories of yore,
To stifle tradition, and esprit de corps?
At Ligonier's orders we followed and bled,
Let Ligonier's motto wave still at our head.
Though lawyers and dockets, and "precedents" gape,
Was the blood that we squandered less red than
your tape?

A boon to the brave, and we'll battle our way
Whither destiny calls, as on Dettingen day.
Old tokens of valour new valour shall plant:
Eyes centre, march, gallop! QUO FATA VOCANT!

ELLIOTT LEES.

DAPPER GEORGE.

"Whenever we hear of Dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valour."—THACKERAY.

"No fear in him and no plan; '*sans peur et sans avis*,' as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German wars."—CARLYLE.

Dapper King George, he was round and red,
With a German tongue in his pig-tailed head;
But Dapper King George was a fighter grim
With some English blood at the heart of him,
And a man of wrath, and a man of his fists,
And a wrecker of orthodox strategists.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king,
As soon as the bullets began to sing;
You ought to have seen him at Dettingen,
You ought to have heard how he cheered his men;
When the judge is set, and the books are reckoned,
There's Dettingen down to King George the Second.

Forty-four thousand with Dapper George,
We were pinned like rats in a filthy gorge,
Jammed up in a gin, which the mountains made
With a broad-backed river too deep to wade,—
An army behind and an army before,
And the great, grinning guns on the further shore.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

Forty-four thousand of hungry men,
We cursed and we swore in that Daniel's den;
And Dapper King George blasphemed with the worst,
And Dapper King George in the field was first,
When we wheeled into line in our scarlet coats,
And fell on like the fiend at the Frenchmen's throats.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

He called us brothers, he called us sons,
He levelled the muskets, he laid the guns,
And he jeered and cheered and sweated and swore,
Till his charger ran from the cannon's roar;
Then he cursed such cattle for cowardly brutes,
And he led us afoot in his big jack-boots.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

We shattered their prancing Musketeers,
We scattered their capering Carabineers;
We played the deuce with the pick of their Line,
And their Foot Guards rushed like the herd of swine
Plump into the river mud, head over heels,
To sup on the weeds with the gudgeon and eels.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

The Greys and the Royals took each a flag,
And four brass cannon we clapped in our bag;
And Dapper King George, having then and there
Dubbed Trooper Tom Browne and the Earl of Stair
Knights-Banneret both, like a King and a winner,
Sat down on the ground to a cold-mutton dinner.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king,
As soon as the bullets began to sing;
You ought to have seen him at Dettingen,
You ought to have heard how he cheered his men;
When the judge is set, and the books are reckoned,
There's Dettingen down to King George the Second.

FRANK TAYLOR.



CHAPTER V.

1744 THE campaign of 1744 opened with an incident at which we feel sure our very good friends the Blues will be amused, and which we can all afford to laugh at now. Lord George Sackville, writing from the camp at Berlingen, June 17, 1744, to the Duke of Dorset, states: "The Blues have shown their desire of fighting this campaign by picking a quarrel with Ligonier's Regiment. It began with boxing but ended with broadswords; and 4 or 5 of the Blues are so hurt that I am afraid they will be able to give no further marks of their courage this year. Unluckily for them the quarrel was national, and they engaged too far before they reflected that their Regiment had lately completed by draughts (sic) from Nevill's [8th Hussars] who to a man preferred the honours of their native Country [Ireland] to that of a Regiment they have so newly been incorporated into, that they all turned on Ligonier's side and used the Blues in such a manner as will teach them for the future not to put themselves into competition with their superiors. It is very lucky it ended in the disabling only of 4 or 5 men. . . . Both sides say the other was the aggressor. The truth is I believe the Blues reflected a little too severely upon our Country, and that Ligonier had not temper to bear it, and so returned blows instead of words. . . . I cant help every day looking with surprise on the good agreement of the English and Hanoverians. They get drunk very comfortably together, and talk away a vast deal without understanding one syllable of what they say to one another."

After the battle of Dettingen the Earl of Stair returned home, and the army was for a time commanded by the King, who took "Sir Philip Honeywood (Colonel of the Regiment in 1759), Sir James Campbell, and Sir John Ligonier to be his assistants in every action that is to be done."

On the King returning home, the command of the army devolved on Field-Marshal Wade, then seventy years of age.

Order of Battle, 1744.

Gl. Philip Honeywood.			
Lt.-Gl. Campbell. Major-Gl. Lord Albemarle.			
Br.-Generals Crawford and Bland.			
Right of 1st Line	Royal's Dr.	3	squadrons
	6th D. Gs.	3	"
	K. D. Gs.	3	"
	Life Guards	3	"
	Blues	3	"
Right of 2nd Line	Greys	3	squadrons
	7th Hussars	3	"
Lieut.-General Hawley	4th Hussars	3	"
Major-Genl. Lord Rothes	Reg. du Roy (?)	3	"
	Ligonier's	3	"

There is little of Regimental interest to relate. Wade was confronted with much the same situation that Marlborough had previously to face, and with the lukewarmness of his Dutch and Austrian allies, hampered also by the lack of reinforcements from England, he, after one or two fruitless marches, retired with his army and wintered at Brussels.

The jealousies and bickerings of the Allies were in a measure assuaged by the appointment of William, Duke of Cumberland, then but 24 years of age, to be Generalissimo. He landed at Helvoetsluys, and proceeded at once to Brussels, where one of the first inspections he undertook was "to see Sir John Ligonier's Regiment perform the Horse and Foot Exercise. . . . No finer sight can be seen than these Troops, who are all new cloath'd."

The distinction that was at that time drawn between the mounts of Regiments of Dragoons, as apart from Horse, is illustrated by the following order issued by the Duke of Vilvorde, in which he stipulated that the horses for Dragoons were not to exceed 15 hands at most, that they were to be 5 years old, preferably six, and that they were to be "nimble horses that can gallop, with short backs, broad Fillits, for carrying of Forage, small clean legs, and as clear of Hair as possible."

On the 30th April Lieut.-Col. Francis Ligonier was promoted to the "Colonelcy of the Regiment of Foot late under the command of Lord Henry Beauclerk."

In all, the Duke of Cumberland had at his disposal an army of 12,000 mounted men and over 30,000 foot. The right wing was composed of British and Hanoverians, while the left was composed of Dutch, under the command of the young Duke of Waldeck. Field-Marshal Count Konigsegg, a gouty veteran 73 years of age, was in command of the Austrian Contingent. On the French side the command of the army, over 90,000 strong, was entrusted to the veteran Marshal Saxe, who, about the middle of April, concentrated about Maubeuge.

Tournai, Mons, Ath, Oudenarde, and other frontier towns were strongly held by the Allies, the garrison of the former town being no less than 12,000 men.

On the 27th April the Allied Army left the neighbourhood of Brussels, arrived at Soignie on 2nd May, Cambron on the 5th, and at Moulbay on the 7th.

Saxe replied by making a feint at Mons, and then rapidly investing Tournai. Here, on the 7th May, he was joined by King Louis XV. of France,

1745 called "Louis the well-beloved," the Dauphin, and Carlyle's "famous blackguard man," the Duke of Richelieu.

**Battle
of Fon-
tenoy.**

On the evening of May 9th the opposing forces were in contact. The French held a strong position on the right bank of River Scheldt, facing south-east. Their right consisted of Artillery, and was posted about the fortified village of Antoing, the centre ran along a gentle eminence, while the left rested on the Barri Wood, where a clearance had been made and a redoubt, called the "Redoubt d'Eu," erected. The whole position, strong by nature, was rendered doubly so by entrenchments. The village of Fontenoy was entrenched, and Vezon occupied as an advanced post. The Duke of Cumberland determined to attack the French centre and right with the Dutch and Austrians, the former being especially charged with the capture of Fontenoy, while the British and Hanoverians were detailed to attack the French left. At 2 a.m. on May 11th the Allied Army left their bivouack and advanced to the attack. Shortly after 6 a.m. 15 squadrons of British Cavalry cleared Vezon and advanced to cover the Infantry, the right wing of which was commanded by Sir John Ligonier in person. About the same time, or a little earlier, Brigadier Ingoldsby had been directed to capture the Redoubt d'Eu, but the attempt miscarried. All this time the French guns, especially those about Antoing, were playing upon the Allies, causing much loss, and killing, among others, General Campbell, the Cavalry commander. With parade-like accuracy the stolid British Infantry was forming up, company by company, battalion by battalion—Guards, Highlanders, and Hanoverians.

On the Allied left the Dutch and Austrian attacks failed, and the Dutch Cavalry, in panic, left the field, crying that all was lost.

At about 10-30 a.m. the great attack on the French left centre was made, and the British and Hanoverian Infantry in three lines, each line four deep, advanced slowly towards the enemy. Six field pieces were in front of the line, and six more in the middle. During the advance great execution was caused by a cross fire of the French guns from the Redoubt d'Eu and Fontenoy, but slowly and stolidly the British pressed on. The French Guards moved forward to meet the British, and when within 30 paces of each other, both lines halted, and the opposing Officers saluted each other by taking off their hats.

"Gentlemen of the French Guards, give fire," called out Lord Charles Hay in French, to which the Count d'Autroche, a subaltern of Grenadiers,

replied: "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first."* An ill-directed French volley followed this reply, and thereupon the British opened fire by platoons, first one line firing, then the second, and, lastly, the third. The effect was terrible; the French first line was practically swept away, and the lines behind, terror-struck, fled. French Cavalry now charged, but these also were repulsed, and the great British line, continuing its advance, penetrated through and beyond the line from the Redoubt d'Eu to Fontenoy. All was going well; nothing seemed to be able to withstand the terrible stately and measured advance of this great body. The further the British advanced the narrower the ground became, and, by reason of it, the lines gradually lessened in width till the formation resembled more an oblong. No help from the British Cavalry was possible, for space forbade, and these followed in close support. Charge after charge was delivered against the British Column, but each one failed, and, continually gaining ground, the British eventually arrived in the French camp, where the tents were standing and kettles boiling. Here a pause occurred.

Although a second attack by the Dutch on Fontenoy had failed, yet matters looked desperate for the French. The supply of cannon balls had given out, and they were reduced to loading their guns with stones and old iron. Marshal Saxe himself sent to King Louis, who was watching the battle from the windmill South of Calonne, and asked him to move further away from the battlefield, while the Generals who surrounded him begged him for the sake of France to retire. At this moment up galloped the Duc de Richelieu, and suggested that four cannons should be brought to the spot they stood on, and thence open an enfilade fire on the British. The suggestion was acted upon. Combined with a renewed attack by all the French Reserves, and by charges delivered by the Cuirassiers and Gens d'Armes the pressure became too great. Reluctantly and in good order, facing about alternately to meet the foe, the British retired the way they came. Ligonier's Horse headed, it is related by the Duke of Cumberland himself, Blues, Greys, and

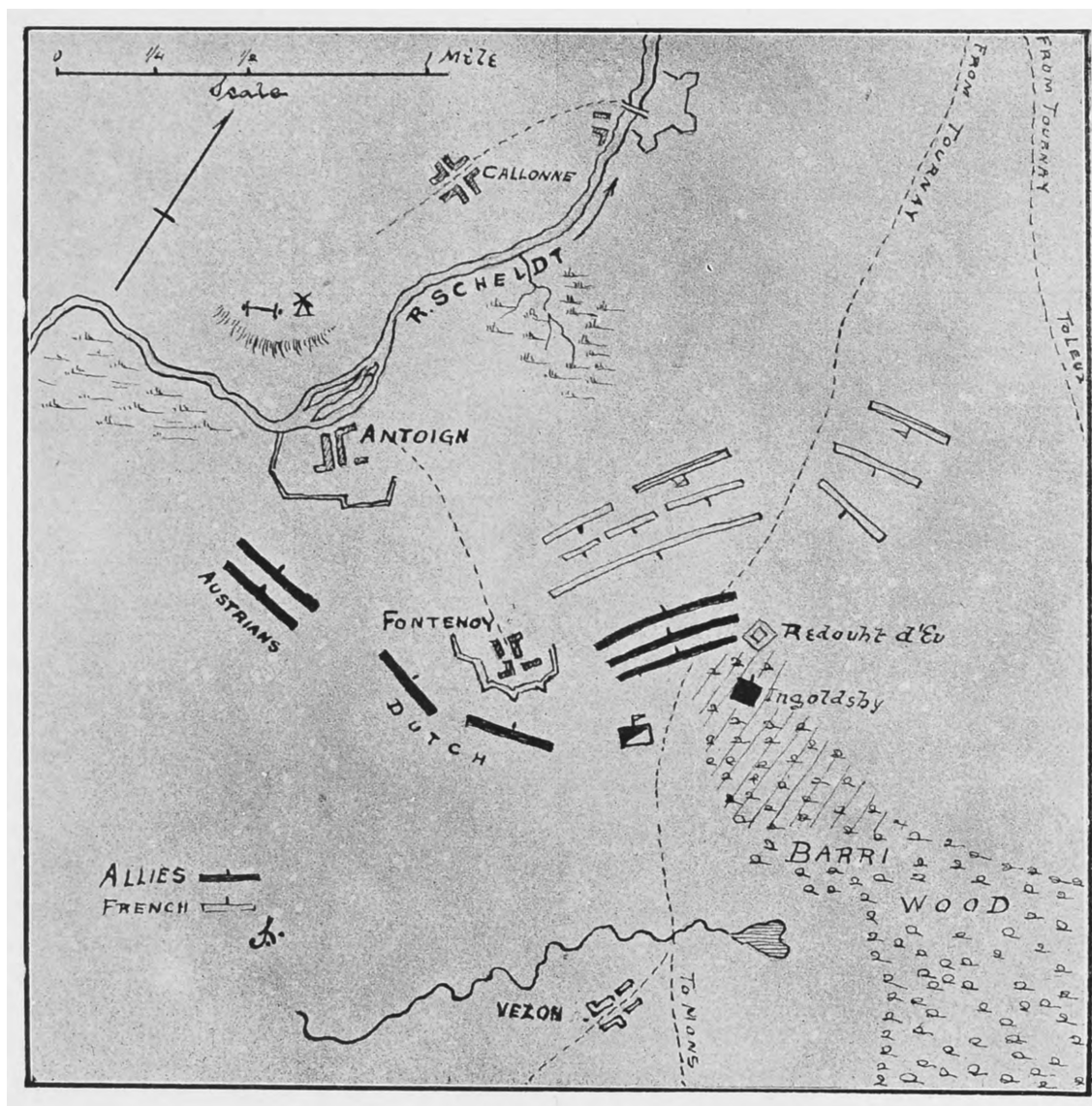
* Mr. Skrine on p. 171, *Fontenoy*, gives a different version of the above historic episode on the authority of a letter written by Lord Charles Hay to his brother, the Marquis of Tweeddale, and which is quoted in Hayward's *Essays*, 1011, Chap. XXIV. The account there given is to the effect that, having approached the French, Lord Charles took out his flask and ironically drank to their health, shouting: "We are the English Guards, and we hope you will stand till we come up to you and not swim the Scheldt as you did the Main at Dettingen." The account in the text is taken from Henderson's *Life of the Duke of Cumberland*.

1745 Royals, admirably handled, covered the retirement, and it was owing to their gallant bearing that the tired Infantry were enabled to pass in safety through Vezon, and to reach Ath early the next morning.

The Allied loss had been severe. According to Henderson, 4,041 men, but this is probably exclusive of the Hanoverian, Austrian, and Dutch losses, the

an army sets out to attack a superior force in an entrenched position and all but succeeds in the endeavour, when, moreover, it withdraws in good order, unpursued, and with little loss of baggage, it is open to argument as to whether the attackers did not suffer a "check" or a "reverse" rather than a defeat.

1745



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

latter of which amounted to 1,544. A French account gives their own loss at 4,520 killed and wounded, and states the Allies lost 15,000 men and between 40 and 50 guns.

Fontenoy was proclaimed a great victory, and all France went mad with joy; but it is questionable if it can be regarded as a tactical defeat. Strategically it was, for Tournay soon afterwards fell; but when

In the battle Ligonier's Horse had 2 men and 16 horses killed, and Quarter-Master Heath, 4 men, and 6 horses wounded, and 1 man missing.

Major Holt Waring writes as follows:

"In 1745 the Regiment was at the Battle of Fontenoy and upon the field there was not a man or horse wanting of their full complement. One

1745 man indeed had been left behind in Brussels, having been wounded a few days before in a duel, but there having been brought up to the Regiment 37 Recruits, which was one more than the Regiment wanted, Sir John Ligonier having observed a young man in great distress at having been told he could not be received, the General ordered him to be kept at his expense till there should be a vacancy, so that, in reality, the Regiment was by one man more than compleat. (*sic*)

"In this action there was a trooper of the Regiment named Stevenson, whose horse had been shot early in the action. The Regiment saw no more of him till the next evening when he joined them at Ath. The men of his troop insisted upon it that he should give an account of himself, that he was unworthy of being a Ligonier, and that he should not attempt to stay in the Lines. Stevenson demanded a Court Martial to justify his character. Next day it sat, and being questioned what account he could give of himself, he produced Lieut. Izard, of the Welsh Fusiliers, who declared that, in the morning of the action, the prisoner addressed him, and informed him that, his horse being killed, he requested to have the honour of carrying a Firelock in the Grenadiers under him, which was complied with, that through the whole of that day's action he behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and he was one of nine Grenadiers he brought out of the Field. Stevenson was restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke presented him to a Lieutenancy in the Regiment wherein he had behaved so well."

From Ath the Allies retired northwards to Lessines. Saxe followed up his advantage, and after the fall of Tournay, invested and took Ostend, the British base, and forced them back on Antwerp.

In July of this year Prince Charles Edward, eldest son of the Pretender, deemed the situation so favourable to his cause that he embarked at Port Lazare, in Brittany, with seven companions, and landed in South Uist on the 15th July, where, in due course, he was joined by Cameron of Lochiel, and other disaffected Highland Chieftains. Within a fortnight his force swelled to 1,500 men. Sir John Cope, who commanded the King's forces in Scotland, did not leave Edinburgh till the 19th August, and then marched north with a force of 1,500 men and 6 guns. Missing Prince Charles, Cope continued his march northwards, while the former entered Perth without opposition, and finally entered Edinburgh itself on the 18th September. Cope, in the meanwhile had reached Inverness and marched thence to Aberdeen, where he embarked, arriving

at Dunbar on the 16th. On the 19th he arrived at Haddington, and on the following day was fought the Battle of Prestonpans, which resulted in the rout of Cope's Force, the capture of over 1,200 prisoners, with 6 cannons, the military chest, and all the baggage.

The moral effect of this battle was tremendous. A force was hastily collected at Newcastle under Wade, and orders were sent to Flanders for the immediate return to England of the Duke of Cumberland and as many of his Troops as possible.

On October 12th four troops of Ligonier's Horse landed at Gravesend and proceeded to Wiccomb (Wycombe?), Beaconsfield, Watford, and Marlow. Quitting these places on November 17th, they marched *via* Birmingham to Lichfield, where they arrived on November 26th.

The remaining two troops on disembarkation at Gravesend proceeded to Barnet, thence to Acton, and on January 3rd, 1746, they marched to Brentford.

On the 15th November Carlisle fell into the young Pretender's hands, and he marched south *via* Preston and Manchester. The King's Main Army had been collected at Lichfield under the command of Sir John Ligonier, and marching north arrived at Newcastle-under-Lyme on December 2nd, the van of the invading force being then at Congleton, 10 miles north. The Duke of Cumberland had arrived in Stafford a few days previously, and now took over the command of the Army, 12,700 strong, from Sir John Ligonier. The Duke feared an attack on Wales, but Prince Charles skillfully eluded his forces, and entered Derby on December 4th. Here he was a day's march nearer London than the King's Troops, and in all haste Cumberland concentrated at Coventry. Although successful beyond expectations up to this, the situation for the rebel army grew daily more desperate. Wade with 10,000 men was moving from Newcastle to cut off their retreat, the Duke of Cumberland with 10,000 more was close at hand, while a further force of about 10,000, chiefly home guards, were collected on Finchley Common, and it was to this force that the two troops of Ligonier's Horse which landed last were posted.

On the 6th December Prince Charles Edward determined to retire northwards. News of the retreat reached the Duke the same night, and, putting himself at the head of all the Horse and Dragoons and 1,000 mounted volunteers, he gave chase.

1745

On the evening of the 18th December Cumberland's Horse, with which were 4 Troops of Ligonier's and Dragoons, came up with the rebel rearguard on Clifton Moor, 2 miles south of Penrith. The skirmish that resulted was remarkable for the fact that about 300 of Bland's Dragoons (3rd Hussars) attacked the rebels, who were in a ditch, on foot.

No mention is to be found of the part played by Ligonier's Horse, but it is probable that owing to the darkness they took little part in this, the last fight that took place on English soil.

1745

A legend of Regimental interest is related in connection with Colonel Philip Honeywood, who at this skirmish commanded the dismounted men of



AN OFFICER OF LIGONIER'S HORSE. 1751.

The first fire resulted in some loss to the Dragoons, and they retired a short distance; whereupon the Highlanders left their cover and charged, claymore in hand. The Dragoons then drew their swords, and a hand-to-hand fight on foot took place, in which several claymores were broken on the steel "skull caps" at that period worn by mounted troops.

Bland's Dragoons. One of the Highland prisoners was asked after the fight how his side got on. His reply was: "We got on vera weel till the lang man in the muckle boots came ower the dyke, but his foot slippit and we got him down." "The lang man in the muckle boots" was the luckless Colonel Philip Honeywood, who had but recently recovered from

1745 wounds received at Dettingen, *viz.*: 23 broadsword cuts and 2 musket balls which were never extracted. On this occasion he received 3 broadsword cuts about the head. Colonel Philip Honeywood was promoted to the Colonelcy of Ligonier's Horse in 1759, and of him more hereafter.

The fight at Clifton Moor enabled Prince Charles Edward to withdraw across the Border into Scotland.

The further adventures of the young Pretender—his victory at Falkirk, his overthrow at Culloden, and his eventual escape to France, thanks to the devotion of Flora Macdonald and many sympathizers in the Highlands—do not come within the scope of this story, for the 4 Troops of Ligonier's Horse did not proceed further north than Carlisle.

1746 Early in January the 4 troops were at Chester, and on the 9th of that month they moved to Coventry, whence on the 18th February they marched to Northampton. Here on the 2nd August 1 Captain and 50 N.C.O.'s and men were detailed to escort the rebel Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, to London, where he was tried for treason and beheaded.

By the end of November the whole Regiment had been collected at Northampton, and on the 1st December they marched to Chester, whence on Christmas Day they proceeded to Liverpool and embarked for Ireland.

On arrival in Ireland the Regiment went into Quarters at Donaghmore, Thurles, Maryborough, and Mountmelick.

In December, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Horse were converted into Regiments of Dragoon Guards, and Ligonier's Horse, which hitherto had ranked as the 8th Horse, now became the 4th Horse, or 4th Irish Horse.

1747 In March of this year Major Holt Waring left the Regiment, and he has placed on record that:

"FROM THE TIME OF THE REGIMENT'S LEAVING IRELAND, THERE NEVER WAS AN INSTANCE OF A MAN OR HORSE TAKEN BY THE ENEMY, NOR A MAN TRIED BY GENERAL COURT MARTIAL. THERE WERE BUT SIX MEN DIED OF A NATURAL DEATH, AND THERE WERE THIRTY-SEVEN PRIVATE MEN PROMOTED TO COMMISSIONS." [Period, 1742—Oct., 1745.]

At the call of duty and under stress of excitement many gallant feats have been performed, but for sustained effort and pride of Regiment there are few, if any, instances in the Annals of the British Army which equal this splendid tribute to the discipline and heroism of former Black Horsemen. 1747

In July Sir John Ligonier was transferred to the Colonelcy of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and he was succeeded by Sir John Mordaunt, K.B., who, being transferred to the 10th Hussars the following November, was, in turn, succeeded by Major-General Henry de Grangue, a veteran of William's Wars. General de Grangue remained at the head of the Regiment till his death in 1754, when, on the 8th July, he was succeeded in the Colonelcy by the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, a distinguished soldier who was yet destined to win many laurels. 1749 to 1759

The following lines were written about him:

TO MAJOR-GENERAL H. C[ONWAY].

"When Fontenoy's empurpled plain
Shall vanish from th' historic page,
Thy youthful valour shall in vain
Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

"When hostile squadrons round thee stood
On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,
Thy Captive Sabre, drenched in blood,
The vaunting victors' triumph sealed.

"Forgot be these—let Scotland too
Culloden from her annals tear,
Lest Envy and her factions crew
Should blush to find thy laurels there.

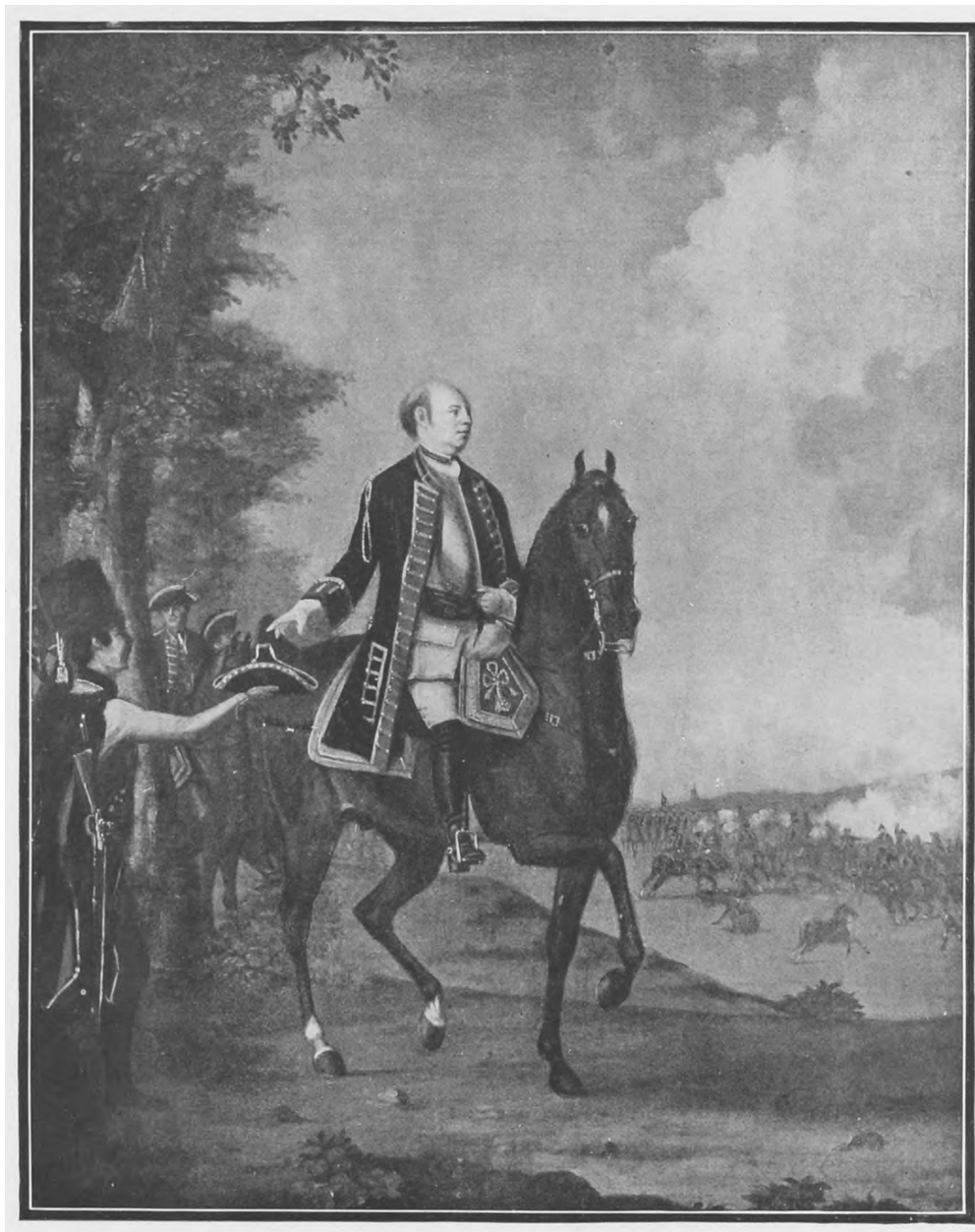
"When each fair deed is thus defac'd,
A thousand virtues too disguis'd,
Thy grateful country's voice shall haste
To censure worth so little priz'd.

"Then patient hear the thunder roll;
Pity the blind you cannot hate;
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,
Repine at Aristides' fate."

1749 In 1759 Lieut.-General Conway was transferred to the Colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons, and he was
to succeeded by Major-General Philip Honeywood on
1759 the 5th April, 1759. We have already mentioned this Officer in our account of the Battle of Dettingen, we have related the story of his "slip" at Clifton Moor, and there will be much to say in the pages to come of this gallant veteran who remained at the head of the Regiment for three and twenty years.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PHILIP HONEYWOOD,
Colonel of the Regiment, 1759-1782.



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

Representing an Incident at the Battle of Warburg.

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CHAPTER VI.

1756 **I**N the preceding year serious disputes had arisen between France and England about the boundaries of their respective settlements in North America. On the Continent a Confederacy of Powers, of whom France, Russia, and Austria were the principal, was formed against Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

George II., fearing for his Hanoverian possessions and in sympathy with Protestant Prussia, agreed, in January, 1756, to form an Alliance with that kingdom, and thus was the country drawn into the SEVEN YEARS' WAR. The earlier years of the war do not directly concern us, for England's help to Frederick largely took the form of subsidies, and Hanoverian and Hessian mercenaries were relied upon for the prosecution of the campaign.

1758 In 1758, however, British troops were despatched to the Continent, and the command of the army was entrusted to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

1759 On August 1st Ferdinand won the Battle of Minden, a fight remarkable alike for the gallant bearing of the British Infantry and for the pusillanimous conduct of Lord George Sackville, the Commander of the British Cavalry, who, being ordered by Ferdinand to charge, affected not to understand the order, and so allowed the pursuit to be carried out by the German Cavalry, while he looked on. For his conduct on this occasion Lord George Sackville was deprived of his command, and sent home in disgrace. He was tried by court-martial at home and dismissed the Service.

1760 In the spring orders reached Honeywood's Regiment (4th Horse), then in Ireland, to prepare for service on the Continent, and on the 10th June the Regiment embarked at Gravesend with Elliot's Dragoons, now the 15th Hussars.

In those days of sails, however, embarkation did not necessarily entail departure, for on June 15th we find the Duke of Newcastle writing to Lord Granby as follows:—

"I suppose Honeywood's and Elliot's are all on board and wait only a fair wind. When these troops arrive your army will amount to upwards of 92,000 men, all good troops in good order and well supplied, and I doubt not, with the blessing of God and such a General and such troops, will be able to give a good account of the enemy."

Marching across Europe, Honeywood's Regiment joined the Main Army at Paderborn on July 18th, and was noted in general orders as "exempt from all duty for two days."

The Cavalry Regiments here assembled, besides Honeywood's, comprised the Blues, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 6th D.G.'s, the 1st, 2nd, and 6th Dragoons, and the 7th, 10th, and 11th Hussars. 1760

Honeywood's Regiment was brigaded with the Blues and the Carabiniers. The command of the British Army was entrusted to Lieut.-General Lord Granby, an officer under 40 years of age, but bald as the proverbial coot.

The military situation may now be shortly described. The French Marshal, de Broglie, with an army of 130,000 men, marched in June to meet Prince Ferdinand, who, in all, mustered little more than half that number.

A French success at Corbach early in July was, a week later, followed by a brilliant little fight at Emsdorff, in which the 15th Hussars greatly distinguished themselves. On the 24th July, de Broglie divided his army into three corps, one corps of 15,000 men he detached towards the River Fulda in order to attract Ferdinand (who on this day was at Wolfshagen*) towards that direction, while with the Main Army he marched as if he intended to go to Paderborn, whereas his real design was to seize the defile of Munden and cut Ferdinand off from his fortified base at Cassel. Ferdinand was quite alive to the enemy's intention, and appreciated not only his own danger, but also the possibility of falling upon one of the divided French forces, and he accordingly marched northwards, reaching Kalle on the 27th July.

De Broglie now detached the Chevalier de Mui with a force "supposed upwards of 35,000 men" to cross the River Diemel at Stradtberg, then to march along the left bank to threaten Ferdinand's communications with Westphalia, while he himself demonstrated in Ferdinand's rear.

On the 29th Ferdinand detached two columns, one under General Spörcke, the other under the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and with this latter column went the Royals and 7th Hussars, to cross the Diemel at Liebenau and to concentrate on the heights of Corbeke, where they arrived, after a night march, at 6 a.m. on the 31st.

* Cannon, in his *Historical Records of the 7th D.G.'s*, mentions a skirmish at Wolfshagen on July 25th, when he states the Regiment "evinced their innate bravery in a sharp encounter."

I regret I have been unable to establish the fact that the Regiment fought there. Gen. Lloyd, in his *Operations*, mentions the skirmish, and explicitly states that 7 Squadrons Hanoverians and 2 of Hessians only were engaged.

Battle of War- burg.

From Kalle to Liebenau is nearly ten miles, thence to Warburg another six. The day was fine and the weather hot. The Infantry of the main army, marching with the greatest eagerness, were much hampered with morasses, and numbers dropped exhausted by the wayside. The two columns under the Hereditary Prince marched off and attacked the French left flank with great fury shortly after noon.

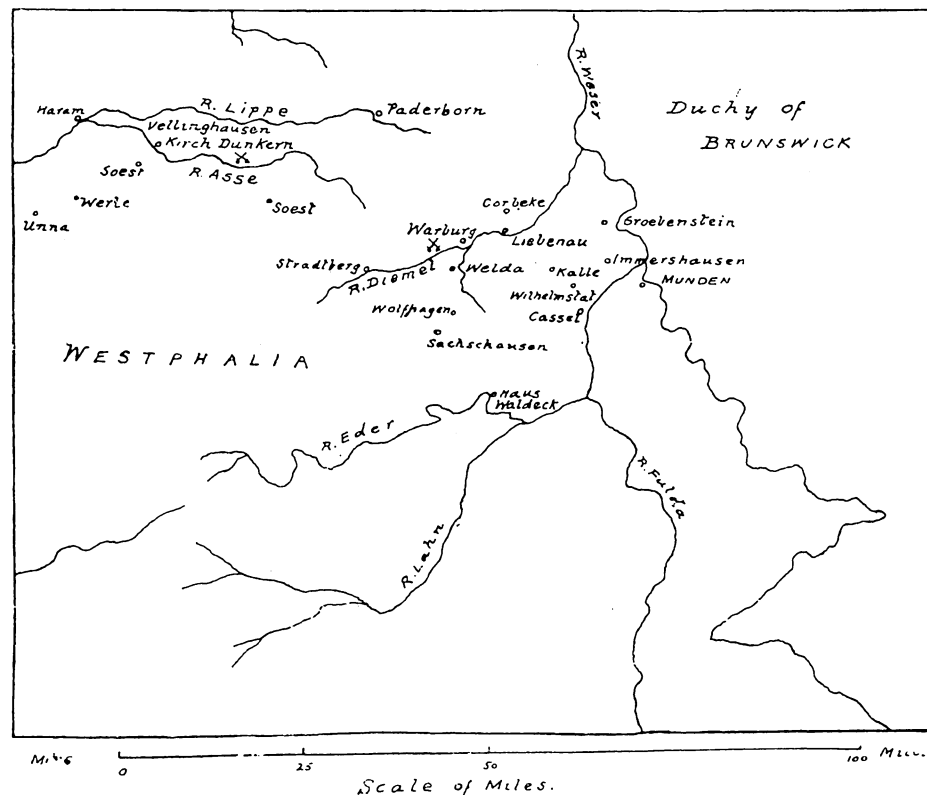
The success of the plan depended upon the simultaneous co-operation of Ferdinand's attack on de Mui's front, and as yet there was no sign of his force. The Chevalier de Mui was preparing to crush the Hereditary Prince with his whole force, when his attention was drawn to a cloud of dust in the far distance. Bigger and closer it came, and presently there loomed through dust and summer haze the close-pressed ranks of two and twenty British Squadrons* advancing at speed, and in

front, well ahead of Mostyn the Cavalry Commander, was seen the shining pate of Granby, as, regardless of loss of hat and wig, he led the charge. Five miles had Granby advanced at the full trot, for Ferdinand, perceiving that his gallantly struggling Infantry would not arrive in time, had ordered on the British Cavalry of the right wing.

Surely never did Cavalry arrive more opportunely, as, brushing the French Squadrons aside with contemptuous ease, they fell upon the right of the French Infantry, and attacked now on both flanks, a panic seized the French, who, throwing away their arms, retired in great confusion across the Diemel, where many were drowned.

Lord Granby followed up the French with 10 British Battalions and 12 Squadrons, among them being Honeywood's Regiment, and he encamped that

1760



* The British Regiments were formed as follows:—

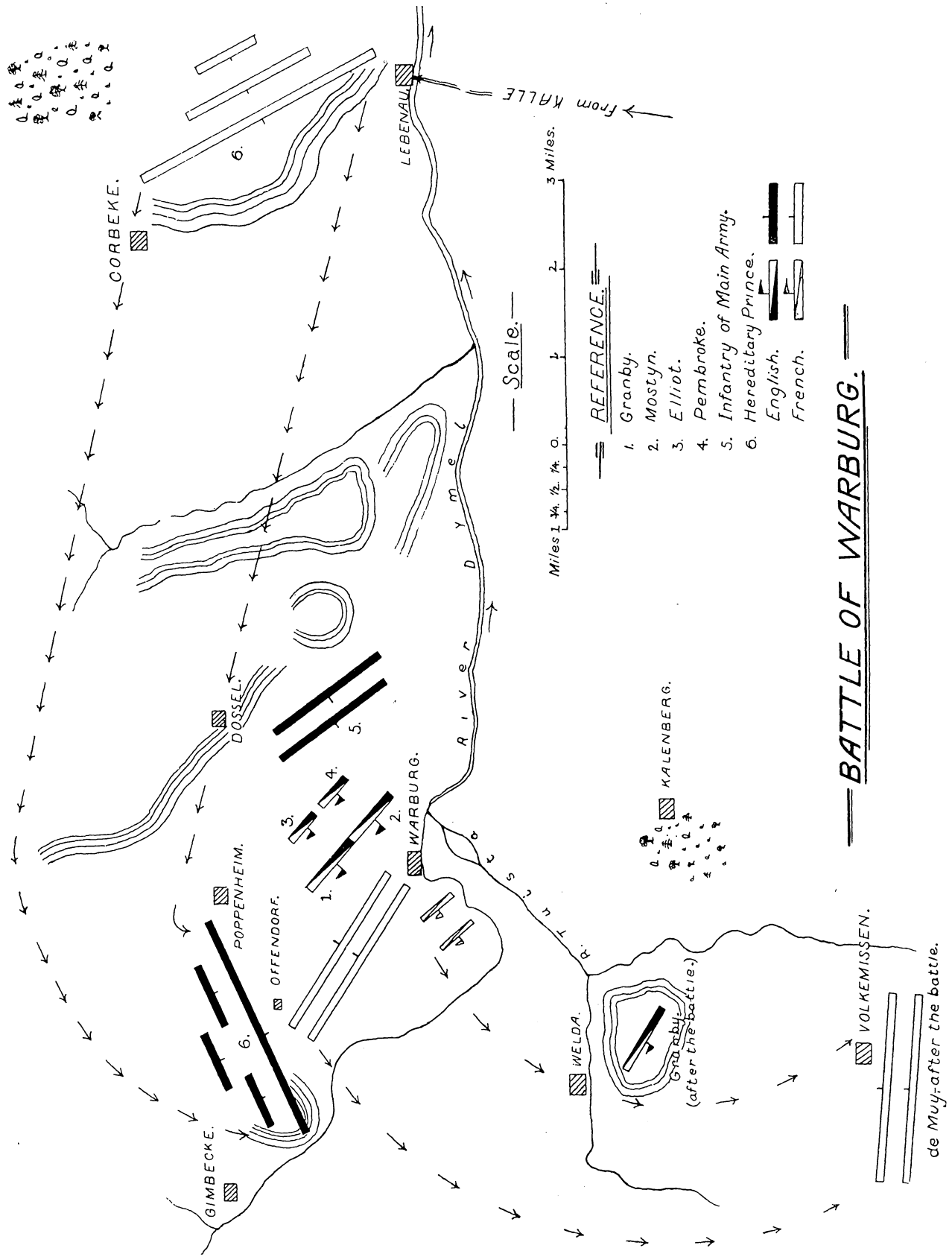
1st Line	<div> <div>1 D.G.'s</div> <div>3 D.G.'s</div> <div>2 D.G.'s</div> </div>	<div> <div>Maj.-Gen. Webb</div> <div>Maj.-Gen. Honeywood</div> </div>	<div> <div>Lt.-Gen. Mostyn</div> </div>
	<div> <div>Blues</div> <div>Honeywood's</div> <div>6th D.G.'s</div> </div>		
2nd Line	<div> <div>Greys</div> <div>11 Hussars</div> </div>	<div> <div>Genl. Elliot</div> <div>Earl of Pembroke</div> </div>	
	<div> <div>4 Hussars</div> <div>10 Hussars</div> </div>		

The Blues and 1 D.G.'s had 3 Squadrons each. All the others 2.

night on the heights of Wilda, while de Mui retreated to Volksmissen.

In this battle the French lost 22 guns, 2,400 killed, 3,000 wounded, and 2,800 prisoners, while the loss of the Allies was about 1,200.

The Regimental casualties were two Privates and 28 horses killed; Capt. Gore, Cornet Colclough, three Privates, and two horses wounded; 18 men and 28 horses missing. This battle, a lasting memorial to the brilliant results of a well-led Cavalry attack, opened up Ferdinand's threatened line of



BATTLE OF WARBURG.

1760 communication with Westphalia. On the evening of the battle (July 31st) Ferdinand published the following general order:—

“His Serene Highness desires his best thanks be given to all the troops who behaved so gallantly in the affair this day. The British Cavalry gave striking proofs of its countenance and bravery, for which he will not fail to give them their due merit to His Majesty.”

The following day he published a supplementary order:—

“Headquarters, Warburg, August 1st.

“His Serene Highness renews his compliments of thanks that he gave in general terms yesterday to the Generals, Officers, Sergeants, and Corporals who were engaged, and who by their valour and excellent conduct gained so complete a victory over the enemy, and orders his thanks publically given to Lord Granby, under whose orders all the British Cavalry performed prodigies of valour, which they could not fail doing, having his Lordship at their head, and the other General Officers of the British Cavalry, who by their example showed the Troops they led to the charge, how much they acted with astonishing courage and presence of mind not to be equalled. H. S. H. is much obliged to them, and gives infinite thanks as well to them, as to all the Officers in General, and particularly to the whole Cavalry; and principally to Lieut. Col. Johnston of Conway's Regt. (1st Dns.). H. S. H. desires that on the first occasion the Army will return thanks to the Almighty for the success of yesterday, and flatters himself that by His assistance, and the bravery shown yesterday, He shall in the end overcome every obstacle that offers.”

On August 25th Prince Ferdinand published at Buna the following message from King George:—

“You will be pleased to testify to those brave troops, that so well executed your orders, that their good conduct gives me real pleasure, and that their Bravery authorizes me to hope, that by God's assistance, the designs of my enemy will be frustrated.”

On the same day Lord Granby received the following communication from Lord Holderness, H.M.'s principal Secretary of State:—

“I am by His Majesty's commands to acquaint Your Lordship, that the King has the greatest satisfaction in the gallant behaviour of his brave British Troops on the 31st July, for tho' the Cavalry only and some Grenadiers and Highlanders, who were actively engaged, had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves eminently, yet the zeal and spirit shewn by the Infantry in pressing their march in the manner you

described, with the hopes of engaging the enemy, is very praiseworthy. His Majesty saw also with great pleasure, that the Army had performed such memorable service. It is therefore His Majesty's pleasure, that Your Lordship should take the proper method of acquainting the Officers and Soldiers under your command that the King is extremely satisfied with their gallant behaviour and that His Majesty thanks them for their distinguished zeal of his service.”

On the 1st August the Chevalier de Muy retired to Wolfshagen, and on the 3rd Granby, under pressure of de Broglie's main army, repassed the Diemel, and joined Ferdinand at Warburg.

And now began a series of marches and counter-marches, small skirmishes, and much hard work. The discipline of the army seems to have deteriorated, for constant orders were published to check irregularities and excesses, and roll calls were ordered five or six times a day.* Finally, on December 24th, the Regiment went into winter quarters at Münster.

The hard winter and the privations of the previous campaign had seriously reduced the numbers of Ferdinand's Army, and it was not until June that Honeywood's Regiment left Münster for Hamm, a town at the confluence of the Rivers Asse and Lippe. It was here brigaded with the Carabiniers.

The campaign now opening is full of interest to the student, and is an example of the methods by which a competent commander could not only check-mate the manœuvres of two armies, each of which

* It is with regret that we record that among the delinquents was a certain William Hamilton, of Honeywood's Regiment, who for insubordination was adjudged by a General Court Martial to receive 1,000 lashes by the Trumpeters of the Regiment at three different times “or oftener if the Commanding Officer thinks it necessary.”

Cannon relates that owing to the severe weather the Regiment was on Oct. 10th ordered to build itself temporary shelters for the winter. It appears, however, that such was not the case, for the Regiment was constantly marching, and was at Meerhoff, Sept. 25th; Dalem, Oct. 7th; Oberhagen, Oct. 8th; Heinthrup, Oct. 10th; Kamen, Oct. 11th; Ricklinghausen, Oct. 12th; Kerklade, Oct. 13th; Bune, Oct. 18th; Schernbeck, Oct. 26th; Rickum, Oct. 27th; Corsfeldt, Dec. 2nd; Loburg, Dec. 11th; Horstmar, Dec. 14th.

Order of Battle, 1761. (Cavalry only.)

1st Line	1 D.G.'s	} Maj.-Genl. Webb
	2 D.G.'s	
	Blues	} Maj.-Genl. Douglas
	Honeywood's 4th Horse	
2nd Line	6 D.G.'s	
	1 Dns.	} Maj.-Genl. Elliot
	10 Hrs.	
	6 Dns.	} Earl of Pembroke
	7 Hrs.	
	11 Hrs.	
	Greys	

1761 was superior in strength to his own, but could also inflict defeat on those combined forces on the battlefield. The French Armies were commanded by the Prince de Soubise, a man who owed his position more to interest in high quarters than to any inborn talent, and by de Broglie, Ferdinand's opponent of the previous year.

Battle
of
Velling-
hausen.

Soubise and de Broglie concentrated at Soest on the 6th July, while Ferdinand moved to Hans-Hohenover, and on the 11th July was in position astride the Rivers Lippe and Asse facing east. Ferdinand established his headquarters at Vellingshausen, a village midway between the two rivers. From that village to the north the ground was occupied by Hessians and Hanoverians under Wutgenau, while Granby continued the line from Vellingshausen southward to the Asse at Kirch Denkern. South of him again came Anhalt's Corps, with which was Pembroke's Brigade of Honeywood's 4th Horse, Blues, and 6th D.G.'s, and lastly the Hereditary Prince's Corps on the extreme right as far as Hilbeck.

In brief, the French plan was for de Broglie to attack the centre, while Soubise enveloped the Allies' right.

About 6 p.m., July 15th, the French Army struck its tents, and de Broglie dislodged Granby's advanced posts on the heights of Kirch Denkern. This attack came as somewhat of a surprise, and Granby, who had six squadrons, ten guns, ten battalions, was supported by Wutgenau, whose ground in turn was occupied by Spörcke's troops from Hertzfeld. Granby's right was strengthened by moving up the Prince of Anhalt. With these reinforcements Granby was not only able to hold his own, but to recover the lost ground.

Ferdinand, judging that the attack on the morrow would be on his left, strengthened his centre with Cavendish's Brigade of Foot and Pembroke's Brigade of Horse. Little sleep was obtained that night, for a series of skirmishes followed one another in quick succession.

At dawn on the 16th de Broglie attacked Granby and Wutgenau with great fury for five hours, and anxiously and in vain looked for the promised co-operation of Soubise on the Allied right.

In Granby's front lay a ridge he had been unable to occupy, and about 9 a.m. Ferdinand saw French guns advancing towards it, so he ordered forward four British and five German Battalions to forestall them. The movement was successful and decisive, for the French, tired and disheartened with Soubise's inactivity, broke and fled precipitately, and Maxwell's Battalion of Grenadiers alone captured the French Regiment de Rouge, consisting of four battalions, with all its guns and colours. The victorious troops followed up de Broglie as far as Haltrup, but owing to the broken nature of the

country the Cavalry had little opportunity to act. 1761
Hearing of de Broglie's defeat, Soubise also drew off.

The Allied loss consisted of 311 killed, 1,011 wounded, and 162 prisoners, while the French lost nine guns, six colours, and between 5,000 and 6,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

After the battle Honeywood's 4th Horse returned to Hans-Hohenover, and that night Ferdinand published the following order:—

"Divine service to be formed to-morrow, and thanks to be returned to Almighty God for the Victory obtained this day over the enemy. A *feu de joie* will be fired to-morrow evening."

On the 17th July the following further order was published:—

"The glorious Victory of yesterday furnishes His Serene Highness with a fresh opportunity to testify to the Troops he has the honour to command, the high esteem and perfect consideration he has for them on account of the good countenance they shew'd for so long a time, notwithstanding the redoubled fire of the enemy, and afterwards for that vigorous and intrepid attack by which they overpowered and drove them from all their posts. . . . The Action of yesterday is to take the name of Vellingshausen, which is to be declared to the Army."

On the 31st July the following letter from His Majesty King George III. (dated July 24th) was published:—

"His Majesty heard a relation of the glorious affair of the 16th and the brave actions and admirable conduct of the Generals and other Officers and the Troops in General of the different nations, which had an opportunity of engaging the enemy.

"His Majesty therefore desires and charges His Serene Highness the Duke to testify in the strongest terms his sense of it and how much his esteem is thereby augmented. . . ."

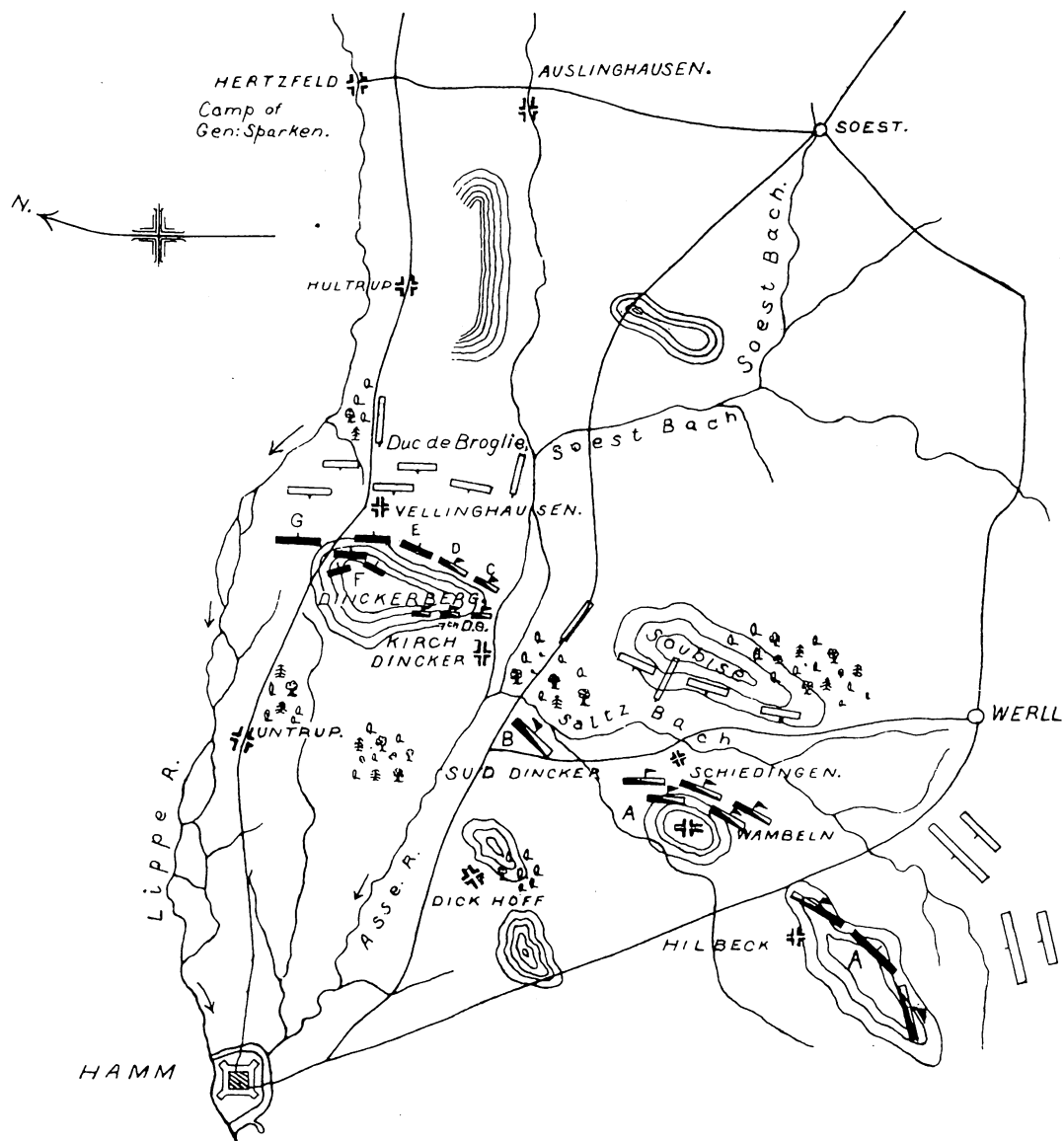
Honeywood's 4th Horse took part in nothing of importance during the remainder of the campaign, but small though the succeeding skirmishes were, yet the life was one of adventure, and we read of one dare-devil Corporal Davidson, of Honeywood's Regiment, worthy descendent of the Veteran Corporal of Dettingen, who struggled into the fortified town of Horn at the head of four infantry men and behaved most gallantly.

The spring of 1762 was spent by the rival armies 1762
quietly in their winter quarters, and it was not till June 18th that Honeywood's 4th Horse joined the concentration at Brakel, near Blomberg.

— PLAN —
OF THE
BATTLE OF VELLINGHAUSEN —

16TH JULY 1761.

Reduced from F. W. de BAWR.
Published by GOSSE & PINET. MDCCLXII.



— Scale —
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Index

A. Duke of Brunswicks Corps.	D. Anhalt.
B. Conway.	E. Wutginan.
C. Howard.	F. Granby.
G. Wolff.	

English }
Germans. } ———— French ————

1762 On the 24th June the Regiment, part of Spörcke's Corps, took part in the Battle of Wilhelmstal or Groebenstein, which resulted in the defeat of Soubise's numerically superior force and their retreat across the River Fulda, the British Cavalry following as far as the heights of Weimar.

Subsequent operations resulted in the recapture of Cassel by the Allies on November 1st, and, with its fall, hostilities came to an end on November 15th.

The Thanks of both Houses of Parliament were conveyed to the Army on January 13th, 1763.

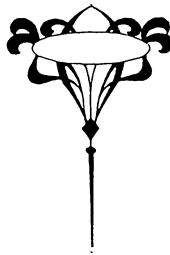
1763 On the 25th January Honeywood's 4th Horse turned their faces homewards, and marching *via* Guelderland, Nimengen, and Breda, embarked at Williamstadt for England. For nine and twenty months the Regiment marched and fought in deep snows, through heavy rains, in difficult country often devastated and bare of supplies. Throughout this period the army of which they formed a part was opposed to numerically superior forces, but the generalship of Ferdinand and the staunchness of the troops emerged triumphant from the contest.

1763 Although no transcendent victory marked the course of the campaign, yet, at least, Honeywood's Horse bequeathed one imperishable name on our list of honours.

Order of Battle, 1762. (Cavalry only.)

Lieut.-Genl. Mostyn	{	1 D.G.'s	{	Lord Pembroke
		3 D.G.'s		
	{	2 Dns.	{	Johnson
		1 Dns.		
	{	Blues	}	Kellett
Lieut.-Genl. Howard	{	6 D.G.'s	{	Napier
		Honeywood's 4th Horse		
	{	10 Hrs.	{	Pitt
		2 D.G.'s		
	{	11 Hrs.	}	?
	{	7 Hrs.	}	

All the above belonged to Spörcke's Corps of the centre.
The 6th Dns. and 15th Hrs. belonged to Granby's Corps of the right.



CHAPTER VII.

1782 **T**HIS year General Philip Honeywood was transferred from the 4th Horse to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and he was succeeded in the Colonelcy on the 7th June by General Studholme Hodgson, a veteran of Fontenoy and Culloden, and a soldier who had more than once been publicly thanked by the King for his services.

1788 The 4th Horse was, on the 1st April this year, converted into Dragoons, and henceforth was known as the 7th Regiment of Dragoon Guards. At the time of its conversion the Regiment was borne on the Irish, as distinct from the English, establishment, and it was owing to the representations of General Studholme Hodgson that the Regiment, in its centenary year, was honoured with that intimate association with the Royal Family which it has since enjoyed.

Adjutant-General, 4th April, 1788.

"Dear Sir,

Having had the honour this day to lay before His Majesty your application for His Royal Permission that the Regiment of Irish Cavalry (now the 7th Dragoon Guards) under your command might have the title of the Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards. I have the pleasure to acquaint you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to comply with your request, on which flattering mark of distinction, I beg leave to congratulate you and the Regiment, and remain, etc.

WILLIAM FAWCETT, A.G."

General Hodgson.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, was the fourth child and eldest daughter of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and was born at Buckingham Palace on the 29th September, 1760—"A Michaelmas Goose," as her mother playfully styled her. On the 18th May, 1797, she was married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to Frederick William Charles, the Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg, then a widower of some years' standing.

Little appears to be recorded of her as Duchess, Electress, and finally Queen of Würtemberg, although her husband had a sufficiently eventful career, having to steer himself and his dominions through the troublous times when Napoleon was recasting the map of Europe.

King Frederick of Würtemberg died in 1816, and the widowed and childless Queen Charlotte

Augusta survived her husband nearly twelve years, 1788 and died on the 6th October, 1827, at Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart.

In March, General Studholme Hodgson was 1789 removed to the Colonelcy of the 11th Dragoons, and he was succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir Charles Grey, K.B., from the 8th Dragoons. Sir Charles had distinguished himself at Minden, was appointed to the command of the forces in America, and for his services was, in 1801, created Baron Grey de Howick.

In August the Regiment was again under orders 1795 for active service, and marched to Cork for embarkation to Quiberon Bay; but the expedition proved abortive, and the Regiment never sailed.

On the 4th November Sir Charles Grey was transferred to the 20th Light Dragoons, and was succeeded by Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., a soldier of great distinction, who met his death on the 28th March, 1801, while commanding the British Troops before Alexandria. Of him it was stated in Army Orders:—

"His steady observance of discipline—his ever watchful attention to the health and wants of his troops—the persevering and unconquerable spirit which marked his military career,—the splendour of his actions in the field, and the heroism of his death, are worthy the imitation of all who desire, like him, a life of honour and a death of glory."

Sir Ralph Abercromby's connection with the 1796 Regiment was, however, brief, for on November 2nd, 1796, he was transferred to the Greys, and was succeeded by Sir William Meadows, K.B., an old Black Horseman, who was transferred from the Regiment to the 5th Foot in 1769, and now, after distinguished services in the East and West Indies, was rewarded by re-appointment to his old corps.

During the summer of 1798 the Regiment was 1798 continuously employed in the harassing duty of quelling the rebellion in Ireland. Split up into small detachments—a troop here, another there—one finds little record of their doings, but it is certain that a troop under Captain Dunne fought under Lord Lake at Vinegar Hill, where Captain (afterwards Colonel) Dunne was wounded.

After Vinegar Hill the Regiment operated chiefly in Kildare, and it does not appear that it formed part of the force collected by Lord Cornwallis to repel Humbert's invasion.

A story, descriptive of the operations, is related with reference to an attack on the town of Rathnagan, then held by the rebels. Cornet Malone's horse took charge of him, and dashing at a barricade, cleared it, and landed its rider in the midst of a party of rebels.

1798 By these he was captured and ordered for instant execution. But a rebel Captain, formerly butler to the Cornet's father, intervened, and obtained a respite of a few hours. In the meantime the attack was renewed by the troops, and in the confusion Cornet Malone escaped. The rebel Captain, however, was in his turn captured, tried, and sentenced by Court Martial to death. Thanks, however, to the earnest intervention of Cornet Malone, the sentence on the ex-butler was commuted to transportation.

1799 After a continuous period of 36 years in Ireland, the Regiment was, on the 24th August, 1799, brought over to England and quartered at Worcester.

It was during this long tour of Irish service that we are reported to have earned the name of "Strawboots." According to Regimental tradition an Inspecting General once paid an unexpected visit to the barracks in which the Regiment was quartered, and, seeing no one in the barrack square except a trumpeter, he asked where the Regiment was. "Out in the fields haymaking," replied the trumpeter. The General then ordered the trumpeter to sound "The General Parade," but was informed by that functionary that he did not know that call, but that he could sound "Reapers In."

Acting on the suggestion the call was sounded, and soon the men began trooping into barracks in every imaginable costume. A foot parade was ordered, and the men began to march past, but acquitted themselves so badly that the General shouted out, "Right," "Left," "Right," "Left." The Colonel, however, interposed, and said, "Oh, they don't know that word of command, General." "Hayboot," "Strawboot," "Hayboot," "Strawboot," when the men picked up the step and marched past perfectly!

1800 Sir William Meadows, K.B., died on November
to 20th, 1813, and was succeeded in the Colonelcy by
1830 General Richard Rich Wilford, and on his death, in 1822, he was succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir Robert Bolton.

There is little to record of interest during the next forty years.

Alternately in England and Ireland, the Regiment acquitted itself creditably wherever stationed.

In the winter of 1828-9 the Regiment was stationed at Newcastle-on-Tyne and York, and it was at the latter place that, on the 2nd February, 1829, it rendered conspicuous service in helping to extinguish a fire that broke out in the Minster.

At a meeting of the Dean and Chapter held at York on the 10th February the following resolution was agreed to:—Present the Dean and Residentiaries resolved unanimously that the most grateful thanks of this Chapter be offered to Major Clarke, the Officers and Privates of the 7th Regiment of Dragoon Guards for their valuable services at the time of the conflagration in York Minster. To compliment so distinguished a Regiment as the 7th Dragoon Guards

upon its order and discipline would be superfluous and nugatory; but it may truly be remarked that there never was an occasion when order and discipline were more conspicuous or more useful than in the conduct of this Regiment on the awful 2nd February, 1829." 1800
to 1830

King George IV. died at Windsor Castle on 26th June, 1830, and was succeeded by his brother William Henry, Duke of Clarence. The Regiment was present in London on the occasion of the Coronation of King William IV. on the 8th September, 1831.

The closing of King George's and the opening years of King William's reign were marked by many disturbances, political and agricultural, and throughout the winter of 1830-1 and part of 1832 the Regiment was kept marching about the counties of Kent and Sussex in small detachments. 1832

The work, disagreeable as it was, had its compensation, for the following letter was received by Lieut.-Colonel Clarke, the Commanding Officer:—

Rye, 13th April, 1832.

"Sir,

We the Magistrates of the Antient Town of Rye, assembled at the Quarter Sessions holden in and for the said Town, observing that within the last two years every Troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards has in its turn been quartered in its jurisdiction, and that the Regiment has been lately removed to a distant part of the Kingdom [Dorchester], are anxious to avail themselves of the first opportunity presented by our being thus assembled, of offering to the Commanding Officer, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Privates some expression, however inadequate, of the esteem which we entertain for this admirable Corps, whose good conduct was a source of high satisfaction during its stay in the town, and now causes its departure to be witnessed with sincere regret; of which good conduct no stronger proof need be advanced than the fact, that one solitary complaint alone, and that of the most trivial nature has been lodged before the Magistrates against any member of the Regiment during the period above mentioned. We should, however, but partially express our feelings were we not also to bear our humble testimony to the alacrity and steadiness manifested whenever the service of any part of the Regiment have been required, and to declare our conviction, that no circumstances however difficult can arise under which this Regiment will not by the faithful discharge of duty, maintain the high character of the British Military name.

With feelings of the most sincere respect and with the warmest wishes for the prosperity of the Regiment.

We are, etc., etc.,

W. L. LAMB,

Deputy Mayor on behalf of the Magistrates.

To Lieut.-Colonel Clarke,

Commanding 7th Dragoon Guards.

1836 In March, 1836, Sir Robert Bolton, K.C.B., died, and he was succeeded in the Colonelcy by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Evan Lloyd, K.C.B.

1837 King William IV. died at Windsor Castle on June 30th, 1837, and was succeeded by Queen Victoria, the only child of the late King's brother, Edward, Duke of Kent.

the Duke of Wellington, who expressed his unqualified approbation at the appearance of the Regiment. **1843**

On the 5th April the Regiment embarked at Spithead on H.M.S. "Rodney," and, sailing on the 10th, reached Rio-de-Janiero on the 3rd June, and arrived at Simon's Bay on the 14th July.



H.R.H. THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.
Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland.

On the 21st November, 1840, Her Royal Highness Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, was born. She was married on the 25th January, 1858, to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards Emperor Frederick III. of Germany and King of Prussia.

1843 Orders were received this year for the Regiment, then in Ireland, to prepare for embarkation to South Africa, and early in March it was concentrated at Woolwich. There on the 18th it was inspected by

By the beginning of August the whole Regiment was concentrated at Grahamstown, C.C., and eventually, in November, at Fort Beaufort. Here the Regiment was re-armed with "Brown Besses," late in possession of the 60th Rifles. History repeats itself, for fifty-seven years later, when again serving in South Africa, the Cavalry Carbine was discarded in favour of the Infantry Rifle.

"Fort" Beaufort, on the Kat River, was a fort only in name, for the fortification consisted only of a



1843 stone tower some twelve feet in diameter and the same in height, with an old nine-pounder gun mounted therein.

These towers, for there were others along the Kat River, served a useful purpose, as, at this time, the Kaffirs were causing a good deal of trouble, and many murders were perpetrated and much cattle looted.

1845 Besides native troubles, the Boers, or "Emigrant Boers," as they were called, owing to the fact that they had trekked northward across the Orange River rather than remain under the British Flag, now began to give trouble, and fighting took place between them and Adam Kok, who had assumed the chieftainship of the Griquas, and who, at this time, dwelt between the Orange and Modder Rivers, and acknowledged the British as suzerain.

Accordingly a wing of the Regiment, with four companies of the 91st Foot, a Battery of Artillery, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Kat River Burghers, the whole under Lieut.-Colonel Richardson, commanding 7th Dragoon Guards, crossed the Orange River at Allemans Drift and concentrated at Philipolis on the 27th April. Here Colonel Richardson issued a proclamation calling upon the "Emigrant British Subjects unlawfully assembled in arms to surrender themselves unconditionally to Her Majesty's Troops." This proclamation, like others of later date, was ignored by the Boers.

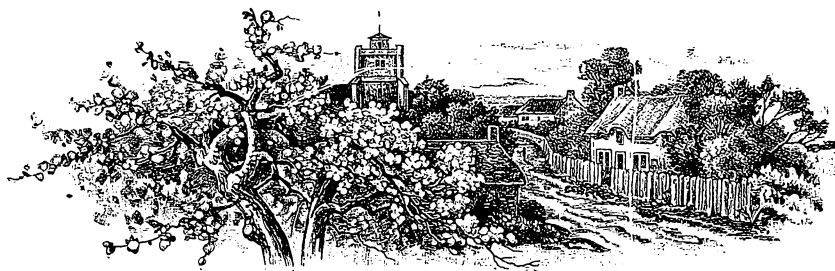
At midnight on the 30th April the little force 1845 trekked northwards to Visters Hoek, 20 miles distant. Arrived there the Boers were located at Zwart Koppies, 16 miles further on. A skirmish followed, the infantry making a frontal attack, while the mounted troops turned the Boers' flank. Then, as in recent years, the threat of mounted troops in their rear was enough for the Boers, and they fled, leaving one three-pounder gun, captured by Lieut. John Hamilton Gray, 7th Dragoon Guards, who shot the driver (a Frenchman) through the head, several waggons, and large quantities of sheep and cattle.

The Boer leaders, who enjoyed the now familiar names of Kock, Steyn, and Duplooy, trekked northwards with the "Irreconcilables," while others took the oath of allegiance and surrendered their arms. These latter, however, they were allowed to keep for the purpose of defence and procuring game as food—a valid enough excuse at the time.

Eventually the Regiment re-crossed the frontier and returned to Fort Beaufort.

On the 27th October the following extract of a despatch from the Secretary of State was published in orders:—

"Her Majesty's Government have observed with satisfaction the prompt and judicious proceedings of Lieut.-Colonel Richardson, on this occasion, as well as the testimony which he has borne to the conduct and efficiency of the Officers and Troops who acted under him."



CHAPTER VIII.

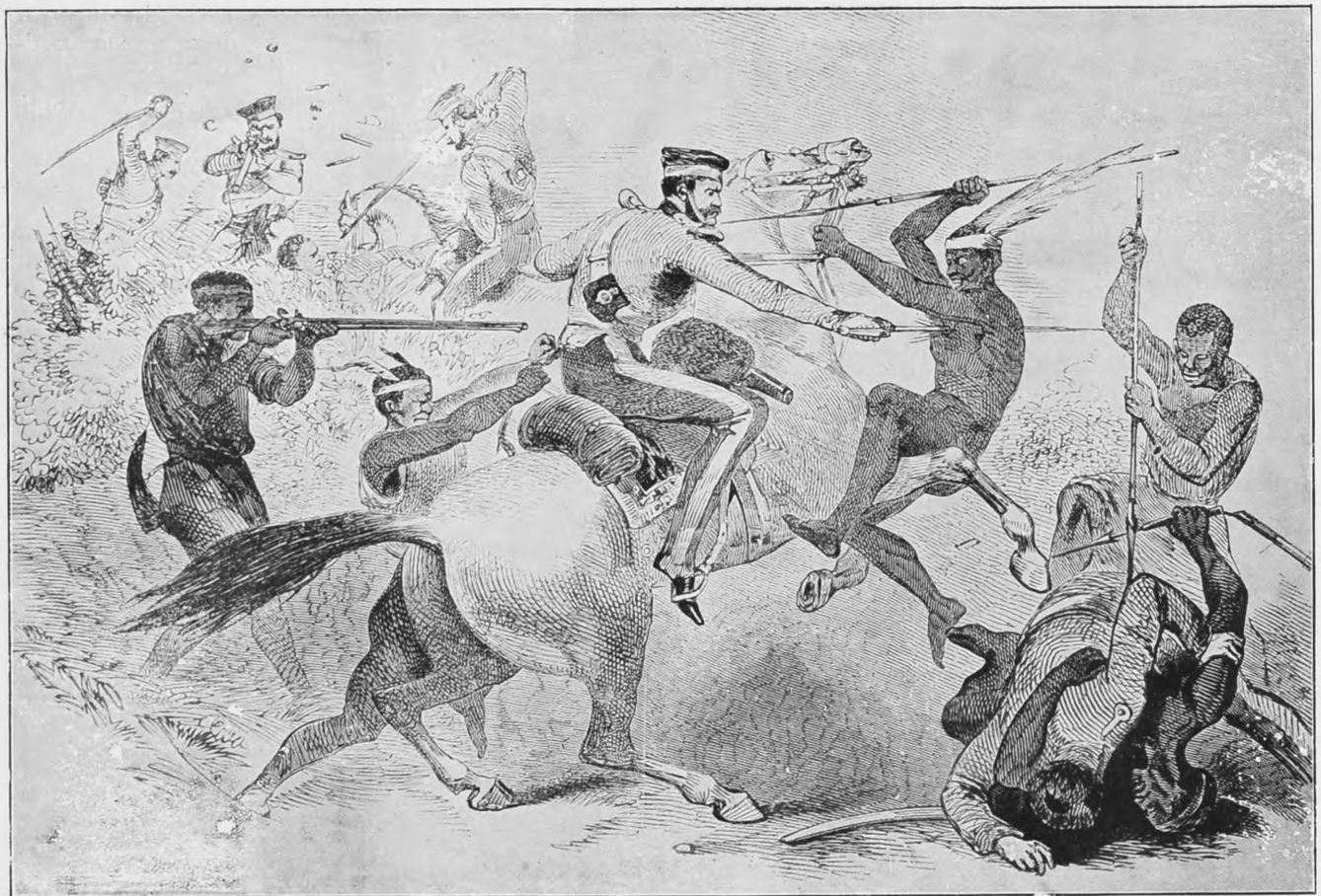
1846

THE Kaffirs, under their great chief Sandile, had of late been very restless, and on the 29th January, 1846, the Lieut.-Governor, Colonel Hare, held a conference at Block Drift. On this occasion the 7th Dragoon Guards, a Battery of Artillery, the 91st (Argyllshire) Highlanders, and the Cape Mounted Rifles acted as escort, while Sandile was accompanied by some 3,000 armed Kaffirs. Although fair words were spoken, the result was only to postpone

On the 16th April a force consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards with guns and Infantry concentrated at Sandile's Kraal, near Burns Hill, on the Keiskama River.

1846

A laager was there formed and left under the charge of Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, who had under his command Capt. Bambrick's Troop 7th D. G., two companies 91st, and two guns. The main column having marched north towards the

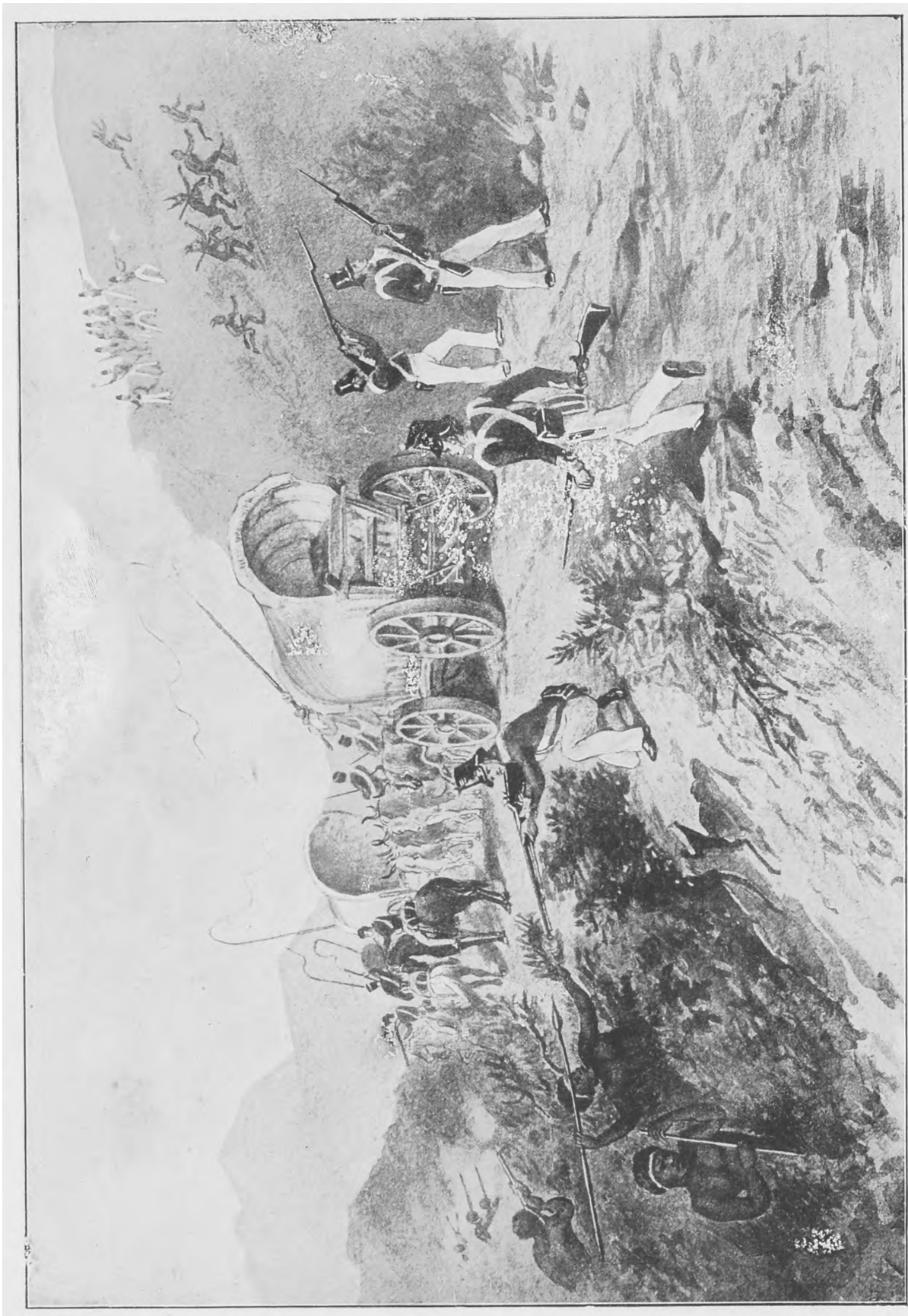


CAPT. BAMBRICK'S DEATH.

the coming trouble by a few weeks, for in the following March the Seventh Kaffir War, or "War of the Axe," as it was called by the Kaffirs (owing to the fact that the theft of an axe by a Kaffir brought matters to a head) broke out.

A detailed account of all the skirmishes and attacks, marches and counter-marches of this campaign would unduly tax the patience of the reader, but there remains two items of Regimental interest which will merit record.

Amatola Flats, the Kaffirs stole through the dense bush and began an attack on the laager. Capt. Bambrick and his Troop with one company and one gun were ordered to hold the drift, but, seeing numbers of cattle on the other side, Bambrick, a veteran of Waterloo, crossed over the river and commenced to round them up. Here in the dense bush he was fiercely attacked, and fell, mortally wounded, his last words being an order to his Sergeant-Major to withdraw from the bush, whither



THE DEFENCE OF THE WAGGONS.

1846 he blamed himself for having come. The Kaffirs stripped Capt. Bambrick's body and held it up in triumph, and although several attempts were made by the troops they failed to recover the remains.*

Acting under orders from the main body under Colonel Somerset, Major Gibsone broke up his laager, and commenced, at 10-30 a.m. on April 17th, to march from Burns Hill to Chumie Hoek. Exclusive of gunners there were in all but 140 men (7th D. G. and 91st) to defend the waggons, 125 in number, which stretched over a length of three miles.

In General Bisset's words:—"The road, a mere waggon track, ran for the first two miles along the banks of the Keiskama River; the river then turning suddenly to the right, ran round a peninsula, of high ground. . . . At the base of this peninsula, which the road crossed before descending to cross the Keiskama River, the waggon road ascended a strong, precipitous and bushy space of half a mile. The Kaffirs were all massing towards this point for the attack. The first waggons were so well protected by the advanced guard that they passed safely over this difficult point and descended towards the Keiskama Ford. The Kaffirs, however, made such a vigorous attack on the centre of the long line of waggons that they drove the escort defending them back on the main body, thus capturing the waggons in the narrow part of the road. The Kaffirs immediately cut the oxen loose from the yokes, thereby entirely blocking up the road, so that no waggon from the rear could pass." The rearguard, composed of the remainder of Capt. Bambrick's Troop, some 15 in number, were heavily attacked. Their ammunition began to fail, and the ammunition waggon was at the head of the column. Sergt. John Gillam, 7th D. G., therefore rode up to the head of the column and brought back a barrel of ammunition on his horse in front of him. Going and coming he was the mark for every Kaffir gun, but escaped unhurt until just as he had distributed the last packet of ammunition. At this moment he fell, shot through the thigh. "Shoot me, boys, but don't leave me," the hero cried. But Lieut. Butler, who commanded the rearguard, replied, "Don't be afraid, we won't shoot or leave you," and, picking him up, carried him some distance until he handed him over to his brother, Troop Sergeant-Major Gillam, who eventually deposited him in safety on a limber.

Little by little the rearguard fought its way up to the head of the column, and then, surrounding the

ammunition waggons, the combined forces held their own until help arrived from Colonel Somerset's main column. 1846

All the waggons in the rear of the column, 52 in number, were lost, and these unhappily contained not only all the Officers' baggage, but also all the Mess Plate of the Regiment, which had most curiously been taken with the Troops.†

For the rest of April and all through May constant skirmishes, in which the British often came off second best, occurred, and by the 1st June a strong force had succeeded in relieving Fort Peddie, which had long been cut off from all communication with the rest of the Colony.

Two of the Kaffir chiefs, Umhala and Seyolo, flushed with recent success, had massed their warriors on the Keiskama River.

Subsequent events are best described in the words of a Staff Officer, Lieut. Bisset:—"Seyolo, the most daring chief, proposed that as they, the Kaffirs, had so far beaten the white man in all encounters, their combined force should march the next day and attack an outpost on the Fish River, Trumpeter's Post, take the place by storm, possess themselves of the magazine, and thus obtain a supply of ammunition. Umhala, the more wary old chief, replied, "Yes, Seyolo, your advice is good, but we cannot cross the open country between the Keiskama River and the Fish River Bush in the daytime; we should go by night." Whereupon Seyolo exclaimed, "Why, we have beaten the Englishman at all points, and taken his cattle; we only require this ammunition to drive the English into the sea." Again the old chief replied. "Seyolo, do you know my war name?" "Yes," said the more impetuous Seyolo, "you are called Umbozloo." "And do you know what that implies?" asked Umhala. "Yes," replied Seyolo, "it means Wild Cat." "It is well you know it," answered Umhala. "We have just received intelligence that white troops are near us, and the 'wild cat' does not roam by day; he prowls by night." On this further words passed between the savage chiefs, and the word "Coward" was used; but the elder chief ended the dialogue by saying he would not take umbrage at the epithet used by Seyolo, but that he, the "wild cat," would cross the open country that night in the dark, and wait for the brave men who might cross the "open" in the daytime under the sun.

* In recording this affair the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, July 18th, 1846, observes: "It has been remarked that they (7th D. G.) are a brave set of men, but are not yet up to bush work against an unseen foe; they keep together and are regular targets for the Kaffirs." It is painful to record that poor Capt. Bambrick's skull, right hand, and skin were presented by Sandile to Umyeki, a celebrated witch doctor.

† Sergt. John Gillam, whose bravery has just been recorded, afterwards rose to be Quarter-Master of the Regiment, and served in that capacity throughout the tour of Indian service, 1857-67. Of the old Mess Plate nothing now remains, except two silver spoons marked "IV. Horse," but, curiously enough, some very valuable old Mess China, lost on this occasion, was recovered during the late South African War, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Gillam, of Port Elizabeth, son of Qr.-Mr. Gillam. An account of the recovery of this china appears in *Vol. IV., No. 1, B.H.G.*, January, 1906.

1846

It thus happened that Umhala and his warriors crossed the open country during the night, about the same time that a column of troops under General Somerset was moving from Fort Peddie up the open belt in search of the enemy.

As daylight broke, we (for I was with the column) came upon the track or spoor of this body of Kaffirs at right angles to our own march. The General

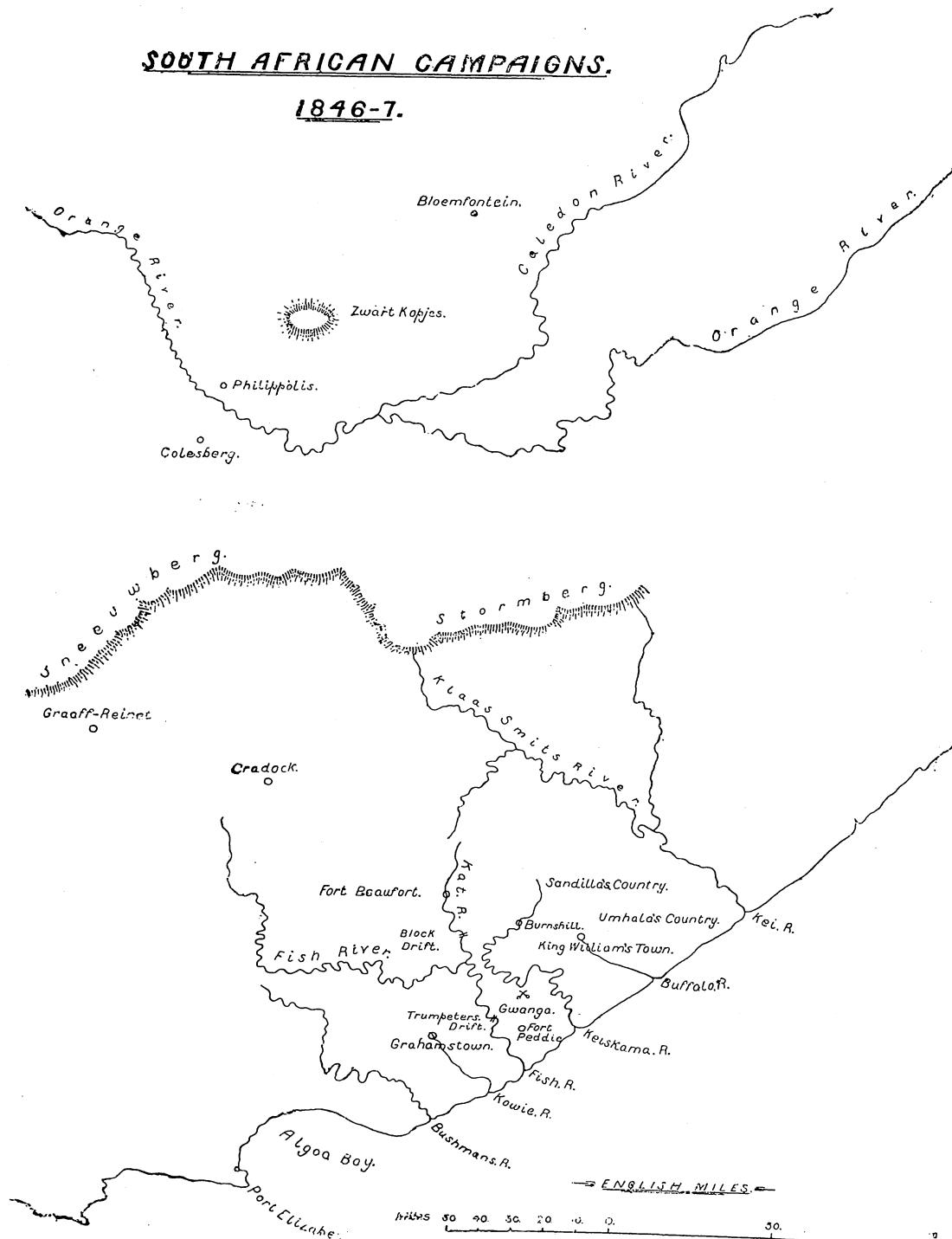
at once followed up this spoor, and as the sun rose we suddenly came upon a large mass of the enemy, who had fires lit, and were at their morning meal of dried flesh and parched Indian corn.

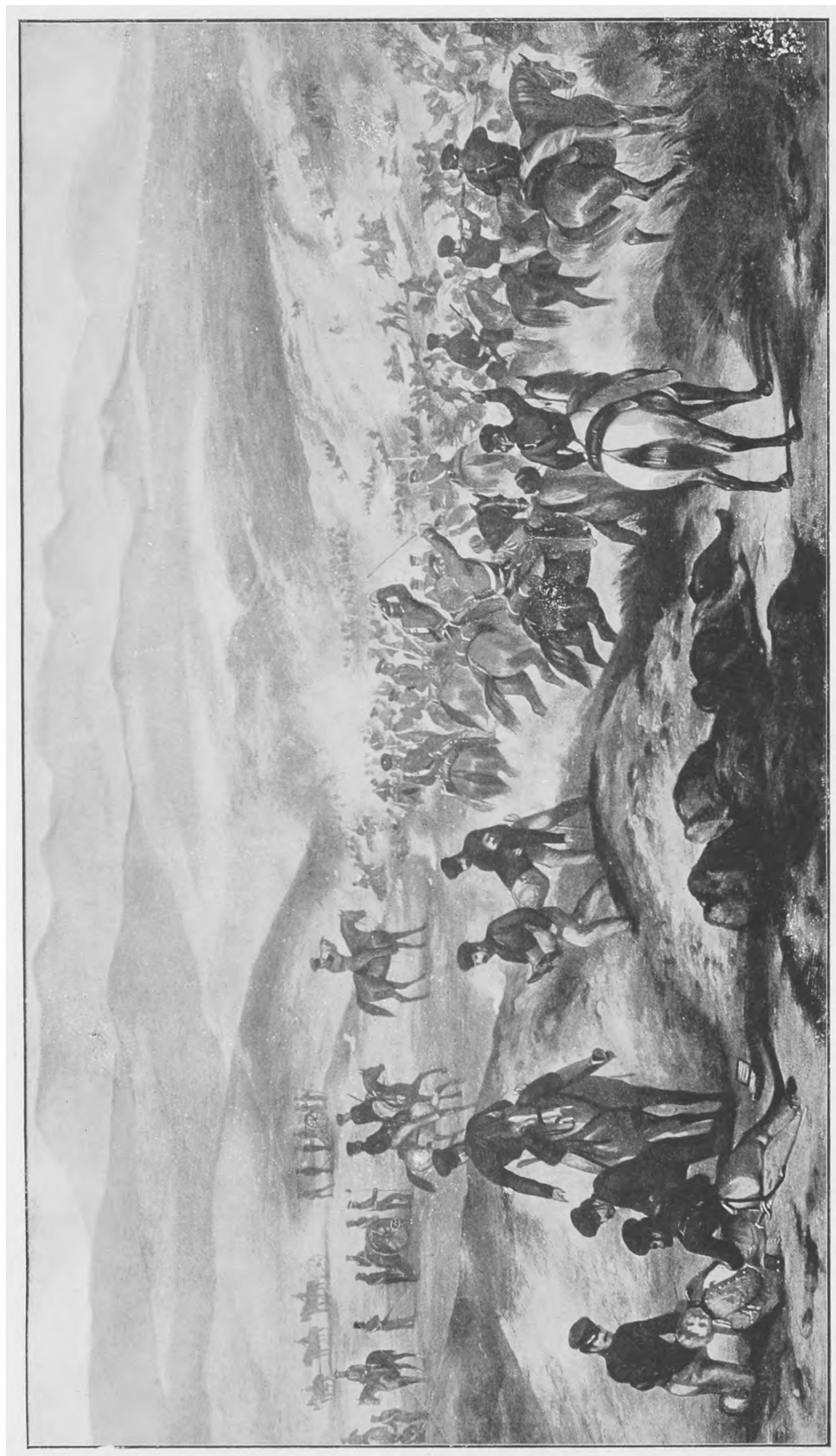
We were on a slope looking down at them at about 600 yards distance, the Kaffirs being in an open, surrounded by bush, with the Fish River jungle immediately in their rear. Our force consisted of

1846

SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS.

1846-7.





THE BATTLE OF THE GUANGA. JUNE, 1846.

1846 two Squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two Squadrons of the Cape Mounted Rifles, two six-pounders, two twelve-pound howitzers, one rocket tube, and detachments of Infantry of the Line—Levies, Fingoes, etc. The Cavalry and guns were in advance, and while the Infantry were coming up, the Cavalry wheeled outwards to allow the guns to pass to the front and come into action. Unfortunately, it was the beginning of Artillery practice. The shot and shell had been in store since the previous Kaffir War of 1835, and the fuses were all wrong. The first discharge of shell burst at the cannon's mouth, and the rocket exploded in the tube, while the round shot did little or no damage. The second discharge was equally ineffective, as the shells burst far beyond the then fast disappearing mass of Kaffirs.

By this time the Infantry having come up were sent to the attack, and the Cavalry were detached to the flank. The Kaffirs fought desperately at first, but when the tide of fortune was going against them they disappeared—as savages only can—like needles in straw. It was nearly twelve o'clock, when the General sounded the recall, and directed me to go back into the open in the direction of the Guanga River, and take up ground for the troops to "form" upon, and get a meal, as they had been under arms since 3 a.m. He at the same time lent me his spare horse—a vicious chestnut brute—as my own mount was done up from galloping from one detachment to another. My old friend and comrade through life, General J. Armstrong, said he would accompany me, and when we started the fresh horse commenced "bucking" as only a Cape horse *can*; but by good luck I sat him, and to take it out of the beast we raced up a long slope. But when I got to the top, the brute had got the bit between his teeth, and no power on earth could stop him. He passed over the brow or ridge like a rocket, and was going headlong down the opposite slope, leading to the bank of the Guanga River, which I knew to be about 12 feet deep. To avoid this, by dint of pulling, I circled to the right round a rising contour of ground; and my astonishment may be imagined when I found myself running parallel with another large column of Kaffirs entirely in the open, about a mile in length and 20 to 30 yards in depth.

These Kaffirs were equally astonished, for I heard the exclamations of "Ogh!" "Marwow!" meaning "A wonder," "An apparition." I no longer held my coursing steed, but by dint of the off rein and the near spur, I managed to run a circle, and pulled up at the very head of the column led by the gallant old General, to whom I reported what I had seen. He exclaimed "Hurrah!" and drawing his sword,

directed the Cavalry, led by the 7th Dragoon Guards, the Royal Artillery next, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, which were in column of route, to form troops and squadrons.

1846

The Cavalry and guns advanced at the trot until we passed over the brow or knoll of ground before mentioned, when we came in full view of the column of Kaffirs under Seyolo, the "brave man" who would march over the open country in the daytime.

It was a grand sight, and the General gave the word to the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were in advance of the guns, to open out and allow the guns to trot through the space, come into action, and fire two rounds: the 7th Dragoon Guards forming line on each flank of the guns and charging: the Cape Mounted Rifles forming line in extended order and charging in succession to the 7th Dragoon Guards.

The shot and shell did good execution, and the charge was the prettiest thing I have ever seen in real fighting. You might have placed a long tablecloth over each troop, they kept in such compact order, and the Cape Mounted Rifles went through the broken mass of Kaffirs in one long line. The Cavalry wheeled and came back, re-charging the enemy for six or seven miles the troops were mixed up with the running Kaffirs, and deadly slaughter ensued Next day 270 dead warriors were counted on the field of battle. This was the only time the British troops ever caught the Kaffirs really in the open, and it will doubtless be long before the Kaffirs give us such another opportunity of attacking them as was afforded at the Battle of the Guanga."

According to an Officer of the Regiment who was present at the fight, the whole credit was due to Capt. Sir Harry Darell, who at the time was acting as Advanced Guard, with a troop of the 7th. Capt. Darell is related to have seen the Kaffirs immediately he topped the crest, and, without sending to the rear or asking for instruction, he formed troop and charged into the middle of the Kaffirs, and was cutting them down in all directions some time before General Somerset knew what was going on.

In the Official Despatch dated June 8th, 1846, Fort Peddie, General Somerset expressly states: "Sir Harry Darell's Troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards made a brilliant charge into the middle of the enemy's column." But he also mentions Major Gibsone and Capt. Hogg of the Regiment.

The Regimental losses were: Capt. Mantin, killed. Capt. Sir H. Darell, Lieut. Bunbury, one other Officer, and seven men wounded.

1847 There is little to relate of the further doings of the Regiment during the remainder of the war, which was brought to a close by the surrender on the 19th October, 1847, of Sandile, the paramount chief of the Gaika tribes.

It is, however, interesting to record that one troop was in April despatched to Bloemfontein "beyond the Orange River"—these being the days before that land became known as the Orange Free State.

1848 In December orders were received for "that highly meritorious Corps" (7th D. G.) to prepare for embarkation to England, and they finally sailed on the 13th April, arriving at Chatham on the 7th June, whence they proceeded to Brighton.

For the next nine years the Regiment occupied various quarters in England, and eventually on the 16th October, 1857, embarked in the S.S. "Southampton" for its first tour of Indian service. The Regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Thompson, and it eventually disembarked at Karachi on the 7th January, 1858.

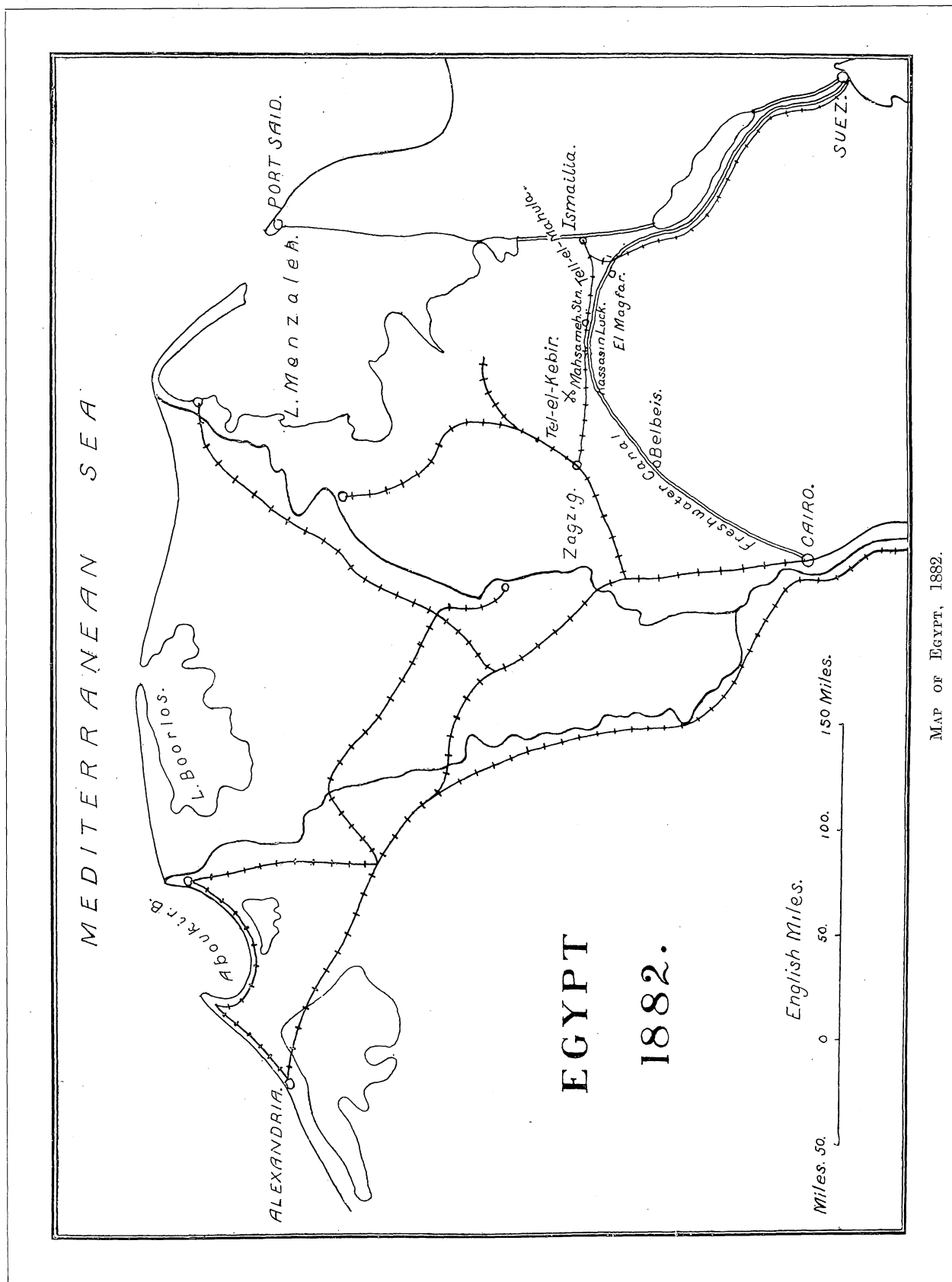
Unmarked by participation in any active operations, yet the succeeding ten years were remarkable for the high estimation in which the Regiment was held by reason of its efficiency and soldierly bearing.

The Indian Tour was brought to a close on the 3rd October, 1867, when the Regiment sailed from Calcutta, arriving at Portsmouth on the 22nd November.





FOX-HUNTING AT THE CAPE WITH THE 7TH D.G. HOUNDS.





THE 7TH D.G. AT THE BATTLE OF MAHSARAH.

CHAPTER IX.

1882

ON the 7th July, 1882, the Regiment, then at Norwich, was "confidentially" warned to be in readiness "to take the field in the East."

At that time a Colonel of the Egyptian Army, Arabi, was virtually in possession of the executive power in Egypt, while the Khedive Tewfik ruled only in name.

Besides our great interests in the maintenance of the Suez Canal, there were some ninety thousand Europeans, mostly English and French, in the country, whose lives and properties lay at the mercy of a fanatical population, so a combined Anglo-French Fleet was despatched to Alexandria in May to afford them protection.

Under the excuse of preparation for Autumn Manœuvres a force of some 24,000 men was quietly mobilized in England, and troops were moved from Malta to Cyprus.

Meanwhile the safety of the combined fleets in Alexandria harbour was threatened by the feverish energy with which Arabi worked at the land defences, and remonstrance and representation having failed, the British Admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, commenced, on the 11th July, the bombardment of the defences. In this attack the British Fleet acted alone, for the French had previously withdrawn.

On the 13th the Egyptian troops evacuated the forts, and in retiring set fire to Alexandria.

Marines and seamen were landed from the fleet, and in conjunction with troops that were hurriedly brought over from Cyprus, gradually restored order.

On the 27th July the House of Commons voted supplies for the War, and two days later it was known that England would have to act alone, as the French Chamber refused to co-operate.

Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley was nominated to command the Expeditionary Force, and he appreciated that only by the occupation of Cairo itself could the rebels be reduced, and the water supply of both Alexandria and the towns on the Suez Canal—for canals from Cairo conducted Nile water to these places—be assured. Accordingly, he determined, by every means in his power, to lead Arabi to believe that the British attack would be delivered from Alexandria, his real intention being to make a dash for Ismailia and then to advance along the Sweet Water Canal to Cairo.

On the 5th and 7th August the Regiment sailed in the transports "Egyptian Monarch" and "Italy," and arrived off Alexandria on the 18th, where the bulk of the Expeditionary Force was already collected.

Every artifice was employed to keep Arabi's attention fixed on Alexandria, rumour of an attack on the Aboukir Forts were circulated, and constant reconnaissances and skirmishes took place.

On the night of the 18th all that could be spared from the actual garrison of Alexandria were secretly re-embarked. At noon on the 19th the transports, escorted by the fleet, headed for Aboukir Bay, where they arrived at 4 p.m., and anchored.

At nightfall the smaller war vessels proceeded in shore, and attacked the Forts, while the transports slipped quietly away to Port Said.

By the 22nd August the whole of the Suez Canal was in our hands, and by noon on the 24th six troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards had disembarked at Ismailia.

At the same time the sound of guns was heard, and immediately afterwards the six troops on shore were ordered to support the advanced guard of the army then engaged, some eight miles off, at Magfar, under General Willis.

By the time the Regiment arrived on the scene of action (5-30 p.m.) the fight was practically over.*

During the night, 24-25th August, the remaining two troops joined the headquarters in bivouac at Magfar.

At dawn on the 25th an advance was made, and it was soon discovered that the Egyptians had evacuated their positions of the previous day. Pressing on with the Cavalry, General Drury Lowe, on topping some sandhills overlooking Mahsamah Station, found himself opposed to a large force of Infantry, with guns in position, and eight or ten Squadrons of Cavalry.

General Drury Lowe at once brought his guns into action, while the Mounted Infantry worked round the flank. Gradually the enemy began to fall back, and a final gallop of all the mounted troops led to the capture of the enemy's camp, where seven Krupp guns, large stores of ammunition and equipment, and an ammunition train of seventy-five railway waggons

* The Cavalry Division of the Expeditionary Force consisted of two Brigades under Maj.-General D. C. Drury Lowe, C.B.:—

1st Brigade	3 Sqdns. Household Troops.	} Brig.-General Baker Russell.
	4th Dragoon Guards.	
	7th Dragoon Guards.	
2nd Brigade	13th Bengal Lancers	} Brig.-General H. C. Wilkinson.
	2nd Bengal Cavalry.	
	6th Bengal Cavalry.	

Divisional Troops. N/A. R.H.A. Mounted Infantry, etc.
The 19th Hussars were employed as Divisional Cavalry.

1882

1882 fell into the hands of the victorious cavalry. In the fight Major Alfred Bibby and five men were wounded, the former dangerously.

By dawn on the 26th the important Lock at Kassassin was occupied by a troop of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and thus the safety of a considerable section of the canal and railway was assured.

This rapid advance of the mounted troops put a great strain on the Supply Department, and many had to satisfy their hunger by such fragments and grains as they could pick up in the captured Egyptian camp.

On the 27th two troops of the Regiment were pushed forward to Kassassin Lock, where also were concentrated two Infantry Battalions and two R. H. A. guns.

Battle of Kassassin. On the morning of the 28th August the Egyptians threatened the advanced troops at Kassassin, and the Household Squadrons and the 7th Dragoon Guards, at Mahsamah, were ordered forward. All day, in burning sun and parched with thirst, they remained out in the desert. As all was apparently quiet, Drury Lowe returned at 4-30 p.m. to Mahsamah to water and feed. Many a time has one seen horses mad with thirst, but surely never so mad as on that day, for no sooner was the canal in sight than the horses took charge of their riders, and rushing down the muddy banks, plunged into the water girth-high, and drank as if they had never drunk before.

Before the Brigade got back to camp guns were heard again, and immediately the order came to turn out.

It was now dark and the 7th, leading, directed the advance by the evening star. A mile or two further on the flashes of the Egyptian guns, as they bombarded the camp at Kassassin, gave a more tangible objective. Drury Lowe, having received orders to attack the enemy's left, made a wide sweep to the north.

At this time the 7th were in the first line, the guns of N Battery, R. H. A., behind, and the Household Troops in support. Suddenly the Brigade came under fire from Infantry and Artillery, and the 7th were ordered to wheel outwards to uncover the guns, and then to form up in support of the Household Squadrons.

By this time the moon had risen. Squadrons showed up black, and flash answered flash as the opposing guns opened one on the other.

The order now came to charge, and away went the Household Squadrons led by the gallant Ewart.*

Into the Egyptian Infantry and up to the guns they went, the 7th following as a solid reserve in hand, but a little of this work was enough for the enemy, and they evaporated in all directions. It was now about 9 p.m., and, the firing having ceased, all returned to camp.

* Now Maj.-Genl. Sir H. P. Ewart, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., Colonel of the Regiment.

1882 The losses of the Regiment on this occasion were: Lieut. Gribble, 3rd Dragoon Guards, attached, killed, and three men wounded.

The next few days were spent in collecting supplies and in repairing the railway. On the 1st September the Regiment marched up to Kassassin, and on the morning of the 9th the whole camp was alarmed by a couple of shells fired by an Egyptian battery soon after dawn.

A hurried turnout and advance followed, the Egyptian force discreetly retiring. Drury Lowe led his cavalry round the Egyptian left flank, and a gallant enough show they made in one long line, the 7th Dragoon Guards on the right, then N. By. R. H. A. and the Household Squadrons on the left.

On they went until in the distant haze the fortified lines of Tel-el-Kebir loomed large, and there is little doubt that had the advance continued the fortifications themselves would have been captured. But of little avail a victory if it cannot be followed up and its fruit garnered—and so the recall was sounded, and all marched back to camp.

Three more days of unremitting toil in collecting supplies and concentrating the Army, and then at 5 p.m. on September 12th the whole Army, 17,401 strong with six guns, set out on a night march with the intention of attacking the lines of Tel-el-Kebir at dawn.

Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Drury Lowe's Cavalry, led by the 7th Dragoon Guards, was on the extreme right, with orders to sweep round the rear of the position as soon as the enemy was fully engaged in front.

All went well on the march, for every precaution had been taken, and the force was well guided by the gallant Lieut. Rawson, R.N., who fell in the hour of victory.

From the cavalry point of view there is little to relate. Just before dawn the first shot was fired, and a moment later the whole horizon seemed seared with forked lightning as the flashes of the Egyptian rifles burst out in the darkness, telling the tale of the Infantry assault.

To mount and ride off was the work of a moment, but quick as the cavalry was, the Egyptians were quicker, and by the time the bridge over the canal in rear of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir was reached, the enemy's rout was complete.

Of the 7th one troop only, "C," was actually engaged, and they captured and brought in 42 prisoners and 17 camels loaded with supplies.†

The captures of the Infantry comprised 58 guns and a vast quantity of stores.

† Two strange phenomena were seen by all in the early morning as the Army awaited the signal to attack. One was a strange and unaccountable shaft of light which appeared in the east. This eventually turned out to be the tail of a comet, which made its appearance for the first time that night, and the second was the conjunction of the crescent moon and the evening star—the Turkish Symbol.

1882

Brilliant as the Infantry work was on this day, the after pursuit of the Cavalry was the crowning feature of the campaign, for to prevent the threatened burning of the city and to save the lives of the thousands of Christians therein, it was necessary to appear before the gates of Cairo while the city was yet stupified with the news of the defeat at Tel-el-Kebir, and before the fanatical mob had time to get out of hand.

Accordingly, the Indian Cavalry Brigade was directed at once on Zagazig, so as to interpose between the various Egyptian forces in the Delta, and arrived there at 4 p.m. the same evening.

General Drury Lowe, with the 4th Dragoon Guards and Mounted Infantry, arrived at Belbeis the same evening, while the Household Regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the guns, delayed by the difficulty of getting the latter over the irrigation canals, bivouacked on the night of the 13th some 10 miles north-east of that town.

Starting at 4-30 a.m. on the 14th, Drury Lowe was in possession of the Citadel of Cairo by midnight.

Early on the morning of the 15th the Household Squadrons, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the guns arrived at Cairo, and marched at once to the Kasr-el-Nil barracks, their progress through the streets being unopposed. Indeed, the crowd, numbers of whom had only just exchanged their uniforms for their ghalabeahs, treated the cavalry more like a party of Cook's Tourists than an invading force!

Arabi himself was a prisoner—the war was over. During the campaign and subsequent occupation, the Regiment lost two Officers and 30 N.C.O.'s and men.

On the 18th September a General Order was issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley, of which the

1882

following is an extract:—"Called upon to show discipline under exceptional privations, to give proof of fortitude in extreme toil, and to show contempt of danger in battle, General Officers, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the Army have responded with zeal and alacrity, adding another chapter to the long roll of British Victories."

On the 4th October the following General Order was published:—

"As the Army is now being broken up, part remaining in Egypt and part returning to England, India, and other places, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to thank all ranks for the manner in which they have done their duty during the war."

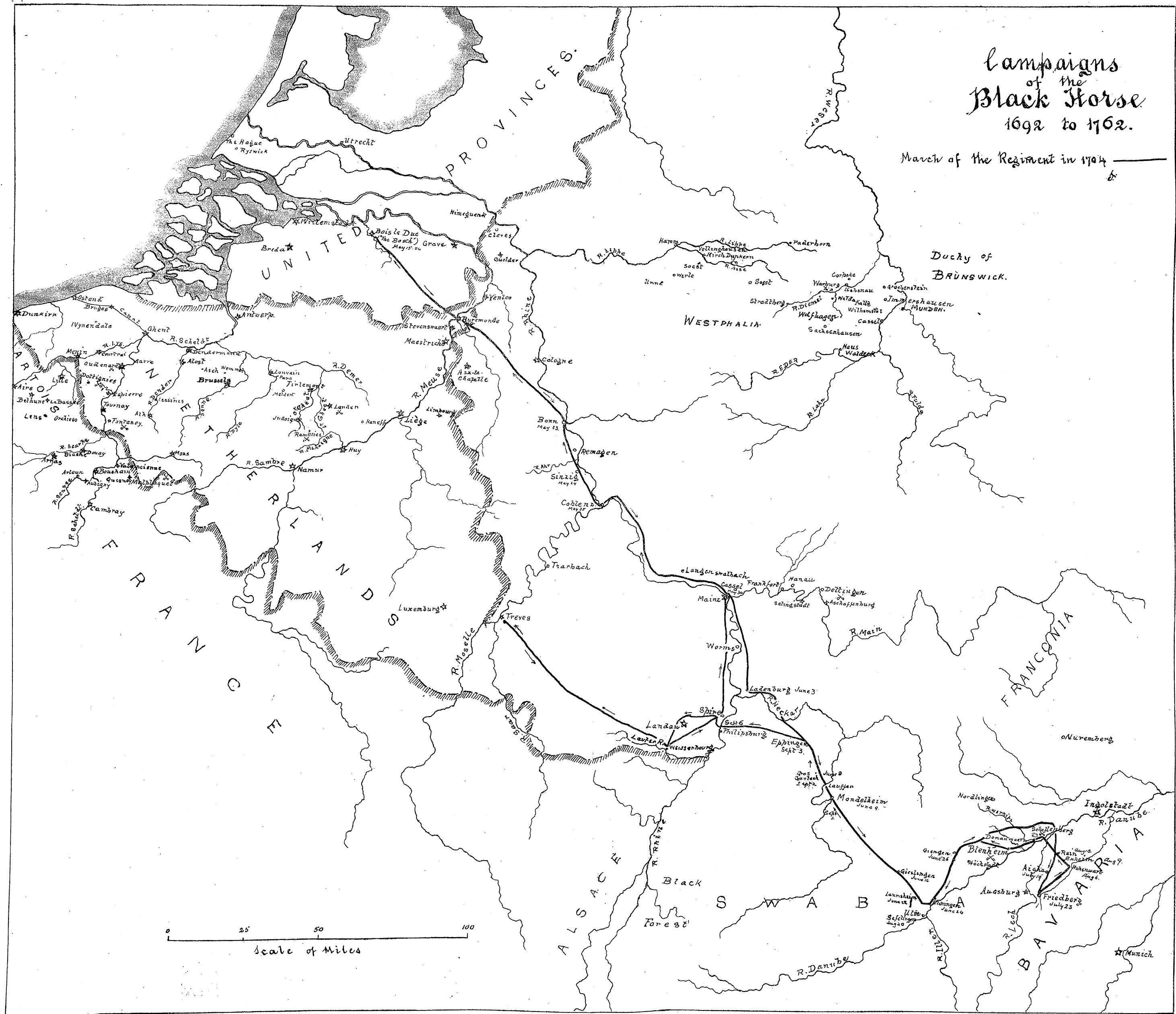
"After the crowning success of Tel-el-Kebir, he had the pleasure of thanking them for their endurance, courage, and gallantry in the field. To those high military virtues they have since added steadiness of conduct in Garrison, they have maintained the character of the distinguished Regiments to which they belong, and have shown to the people of Cairo that Her Majesty's soldiers, both British and Indian, are as conspicuous for excellence of behaviour in Camp and Quarters as they have already proved themselves gallant troops before an enemy."

"Her Majesty the Queen has every reason to be proud of her soldiers who have served in Egypt. In Her name and on Her behalf, Sir Garnet Wolseley thanks them most heartily for their valour and discipline, and for himself he begs to assure them that he will ever remember with the utmost pride that he had the honour and good fortune to command them in the short but decisive campaign."

END OF PART I.

Campaigns of the Black Horse 1692 to 1762.

March of the Regiment in 1704



With the Regiment in South Africa. 1900-1902.

	PAGE
CHAP. I. The First Trek By MAJOR N. D. H. CAMPBELL (February 8th—March 27th, 1900).	73
CHAP. II. Bloemfontein (March 27th—May 4th, 1900).	80
CHAP. III. Kroonstad (May 4th—20th, 1900).	85
CHAP. IV. Johannesburg (May 20th—31st, 1900).	90
CHAP. V. Diamond Hill (May 31st—July 12th, 1900).	96
CHAP. VI. Belfast (July 12th—September 20th, 1900).	104
CHAP. VII. Machadodorp to Heidelberg (September 20th—November 20th, 1900).	111
CHAP. VIII. Heidelberg (November 20th—December 19th, 1900).	118
CHAP. IX. Hunting Kritzinger By CAPTAIN W. S. WHETHERLY (December 19th, 1900—January 20th, 1901).	124
CHAP. X. "On the Heels of De Wet" (January 20th—April 2nd, 1901).	131
CHAP. XI. Under Locke-Elliott in the Orange River Colony By CAPT. J. E. D. HOLLAND (April 2nd—May 21st, 1901).	137
CHAP. XII. The Capture at Reitz (May 25th—July 11th, 1901).	141
CHAP. XIII. Zululand (July 11th—October 26th, 1901).	145
CHAP. XIV. The Blockhouse System (October 26th, 1901—February 16th, 1902).	150
CHAP. XV. Peace By MAJOR N. D. H. CAMPBELL (February 16th—June 1st, 1902).	156



With the Regiment in South Africa—1900-1902.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREK

(FEB. 8TH—MARCH 27TH, 1900).

Oct
1899

THE events which immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa hardly come within the scope of this narrative, which is merely a record of the Regiment's doings during the war. Suffice it to say that the impudent ultimatum of the South African Republic, presented early in October, 1899, made certain a war which all careful observers had long felt to be inevitable; and on October 11th the Boer Forces invaded British Territory.

At this time the 7th Dragoon Guards were quartered at Colchester, under the command of Major W. H. M. Lowe, and little hope was then entertained that we should be fortunate enough to be included in the "Expeditionary Force." In the light of after-events these words are sufficient to raise a smile, but it cannot be denied that that was the expression used by the authorities at the time for the troops under orders for South Africa, so little was the true state of affairs appreciated even by those behind the scenes.

During these early days of the war every possible effort was made by officers to get out to the front in any capacity, and hardly a day passed but some Black Horseman might have been seen patiently waiting on the steps of the War Office, or pouring out his heartrending story in the ears of an unsympathetic civilian clerk. In some cases, however, merit found its reward: Captain Cayzer was appointed Director of Signalling to General Buller's Army in Natal; Captain Sparrow was attached to the Remount Department, also in Natal; Captain Jackson was attached to the Inniskilling Dragoons, under General French in Cape Colony; and Lieutenant Bramston-Newman took a draft to the 5th Dragoon Guards in Natal. Major Thompson was already in Australia,

employed on the Imperial Remount Commission, when the war broke out, and Major Cooper and Captain Gage were serving in Uganda. Dec.,
1899

As the dark days of early December succeeded one another, culminating in General Buller's reverse at Colenso, hope began to be entertained that the whole Regiment might yet be ordered out; and it is to be feared that the reports of each succeeding disaster were received at Colchester with very mixed feelings, as all ranks were spoiling for a fight.

The impatience with which we awaited marching orders was only increased by the sad news of the death of that gallant soldier, Captain Christopher Jackson, who was shot while on patrol at Arundel, near Colesburg, on December 16th. His loss was most deeply felt by the whole Regiment, for no better or more popular officer ever wore the uniform of the Black Horse.

On December 3rd the 7th Dragoon Guards were moved to the South Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, and joined the 4th Cavalry Brigade, of which the other units were the 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers, all under the command of Brigadier-General Hemming. At last, on January 1st, orders were received for the Brigade to mobilise, and we then realised that our wish was to be granted, and that we were to join the Army fighting in South Africa. Immediately everyone, from a state of impatience and irritation, was thrown into that of the wildest excitement. Reservists joined from all parts of the country, remounts arrived in batches by train at all hours of the day and night, and Captain Butcher had enough stores and equipment to issue to satisfy even that glutton for hard work.

Feb.,
1900

At last, on February 2nd, amid the greatest enthusiasm, came the order for the Regiment to embark at Southampton on February 8th. Under climatic conditions which were positively Arctic, we left barracks at 4-30 that morning, and entrained for Southampton. On arrival, we embarked on the S.S. "Armenian," a fine vessel of 8,825 tons belonging to the Leyland Line, and found several old Black Horsemen waiting to wish us good luck—amongst others, the late General Truman, Colonel Creagh, Colonel de Burgh, Major Danby, and Major Day. 22 Officers, 507 N.C.O.'s and men, 60 chargers, and 403 troop horses embarked that day in the "Armenian"; and on the following day 2 Officers (Capts. Lempriere and Haig), 58 N.C.O.'s and men, and 44 horses embarked in the S.S. "Norseman" at Liverpool. In addition to ourselves the "Armenian" carried detachments of infantry and Army Service Corps, besides a few officers going out on special service.

The following is a list of the Officers and N.C.O.'s who accompanied the Regiment to South Africa:—

OFFICERS.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. M. Lowe, in command.
Major J. W. P. Peters, acting second in command.
Major B. R. Dietz.
Captain G. Langworthy.
Captain H. A. Lempriere.
Captain J. E. F. Dyer (Adjutant).
Captain R. Haig.
Lieutenant N. D. H. Campbell.
Lieutenant W. R. H. Jenkins.
Lieutenant W. F. Chappell.
Lieutenant W. S. Whetherly.
Lieutenant W. M. du Q. Caillard.
Second-Lieutenant G. F. Dunne.
Second-Lieutenant J. L. Mansel.
Second-Lieutenant C. J. Vaughan.
Second-Lieutenant F. C. Watson.
Second-Lieutenant H. A. Chalmers.
Lieutenant F. C. Butcher (Quartermaster).

ATTACHED.

Major W. J. Mackeson, Reserve of Officers, late 5th Dragoon Guards.
Major H. S. Follett, Reserve of Officers, late 7th Dragoon Guards.
Captain B. E. Church, Reserve of Officers, late 16th Lancers.
Lieutenant A. G. A. Jerrard, 4th Dragoon Guards.
Dr. A. Aymard, Civilian Medical Officer.
Mr. Welch, Civilian Veterinary Officer.

WARRANT OFFICER.

R.S.M. C. Birt.

N.C.O.'s.

R.Q.M.S. J. Henry.
F.Q.M.S. Barfield.
Trumpet-Major Cullen.
Saddler-Sgt. Williams.
Sgt.-Master-Tailor Taylor.
Sgt.-Saddletree-Maker Cooper.
Orderly-Room-Sgt. Musty.
Sgt.-Cook Colclough.

S.S.M. F. Cobb.	S.Q.M.S. Fisher.
S.S.M. C. H. Abbott.	S.Q.M.S. Scholfield.
S.S.M. W. Bell.	S.Q.M.S. Parrington.

Sgt. Tighe (Machine Gun).

Sgt. Moon.	Sgt. Bailey.	Sgt. Ferguson.
" Tasker.	" Hardy.	" Gasson.
" Blake.	" J. Cobb.	" Clifton.
" Mander.	" Sunderland.	" Dukes.
" Woolmer.	" Sime.	" Harrison.
" Adams.	" Jacobs.	" Holmes.
" Thompson.	" Remington.	" Sharp.
" Willson.	" Chesterton.	" Emery.
" Bendle.	" Shaw.	" Broadley.
" Richardson.	" Aslett.	

S.S.F. Cowan.	S.S.F. Mirfield.
S.S.F. Connery.	S.S.F. Armstrong.
	S.S.F. Nearney.

The Regiment was very fortunate in having such excellent officers attached in place of those on extra-Regimental employment, "C" squadron being especially pleased to welcome back its old squadron leader Major Follett, who had been out of uniform less than a year. The greatest sympathy was felt for the officers and men of the Reserve Squadron whose unfortunate fate it was to remain behind at Aldershot while their comrades went out to the front. Captain McSwiney, being junior squadron leader, was left in command, and with him Captain Willis, the riding-master. It was not long, however, before Captain McSwiney's knowledge of the Russian language and Russian diplomacy obtained him an appointment with the Allied Forces in China, where he did valuable work on the staff of Sir Edmund Barrow.

Feb.,
1900

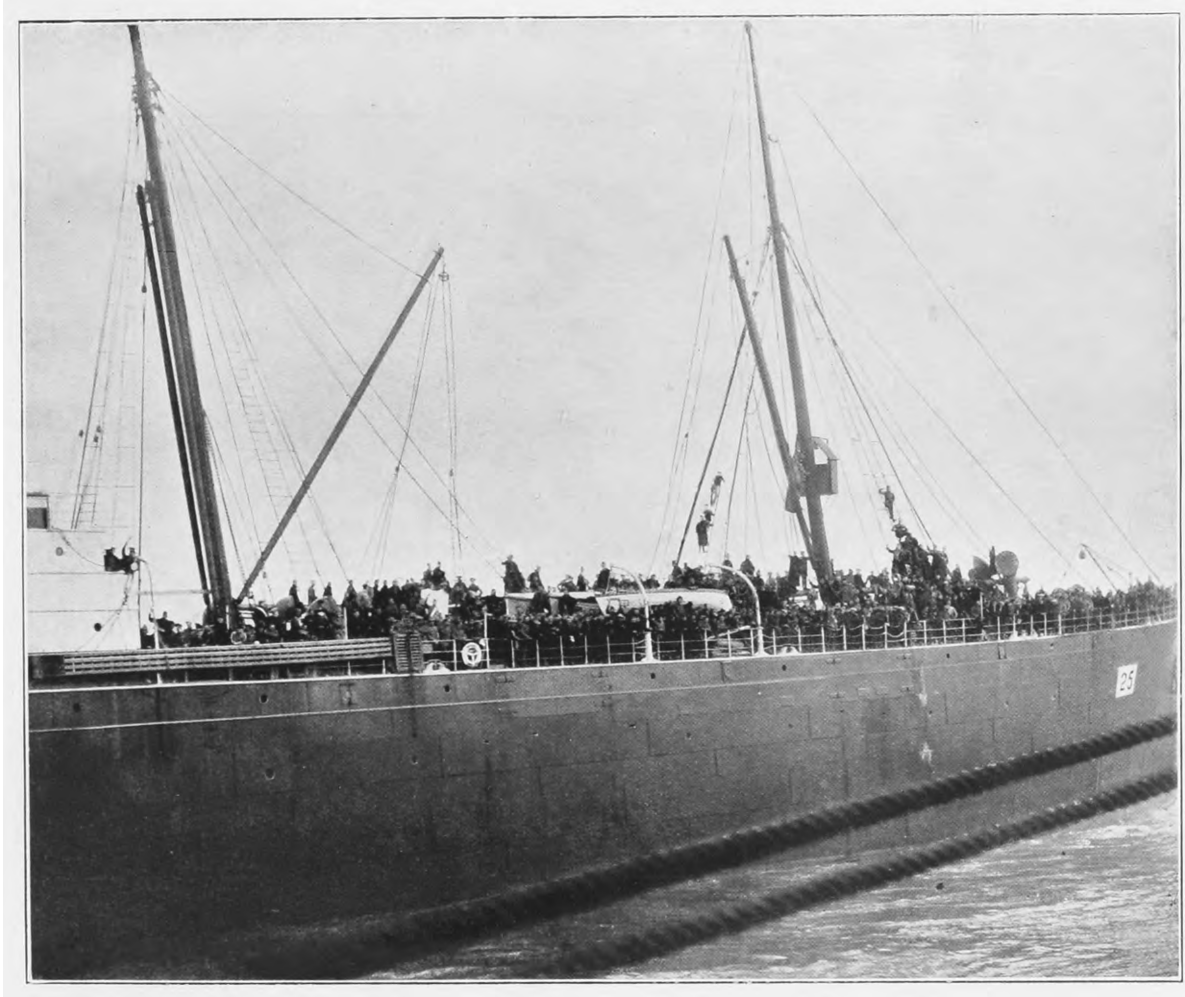
Feb.,
1900

At about 3 p.m. on February 8th the "Armenian" got under way, and to the moving strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the cheers of the friendly crowd on the quay, steamed off down the Solent.

For the first few days of the voyage the weather was not all that might be desired, but on February 13th, when we passed close to Madeira,

at sea, and this was, alas! by no means the only one we were to attend before casting anchor in Table Bay. As the weather improved attendance at meals and stables became more regular—at the former by inclination, at the latter by compulsion. Life on board a transport carrying horses does not abound with incident, and our daily routine was much as follows:—

Feb.,
1900



S.S. "ARMENIAN" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1900.

the wind subsided, and for the remainder of the time on board the sea was like glass. From the very first, however, ill-luck in the way of sickness pursued us; several men went down with pneumonia, brought on no doubt by the severe cold we had experienced on leaving England. On the evening of February 12th Pte. J. McGregor died of pleurisy, and was buried next morning at 7 o'clock. There is something intensely solemn and pathetic about a funeral

6-30—7-30 a.m. Stables.
Breakfast.
10 a.m. Inspection of troop decks.
10-30 a.m.—1 p.m. Stables.
Dinner.
3—4-30 p.m. Stables.
Tea
Bed.

Feb.,
1900

The "Armenian," before she became No. 25 Transport, was a cattle-boat, plying between Liverpool and Boston, so though her accommodation for horses was excellent, that for human beings was, to say the least of it, indifferent. The hospital quarters were especially poor, being below the horse-deck, but when the weather became warmer, Captain McConky, the popular captain of the ship, rigged up an awning on deck, under which the sick men were placed in swinging cots. Lieuts. Chappell and Whetherly also turned out of their deck cabin and placed it at the doctor's disposal, and after that prowled about

Feb.,
1900

having reached us from South Africa for many a long day. St. Vincent is one of a group of islands of volcanic formation, only two of them being inhabited; the others are merely jumbled up masses of rock, rising to a great height, with hardly one square yard of level ground on them, and presenting a fair example of the popular idea of chaos. Two gentlemen of an infantry detachment on board were overheard discussing the natural features of one of these islands: "Lor, Bill," said one, "I never see such a place in my life; glad I ain't quartered there; nothin' but rocks and precipices and things."



A GROUP ON BOARD THE S.S. "ARMENIAN."

at nights like dogs, "getting down to it" on hospitable door-mats, or begging a few hours' sleep in the beds of other subalterns on watch. They eventually found a haven in the cabin of Captain McConky, whose kindness throughout the voyage was proverbial, and who was always ready to do his utmost for the comfort of all on board.

On February 16th we arrived at St. Vincent, and had scarcely cast anchor in the harbour before a steam pinnace from H.M.S. "Cambrian" came alongside with the news of the relief of Kimberley. Needless to say, it was received with the greatest enthusiasm, no such cheering piece of intelligence

"Yus," said his friend, as he expectorated meditatively over the side, "what a place to be drunk of a night."

After coaling, we left St. Vincent at 7-30 p.m., and did not sight land again until Table Mountain hove in sight. Pte. Stevenson died that night of pneumonia, and was buried next morning. He was an old soldier of excellent character, and had for a long time been squadron cartman. His death was much felt by the whole Regiment. Despite the fine, warm weather we were having, several men were still down with pneumonia, and on February 19th Lce.-Corpl. Slade, a very promising young soldier, and Pte. Baker succumbed to this complaint.

Feb.,
1900

Between St. Vincent and Cape Town all the officers and the majority of the men were inoculated for enteric. Dr. Aymard gave a most interesting lecture on the subject, and practised on himself first to show that there was "no deception," but a great many men were very chary of being operated on, and appeared to think the doctor had evil designs on them. The after-effects were certainly not pleasant—violent fever for one night and a good deal of pain and stiffness in the side inoculated for a couple of days afterwards. Some cases took it much worse than others, Captain Langworthy being quite knocked up for three or four days, while Major Follett did not recover until several weeks after we reached Cape Town.

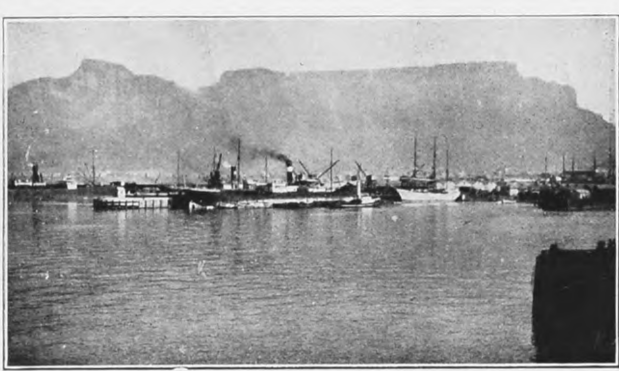


Photo by]

CAPE TOWN.

[the Editor.

Smoking concerts and boxing competitions helped to while away the time, and at last, after just three weeks at sea, on March 1st we sighted Table Mountain. As we drew near the harbour we could see through our glasses that all the ships were dressed. Too modest to think that this display could be in our honour, many were the conjectures we made as to its cause. The "Majestic," however, passing us homeward-bound, put an end to our suspense by signalling "Ladysmith relieved; Cronjé and 4,000 men captured." The scene of enthusiasm which ensued beggars description, and all hearts went out in sympathy and congratulation to Sir George White and his brave men who had at last reaped the reward of their gallantry and perseverance. A certain feeling of relief was also experienced, as throughout the voyage we had suffered from a haunting fear that we might be sent round to Durban to join the unfortunate band who were so busy crossing and re-crossing the Tugela. As soon as the "Armenian" cast anchor, as many as could be spared went on shore and witnessed the most extraordinary spectacle ever seen in Cape Town. The whole town was *en fête*, shops were shut, and the inhabitants of all ages and colours paraded the streets in a state of the wildest excitement. A curious cosmopolitan crowd it was! Shopkeepers dressed in their Sunday

March,
1900

clothes accompanied by their wives and children, laughing, chattering kaffirs, C.I.V.'s with bronzed faces and a swagger that would have astonished their brother clerks in the City, pale-looking Highlanders wounded at Magersfontein and just discharged from hospital, scallywags from somebody's Horse, all wearing weird uniforms of their own design, Stellenbosched Generals, Bushmen with bilious yellow faces and queer tight little curls, Cape rebels wearing loyalty like an ill-fitting garment—all jostled each other in the streets and joined in the chorus of patriotic songs which were being played by numerous bands. The Union Jack was everywhere, from the big flag floating lazily over the Government Buildings to the little paper copies worn by children in their buttonholes, and there was hardly a civilian but sported some small piece of red, white, and blue ribbon—it was the hall-mark of patriotism, and a much-needed one at that.

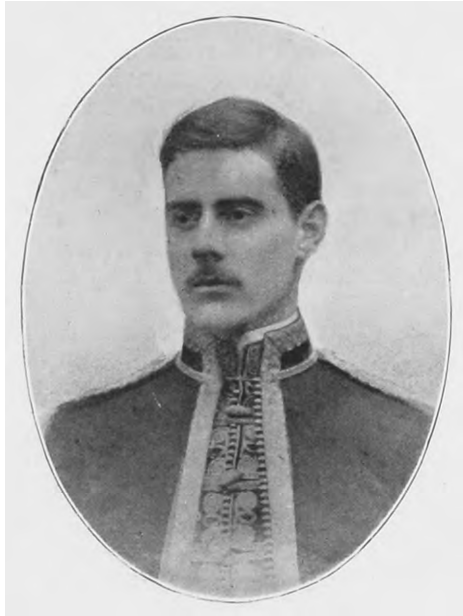
The day on which the relief of Ladysmith and the capture of Cronjé's laager at Paardeberg were announced was certainly an auspicious one on which to arrive in South Africa, and such poor prophets were we that we began to think that peace would be declared before we could reach the front. Early on March 3rd the disembarkation commenced, and was watched by General Sir W. Forestier Walker, who remarked that he had never seen horses landed in better condition. Out of 60 chargers and 403 troop horses which had embarked at Southampton only 1 charger and 5 troop horses died on the voyage, a fact which spoke well for the Regiment's horse-management, and established a record, it is believed, in being the lowest percentage lost by any cavalry regiment on the way out. As soon as the disembarkation was over we marched out, leading our horses, to Maitland Camp, a distance of five miles along a dry, dusty road in the heat of the day; and a very trying march we found it. Three weeks' enforced idleness on board ship had not tended to fitness, highlows were new, and a good many sore feet were the result.

At Maitland, where the "Norseman" contingent joined us on March 5th, we remained for seven days, very busy getting the horses fit, and living in an opaque atmosphere of dust and sand, which got into one's food, eyes, and clothes, and was not at all soothing to the temper. At last, on March 10th, to our sincere relief, came the order to entrain for the north, destination unknown, and the next day we started off from Cape Town, leaving Lt. Jenkins in Rondebosch hospital with an attack of dysentery. The method of entraining horses was cruel in the extreme. They were packed eight or ten at a time in trucks far too small for English horses. There was a staff order against their heads being tied up, and the result was if a horse slipped down through the jolting of the train he was crushed to death by his companions. During the journey up-country, two horses were killed outright and twenty so badly injured that they were unfit for any work, a heart-

March,
1900

breaking state of affairs after all the trouble we had taken to keep them fit for active service. The country through which we travelled was most uninteresting—flat sandy plains, covered with rocky little kopjes, with here and there a farmhouse surrounded by blue gum trees, but otherwise no signs of vegetation except the stunted karroo bushes. The idea of vastness which we had always associated with South Africa was altogether absent, and was not to be found until in due time we entered the Free State and Transvaal.

On the evening of March 13th and early morning of the 14th the Regiment detrained at De Aar, the home of "dust-devils," a miserable one-horse place, though the most important railway centre in Cape Colony. A few tin houses and stores, with their everlasting accompaniment of lonely-looking blue



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. G. JACKSON.

gums, stood in an irresponsible manner along the side of the road running past the station. On the other side of the railway, flanked by flat-topped kopjes, was an arid, dusty plain, on which some infantry battalions were encamped. It was not an inviting-looking spot, but we were glad to alight anywhere after two days in the hot, jolting train, and it was not long before we had our horses picketed out, and were fast asleep in our blankets, under the stars.

On the 14th came orders for the Regiment to march to Britstown and join Kitchener's force, which was moving on Prieska, where the colonists had revolted, and had been joined by a large number of Free Staters, in all about 4,000 men. "C" squadron and headquarters marched that evening to Spreeuwfontein (15 miles), where they were joined next morning by "A" and "B" squadrons and the 68th Battery R.F.A. This march was

marked by our first casualty, Private Gore-Browne having a fall from his horse and breaking his leg. Leaving Spreeuwfontein at mid-day on the 15th, we reached Britstown that night, and a miserably wet night it was. The next day we marched on to Houwater, where we found the rest of the column under Lord Kitchener, viz., 44th Battery R.F.A., Australian Horse, Nesbitt's Horse, Kitchener's Horse, and a battalion of Imperial Yeomanry.

March,
1900

On the 17th we continued our march to Om Draai Vlei, and halted over Sunday, the 18th. This was a particularly uninteresting spot, its only claim to notoriety being the fact that we found a dead mule in the only pool of water, that the flies and the heat were unbearable, and that one of our patrols there received its baptism of fire at the hands of a Yeomanry picket.



THE LATE SERGT. W. JACOBS.

On March 19th information having been received that the rebels were still holding Prieska, Lord Kitchener decided to disperse them. A forced march of 40 miles was accordingly made under the most trying conditions; the sun and dust, and consequent thirst, being hardly bearable. Going at a fast trot nearly the whole way, we reached Prieska at 2-30 p.m., but only to find the birds flown. They had no doubt seen our dust many miles away, and deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, had crossed eastward over the Orange River. Our entry into the town created no little stir among the inhabitants. Of all ages and sizes, they came running out into the streets, shrilly protesting their loyalty in their queer chee-chee English, and offering us fruit, eggs, and coffee, evidently expecting to be torn in pieces at any moment by the savage "khakis." Coffee, by the way, is the great medium of hospitality

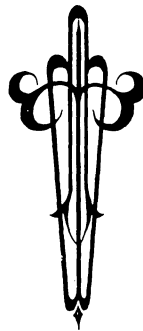
March,
1900

among the Boers; they drink it in enormous quantities themselves, and offer it to visitors at all times of the day. It is often made of mealies, and is almost always extremely nasty.

Lord Kitchener was not to be taken in by any protestations, and flung the mayor, magistrate, and principal officials into gaol, where they sang psalms with great unction. It is said that the mayor's fat daughter fell on Colonel Lowe's neck, and implored him to be kind to her father—a touching scene, which would have brought tears to a flint. At Prieska we remained until March 22nd. The horses badly needed a rest after the trying march from De Aar, and a great many had sore backs. The place seemed a haven of luxury after the country we had been through. It was a mass of fruit trees, and the Orange River, which runs close to the town, was very handy for bathing. The hotel was commandeered as a mess, and though supplies were far from plentiful, Dr. Aymard here laid the foundation of that reputation as cook, caterer, and commandeerer, which the continuance of the war only served to enhance.

Leaving a battery of R.F.A. and the battalion of Yeomanry to join General Settle's column, which had marched in from Hopetown, the rest of Lord Kitchener's force started on March 22nd on the return journey to De Aar, which we reached on the 27th. The march was entirely without incident beyond the fact that it rained the whole time, and that men and horses suffered the greatest discomfort, there being no shelter of any kind to be obtained at night, which had to be spent standing up round a camp fire, wrapped in one's cloak. Our first trek had not been an enjoyable one. Excitement there had been none, nor any chance of distinction; nothing but long, tiring marches in baking sun or pouring rain, very trying to both man and beast. Since leaving De Aar we had lost 22 horses killed or destroyed, 29 had been abandoned on the march, and 12 had been left at the Remount Depot there when we started for Prieska, bringing up our total casualties to 65, with the two horses killed in the train.

March,
1900



CHAPTER II.

BLOEMFONTEIN

(MARCH 27TH—MAY 4TH, 1900).

April,
1900

FROM March 27th till April 3rd the Regiment rested at De Aar; and a very haven of luxury it seemed after the discomforts, not to say hardships, of our recent trek. Captain Newman, fresh from Natal, was waiting for us, and joined "C" squadron as second in command; while Captain Gage, who had been rusticated in Uganda for a year, turned up suddenly, and went as second in command of "A" squadron. Another change took place at De Aar, Captain Dyer giving up the adjutancy to Captain Lempriere, who had formerly held it for nearly four years.

On the 29th, in conjunction with the rest of the garrison, we held a very successful gymkhana, at which, with the exception of one event (tent-pegging, won by a gunner), the Regiment was lucky enough to sweep the board. Captain Langworthy, an old hand at catching the judge's eye, won the "De Aar Derby" and the bareback race; and Major Dietz's "Bagman"* carried off the pony race of one mile from a field of thirteen. Not the least amusing event was the match between Second-Lieutenant Dunne and Dr. Aymard on mules, in which the former managed to whack his mount first past the post. Of all living creatures which took part in the war, for unostentatious, uncomplaining heroism and good hard-headed commonsense, the mule is an easy winner. More kicks than mealie-cobs were his usual ration, but he kept his traces tight; and many a wet night and an empty stomach were spared us by the gallant way in which he pulled the heavy transport waggons along the rough roads, through the boggy drifts, and over the steep hills. When pipes are lit, and leaning back in comfortable armchairs before the blaze we are fighting old battles over again, let us not forget our little lop-eared friend, nor deny him the word of praise and gratitude he so richly deserves.

On April 3rd we heard the bad news of the Sanna's Post disaster, and next day were filled with delight at receiving orders to entrain immediately for Bloemfontein. Our week's rest, and some fresh horses from the Remounts, had put us once more on our old footing, and we felt fit and eager for the fray. Those were the early days of the war, when hopes ran high, and "moving" spelt "results." A year later, alas! experience had taught us how

* Major Dietz took "Bagman" from a batch of polo ponies sent to the Regiment from the Argentine in April, 1899. After going through the whole campaign in South Africa he returned to England, and broke his pelvis at polo at Canterbury in 1907. He recovered and accompanied the Regiment to Egypt in 1908, where he again played polo, and went on to India in 1910, where he is still with the Regiment and in perfect health. (Dec., 1912).

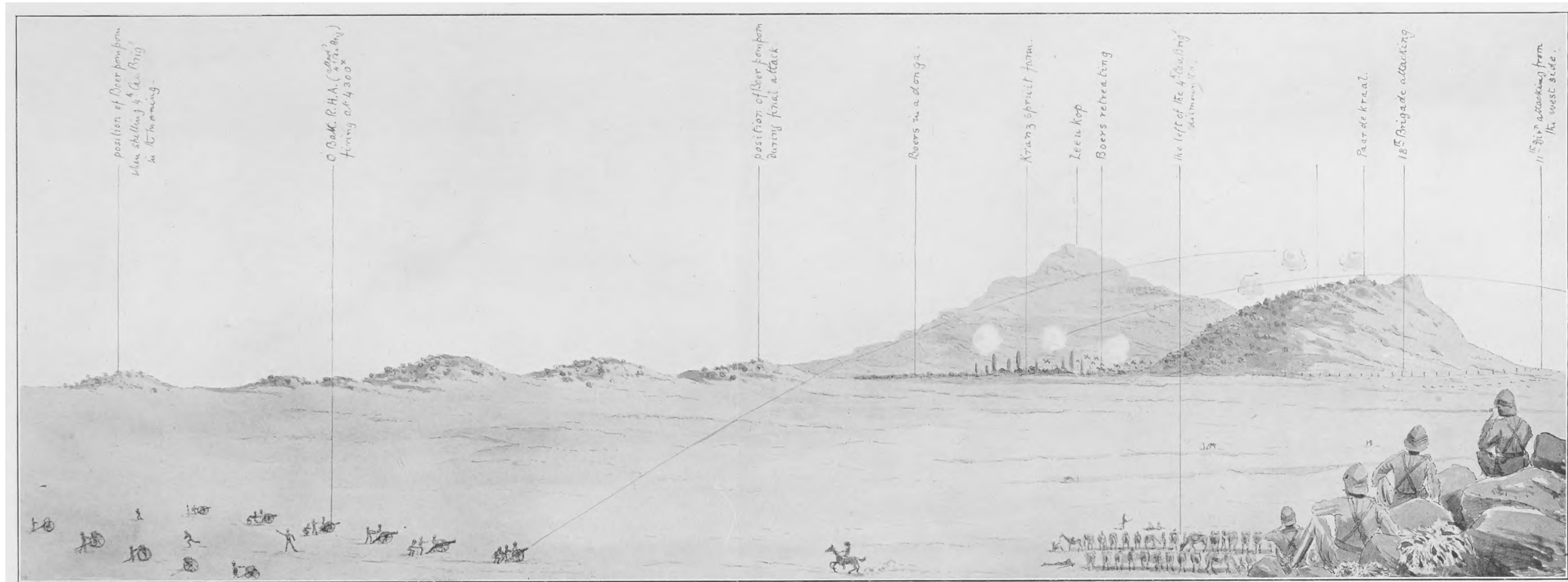
frequently those same results only worked out at half-rations and sore backs.

The train journey north was not without incident. At Edenberg we were told to expect attack at any moment, and at Bethney "C" squadron was detained in order to join General Gateacre, who was trying to relieve a force of 500 infantry surrounded by Boers at Reddersburg. Unfortunately, the trucks containing "C" squadron's saddles and bridles had been cut off the train at Norvals Pont, despite Major Follett's protests, and until they came on by the next train some hours later 120 men and horses, for all their fitness and keenness, were no more use than tin soldiers. By the time the saddles turned up the Reddersburg disaster was an accomplished fact, and there was nothing to do but once more entrain the horses and continue on the way to Bloemfontein.

On April 5th the Regiment arrived at Bloemfontein, and marching out in the late afternoon to Bloemspruit, where the 1st Cavalry Brigade under Porter was encamped, had its first experience of a South African thunderstorm. Two Kaffirs and some ponies were struck by lightning; and soaked to the skin we got into camp in pitch darkness, where, being minus transport, we had to make the best of a bad night. Next day camp was moved to Donker Hoek, nine miles north of Bloemfontein, where we joined the 4th Cavalry Brigade, the other units being the 8th Hussars under Colonel Clowes, and the 14th Hussars under Colonel Gilbert Hamilton. An old friend of the Regiment, Major-General J. B. B. Dickson, in whose Brigade we had served at Norwich and Colchester, was in command, and on his staff were Captain Taggart (15th Hussars), Brigade Major, and Major Mackeson (late 5th Dragoon Guards), A.D.C. Captain Gage was appointed galloper, a post which he shortly afterwards exchanged for that of Assistant Provost Marshall. The Brigade staff was completed by Major Van Niekerk, of the Rhodesian Horse, one of the late Cecil Rhodes' pioneers, an officer who had had much experience in native wars, and whose knowledge of Dutch, and whose intimate acquaintance with the Boer character, made him a valuable addition to the Brigade.

The situation in South Africa at this time was roughly as follows:—Lord Roberts, assisted by Lord Kitchener as chief of the staff, was busy collecting his main army and all necessary stores at Bloemfontein, preparatory to the advance northward on Pretoria. The 8th and 3rd Divisions under Rundle and Chermiside, assisted by Hart's and Brabant's Brigades, were busy sweeping the south-east corner of the Free State—a movement

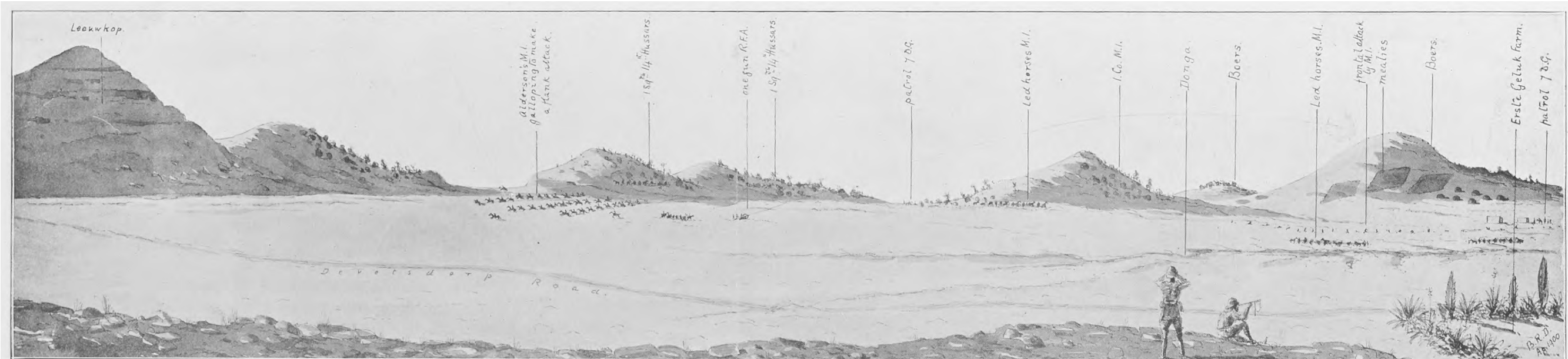
April,
1900



From a sketch made at the time]

THE ACTION AT LEEUWKOP, O.R.C., APRIL 22ND, 1900.

[by Major B. R. Dietz.



From a sketch made at the time]

THE ACTION AT ERSTE GELOK, 5 P.M., APRIL 23RD, 1900.

[by Major B. R. Dietz.

April,
1900

culminating in the relief of Wepener, where Dalgety was being besieged. Buller was sitting at the foot of the Drakensberg, apparently in no violent hurry, and Baden-Powell was still shut up in Mafeking.

The preparations for the great advance could not be completed in a day, for a vast quantity of stores of all kinds had to be conveyed up-country by the single line of railway from Cape Town, and in the meantime the Regiment remained in camp at Donker Hoek. Our stay there, however, was not without interest or excitement. The first officer to come under fire was Lieutenant Whetherly. Sent out from Bloemspruit on April 6th to patrol along the Modder River, he encountered a large party of Boers, by whom he was chased and fired on, and so found himself unable to work his way back to camp. He and his patrol were consequently reported missing, and next night, when we were picturing him being hustled along to Pretoria to join Mr. Winston Churchill's house party, he suddenly turned up smiling and unabashed.

On April 7th the Regiment had to record its first death. Lieutenant Caillard's patrol, while reconnoitring a farm on the Modder, was fired on from a farmhouse at close range, with the result that Private Best was killed (a shilling which he had in his belt being driven right through his body), while Private Cox was severely wounded in the thigh. Though these were the only casualties we suffered during our stay at Donker Hoek, alarms were very frequent, especially before dawn, and many a cold morning, shivering in the heavy dew, did we "stand to" our horses and await the development of an attack which had generally originated in our outposts' imaginations. Visits to Bloemfontein relieved the monotony of the days. Famine prices ruled in all the shops, for the Boers had left very little behind them worth buying; in fact, the only articles to be found in any abundance were soap and scent, commodities which our enemies had apparently decided could be beneficially dispensed with, though a closer acquaintance with them made one doubt the wisdom of this decision. Springbok shooting also helped to pass away the time, and was apparently more popular than the famous bull's-eye battues which we had been wont to indulge in at Yarmouth and Landguard in previous years. So popular was it, in fact, that a staff order soon forbade service ammunition being used for sporting purposes.

One exciting incident should not be forgotten, namely, a dashing charge of the 17th Lancers, who were drilling in the vicinity of our camp, and with reckless gallantry bore down on the horses of the 4th Brigade quietly enjoying their morning graze. The consequence was a wild stampede worthy of the Mexican prairies, and the majority of the horses did not turn up at their places in the lines till nightfall; even then some were missing, and were never seen (by us) again. "Eldorado," a valuable Argentine pony belonging to Major Dyer, was also lost at

Donker Hoek. A horse is a horse on active service, and unnecessary questions about previous ownership are not asked.

April,
1900

On April 20th came orders for the Brigade to move in light marching order at dawn on the 21st for Springfield (eight miles south-east of Bloemfontein). Next morning accordingly found us on our way, tents and all luxuries left behind, and before we regained them we were to have our first serious bout of fighting. Lances had already been taken away from Dragoon Regiments, and only a small proportion of bits were used, a bridoon being more than sufficient to hold a horse carrying 18 stone for an average of 25 miles a day. At Springfield, "O" Battery R.H.A., under Major Sir John Jervis, with two pom-poms under Captain Ziegler, R.G.A., joined the Brigade, and no small share did they take in the work of the next six months. Good soldiers and good comrades, the bark of their hard-hitting guns became a welcome sound to us, for the little white clouds of their bursting shrapnel were ever the signal for a Boer retirement.

Early on the 22nd the 4th Brigade moved south-east from Springfield, and made a reconnaissance towards Leeuwkop, "C" squadron, 7th Dragoon Guards, in advance. The enemy were soon located, and bringing up a pom-pom opened an accurate fire on the Brigade in mass. Belt after belt they poured in as we retired at a walk, and few who were there will ever forget their first experience of that vicious-tongued weapon. Looking back over their shoulders they saw the little heaps of men and horses lying inert on the ground behind them, and half expected that each succeeding shell would leave them in the same plight. Two men were killed and four wounded, also several horses, but considering our formation and the close range matters might have been worse. Retiring out of range we waited until Stevenson's Brigade, belonging to the 11th Division, attacked Leeuwkop on our right, when "O" battery supported them with a very accurate fire, and at sundown the enemy was forced to evacuate his position (see sketch facing this page). That night was not a pleasant one, bitterly cold, no transport and no firewood, but when things were at the blackest out of the darkness loomed Dr. Aymard, undefeated as ever, bearing in his hand a pail of hot cocoa! The sight of our waggons next morning after a two-mile march was a welcome one, and Sergeant Tasker found our appetites unimpaired. Having filled up from the supply column, the Brigade marched on to Tweede Geluk together with the rest of the force—3rd Cavalry Brigade, Alderson's Mounted Infantry, and the 11th Division, under General Pole-Carew. Some Boers were found in position at Erste Geluk (see sketch facing this page), and "A" squadron was detailed by General Dickson to occupy the round hill on the right of the sketch, but if it was found too strongly held, the squadron was to keep the hill in observation till the Mounted Infantry came up. On approaching the hill our patrols came under a heavy

April,
1900

fire, and consequently got under cover and waited. Then ensued a very pretty sight; the Mounted Infantry came up at a gallop, and whilst part of them made an attack on the round hill in front, the remainder galloped for the nek to make a flank attack, two squadrons of the 14th Hussars holding the kopjes to the west of the position. It was during the interval of waiting that the sketch was made. On arrival at Tweede Geluk the Regiment was ordered to take up a line of outposts, which duty the Boers relieved of monotony by keeping up a constant and by no means inaccurate sniping fire until dusk. To our surprise and relief Lieutenant Jenkins, who had rejoined at Donker Hoek from Rondebosch Hospital, turned up in camp that night. On the previous day he had taken a patrol to reconnoitre the Boer left, but not having returned had been reported as missing. The facts were these. He had encountered and been chased by a greatly superior force of Boers, and eventually after dark he halted under a kopje, his horses dead beat. Two of his men were missing. One, Corporal Taylor, a very smart young soldier, had been killed; and the other, Private Cook, captured. To crown everything, he discovered the kopje was held by Boers. The situation was a desperate one—the horses were two tired to move, and every moment Jenkins expected discovery and capture. Luck was with him, however. Brother Boer was not suspicious, and at last, about midnight, the small party wandered off again and eventually struck the camp of the Scots Greys, where they were hospitably entertained, and rejoined the Regiment that night.

On April 24th the force moved off at dawn along the road to Dewetsdorp. The Boers were soon located in some strength on our left front. The key of the situation was Roodikop, a long ridge running north to south below the road, and commanding the plain to the east. The cavalry galloped to secure this coveted position, and only succeeded in doing so under a heavy fire from the frustrated Boers. On the left, the 9th Lancers suffered severe loss, Captain Stanley being mortally wounded, amongst numerous other casualties. In the centre "A" and "B" squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards, led by Major Dietz and Captain Langworthy, seized the crest line, dismounted, assisted by the 14th Hussars on the right. The situation was a critical one for a few minutes, and our machine gun, in charge of Captain Newman, came in for a warm reception. But the Boers at last gave way, and retreated in confusion across the plain in the direction of Thaba N'chu. The losses in the Brigade were Captain Denny, K. D. G.'s, attached to the 14th Hussars, and three men killed, and fifteen wounded. In the Regiment we were lucky in having only one casualty, Private Dennis. Poor Denny, who had been close to our maxim, had stood up, and fell instantly shot through the heart. He and Sergeant Southerton, 17th Lancers, were buried in the spot shown in our sketch of Roodikop; and as we stood round with bared

heads while Colonel Hamilton committed their bodies to the earth, the serious side of war was uppermost in our minds, and we found it hard to believe that these still figures, faintly outlined through the brown blankets, had but a few minutes before been so full of life and hope. A most curious thing happened during this action. A horse of "A" squadron, which was at the time with the led horses of the maxim gun section, was shot clean through the head, and went head over heels like a shot rabbit. The bullet went in just in front of one ear and came out at a corresponding place the other side. Shortly afterwards the horse got up, and when the fight was over was watered at the dam (shown in the sketch of Roodikop), and ate his feed as if nothing had happened. He trekked for months afterwards till he eventually had to be left at a sick horse depôt at Springs with bad rope-galls; we never heard of him again after that, but evidently the bullet did not do him much harm. Continuing our march we bivouacked close to the drift over the Modder River at Grootfontein, under the shadow of Vaalbank, a strong position held by the Boers, who carried on a brisk interchange of fire with our outposts until after dark. The day had been a trying one for both men and horses, with hard marching and hard fighting, and "A" squadron, which was in the outpost line that night, did not get a chance to off-saddle for over thirty-six hours. The total casualties in the Cavalry Division were 1 officer and 7 men killed, and 30 officers and 23 men wounded, while the returns showed a deficit of 90 horses.

Early next morning the Boers were seen retiring on Thaba N'chu, and General French with the Cavalry marched to Dewetsdorp, where he joined hands with Rundle, in command of the 8th Division. They quickly decided that an attempt must be made to relieve Dalgety and his gallant men, and the 17th Lancers and 7th Dragoon Guards were accordingly despatched with the Yeomanry along the road to Wepener. After a march of, in all, 35 miles, we bivouacked on the roadside, but that night came orders for the cavalry to rejoin their Division, the Boers having raised the siege of Wepener and retired on Ladybrand. In compliance with these orders we next day turned back on our tracks, and rejoined the Brigade in the Thaba N'chu road.

On the 26th the advance on Thaba N'chu was continued, and in the afternoon a reconnaissance made towards the east, the Boers being discovered in some strength. Bivouacking that night within four miles of the town, the 4th Brigade marched through it to the left at dawn next day, the 3rd Brigade moving to our right round the southern side of the mountain, while Rundle's division advanced between us and held the heights, General French's object being to surround a large force of the enemy whose centre was on the eastern spur. As the Brigade emerged from the shelter of the town, and swung its left shoulder forward in columns of masses, two Boer guns

April,
1900

April,
1900

immediately opened on us at 7,000 yards. The first few shells fell short, but they were not long in picking up our range, and as we trotted slowly along shell after shell came screaming over our heads, only to bury itself in the soft earth with a cross between a snort and a gasp, missing men and horses by a miracle. No damage was done except to nerves, and that not for long, for experience soon taught us that on all but rocky ground the bark of the Boer shells was far worse than their bite. As the Brigade advanced, a large force of Boers, seeing themselves in danger of being hemmed in, trekked away in a north-easterly direction, but about 1,200 of them made for a kloof under the shelter of the eastern spur of Thaba N'chu mountain, "O" battery's bursting shrapnel keeping them at the gallop. Swinging to the right so as to block their line of retreat the Brigade swept on, Major Follett with "C" squadron two miles ahead, while "B" squadron guarded the left flank. There can be no possible doubt that had the infantry, as was expected, supported our advance and held the kopjes taken by us, the biggest prize of the war would have fallen to the 4th Brigade, for Christian De Wet himself was with the body of Boers who had been propelled with such haste on to the mountain on our right by Sir John Jervis' guns. The large force, however, which had retired north-east early in the day, seeing our attack was unsupported, regained courage and came back, opening a very galling fire on our flank, while two Krupp guns on our right front, immune from reprisals on account of their long range, took advantage of the situation and shelled us vigorously. General Dickson at once saw the danger of our position and wisely ordered a retirement, thus avoiding what might in a short time have developed into a serious affair. Dusk was approaching, the enemy full of confidence was closing in, and our isolated position rendered a retreat anything but an easy matter. The kopjes from which we had driven the Boers earlier in the day were re-occupied by them with great promptitude, and a harassing fire kept up from flanks and rear. Second-Lieutenant Vaughan was dangerously wounded, a bullet piercing his arm and lodging in his liver; Corporal Ford and Private Mitchell were captured. Captain Haig stayed behind and saw Vaughan into the ambulance. The latter's troubles, however, were not yet over, for the ambulance, despite its red cross, came under a heavy fire, the native driver was killed, and Vaughan himself had to crawl for shelter into a donga. Still under fire, Haig had to gallop on to catch his squadron, and on his way overtook a man whose horse had been shot. Dismounting, he made him get on his own horse, and then ran on himself until out of fire, when he held up his helmet and signalled to the enemy "Miss high!" The conspicuous gallantry shown by Captain Haig brings to mind the cool manner in which Major Peters fought the machine gun earlier in the day, sighting

and firing it himself without cover under a heavy fire, after the gun had been brought up at a gallop by Sergeant Tighe.

April,
1900

Corporal Hill was that day specially noticed by the Brigadier for the manner in which, unaided, he reconnoitred a Kaffir kraal, and, in recognition of his conduct, was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Private Pitchell, of "A" squadron, also did his duty to the full on this occasion. He was leading the ammunition pack-horse, and shortly after the retirement began he dropped behind in the dusk, as the pack-horse was done to a turn. Moving a little off the road he got into a donga, and then shifted the pack on his own horse, eventually bringing both horses and the pack into Thaba N'chu. It was a plucky performance, especially as the Boers were pursuing energetically. Dr. Aymard, who had gone on a foraging expedition earlier in the day, was captured in defiance of his red cross badge, and after being relieved of his watch was brought before the great De Wet himself. He was, however, soon set at liberty, and rejoined headquarters the same evening.

A donga had to be crossed in our retirement, and in doing so the water cart of the 8th Hussars and General Dickson's cape-cart stuck and had to be abandoned. The 17th Lancers also lost their machine gun. The twilight in South Africa is very short, and a few minutes after sundown found us relying on the flashes of the Boer rifles to light us on our way. The result was chaos—units were mixed up in the most inextricable manner; and at 8 p.m., being safe in Thaba N'chu, we realized the hopelessness of trying to rally on our own headquarters, so, after seeing to our horses' wants, we lay down and slept the sleep of pure exhaustion. So ended a most disappointing day. But for want of support the 4th Brigade might have made the biggest haul of the war, and but for General Dickson's skilful dispositions in the retirement it would certainly have been in a very awkward predicament.

Next morning, Sunday, April 29th, the various corps sorted themselves, and we marched into our new bivouac, which, strange to say, was close under a part of Thaba N'chu mountain held by the enemy. Before very long, an unfortunate man taking his horse down to water, was shot through the thigh, and General Dickson, very naturally, decided to move the Brigade into a safer position behind some small kopjes. Horses were turned out to graze, and men off duty were settling down to a little much-needed rest, when, like a bolt from the blue, at about mid-day, came a shell hurtling through the air and buried itself some 50 yards short of the bivouac. The next was even more adjacent, and in a moment all was bustle and excitement. Men rushed to fetch in the loose horses, others seized saddles and carried them to a safe place, whilst others again grabbed all the spare kit lying about and brought it safely out

April,
1900

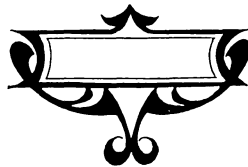
of range. All this time the Boers were pouring in shell after shell with, luckily, little result, but "O" battery, coming into action, soon diverted their fire. The Brigade was saddled up as quickly as possible and sent off to Roodeport (two miles south of Thaba N'chu) to cover the approach of Brabazon's Yeomanry convoy, which was being attacked on its way from Dewetsdorp. It fought its way in safely, and the Brigade then went into bivouac three miles west of Thaba N'chu, "B" and "C" squadrons remaining on outpost at Roodeport for the night. It had been a hot and thirsty day, and officers and men were glad to fill their water bottles at a stagnant pool after dark. Next morning, however, when they had had another glimpse of the pool, they were not so glad, and great was the inroad on Dr. Aymard's medicine chest when they got back to camp.

From April 30th to May 3rd the Regiment lay in the same bivouac within sight of the town, living in a literal atmosphere of "alarums and excursions," very trying to the nerves and temper. All day long we watched the one-sided duel going on between the two Boer guns on Thaba N'chu mountain, with a range of 7,000 yards, and those of Rundie's division, which could hardly carry 6,000; and what with the noise of the artillery and the constant false alarms, rest was unobtainable. On May 1st we marched out to some kopjes seven miles north and protected the right of General Ian Hamilton's force, which was fighting its way through Houtnek to Winburg. "O" battery made some excellent practice, but beyond a few Boer shells which

fell on our right among some flanking patrols from "C" squadron, the day was uneventful for the Regiment. Three other squadrons from the 3rd and 4th Brigades, however, which had been sent to help Hamilton and were on his left, had some hard but successful fighting. We were back in our bivouac at dusk, but next day there was to be no peace either, for in the afternoon the Regiment was ordered out with two guns to reinforce a squadron of the 14th Hussars which had been sent to the assistance of a convoy. About 250 Boers with a gun and a pom-pom were shelling the convoy, and Captain Miller, 14th Hussars, had been dangerously wounded, but on our arrival the Boers saw the game was up and sheered off, so nightfall found us once more in our, by this time, very insanitary and evil-smelling camp. No words can describe the relief felt by all ranks at receiving orders next day to march back to Bloemfontein. That afternoon we halted at Sanna's Post, the scene of Broadwood's disaster, where De Wet first gave evidence of that brilliant generalship which was later to make him the talk of the civilised world.

On May 4th the Regiment arrived once more in our old camp at Donker Hoek. So ended our first serious trek. Since marching out a fortnight before we had seen some hard marching and hard fighting, a more consistently trying time perhaps than any other like period of the war. But the value of the lessons we had learnt were beyond price, and though short of horses, we were otherwise fit and keen for the advance on Pretoria.

May,
1900



CHAPTER III.

KROONSTAD

(MAY 4TH—20TH, 1900).

May,
1900

WAITING for us at Donker Hoek we found Major R. Cooper, "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard." He had been serving for nearly two years in Uganda, and was as glad to return to us again as we were to welcome him back, which is saying a good deal. General Dickson at once took Major Cooper on his staff as signalling officer, a post which he held until he was obliged to go sick early in June on account of an accident to his foot. Second-Lieutenant M. E. Lindsay also joined the Regiment at Donker Hoek on appointment from the New Zealand forces.

Lord Roberts had already commenced his main advance northwards, and it was for this reason that General French with the cavalry had so hurriedly left Thaba N'chu. On May 6th the 1st Cavalry Brigade under Colonel Porter, consisting of the Carabiniers, Scots Greys, and Inniskillings, passed our camp on their way north, and on the 7th the 4th Brigade followed them. During the two days' rest which had been vouchsafed us after our return to Donker Hoek, we had refitted as far as possible, and replaced casualties among the horses by 77 remounts just arrived from Cape Town. Without in any sense launching into criticism we cannot help reflecting what a pity it was that we were so often obliged to march immediately on a receipt of a large batch of unfit horses. After a long sea voyage they were naturally in bad condition, and their feet in the worst possible state, but times without number the exigencies of the situation required us to make long marches with them, with the result that after a week not 50 per cent. were available for duty. Exhaustion, sore backs, and laminitis had swept through the ranks like the destroying angel, leaving behind on the veldt a long trail of putrefying carcasses to sour the air. Such a state of affairs was doubtless rendered unavoidable from military reasons, but one cannot help wondering whether the old proverb "More haste, less speed," might not have been borne in mind with advantage. Such remarks are easy to make in the light of after-events, but an instance like the loss of 31 horses out of 36 in a month's march (May 7th—June 7th), as occurred in the writer's troop, tends to make one think that things were not altogether as they should have been, only a very small proportion of these horses having been killed in action.

Before the Brigade moved off on May 7th, Captain R. A. Vansittart, late 7th Dragoon Guards, rejoined the Regiment, and was a most welcome addition to the mess. It was the patriotism of men like himself which showed up so creditably during

the war, and inspired country gentlemen to forsake home and family for all the hardships and discomforts of a campaign, with no other thought of recompense than the sense of having done their duty. Gallant and cheery under all circumstances, Captain Vansittart became at once an universal favourite, and was sadly missed when he was obliged to leave the Regiment at Middleburg, the result of a bad fall while galloping for General Dickson. The fact of his being invalided home, however, did not prevent him from coming out to South Africa again as soon as he was well enough, and remaining there until practically the end of the war.

After a long march we bivouacked on the night of the 7th at Karee Siding, the scene of a severe engagement after the capture of Bloemfontein, when the K. O. S. B.'s lost very heavily. Our transport had gone astray, so we had to make the best of it with what we had in our wallets. Next day (May 8th), however, we came up with our waggons near Brandfort, and continued the stern chase after the main army. A long and weary march it was—over vast undulating downs which seemed to stretch away into space, burnt up, featureless, and disheartening, barely relieved from absolute monotony by an occasional farmhouse. At last came the welcome order to halt, and we bivouacked near Eisgevonden Station. There we heard many rumours of a great cavalry charge in which hundreds of Boers had been killed—needless to say, all without foundation. One of the most astonishing things about that astonishing country was (and, maybe, is) the apparent impossibility of extracting the truth out of anyone who has lived there for more than ten years. The Kaffir, of course, always lies, as if for the mere pleasure of lying, in the same sort of way as other people do bridge problems. The Boer, possibly through contamination, also seldom speaks the truth, but he has generally an object in view; and this curious complaint affects all other nationalities who have lived long enough in the country. The consequence was that, during the war, experience soon taught us to disbelieve all rumours, however good the authority. All persons connected with South African newspapers appeared to suffer from "inexactitudinitis" in its most virulent form, more especially the correspondents of "The Standard and Diggers' News," who from time to time evolved some masterpieces of inaccuracy which would have made many of our politicians green with envy.

To return to our subject, however. Next day (May 9th) we crossed the Vet River, and saw marks of a sharp engagement in which our troops had

May,
1900

May,
1900

taken part only the day before. A farmhouse was in ruins, and several dead horses were lying about, apparently killed by shell fire. That night we were apprised of the fact that the Boers were in the neighbourhood by Pte. Stevenson, of "C" squadron, being shot through the thigh while on outpost.

On May 10th we were off again at dawn in pursuit of the 1st Brigade, which was now only a few miles to our right front. Crossing the Zand River without even waiting to water, we trotted on *en masse* over the most abominable country riddled with ant-bear holes. Every few yards some man and horse came to grief, and in "C" squadron all the officers except Major Follett were down at the same time; but luckily there were no bad accidents. As we hurried along we heard the sound of guns to our right front, and soon came in sight of the 1st Brigade being heavily shelled by gun and pom-pom near the Kaal Vlei diamond mine. As the Boers were trying to outflank them on the left, the 4th Brigade was ordered up to reinforce,



Photo by] COLONEL LOWE ON TREK. [Col. Thompson.

and Colonel Lowe took up "A" and "C" squadrons at a gallop to a ridge, where they dismounted with carbines. The range given was 1,200 yards, and must have been accurately gauged, for after a few minutes' firing the enemy fell back. By this time it was nearly mid-day and intensely hot, and having had no chance of watering the horses the Regiment moved off to join the Brigade, which was on its way to a neighbouring pan. Orders suddenly came, however, for General Dickson to occupy a kraal on the enemy's right flank, and as this was being carried out, about 300 picked Boers, largely drawn from the Johannesburg Police and the best shots from other commandos, rode boldly into the open and poured a very galling fire into our flank at a range of about 1,000 yards. It was a chance not to be missed, and the Brigadier seized it without hesitation. Seldom indeed was it that

Brother Boer gave us the opportunity of getting in with cold steel, and as we heard the order to wheel to the right and gallop for him come ringing down the line, every man's heart leapt to think that the moment had at last arrived. With drawn swords flashing in the sunlight as we waved them above our heads, the Brigade thundered down on the thin line out in the open to the accompaniment of a wild chorus of cheers. But no noise could drown the relentless hum of the bullets flying past and over us. The whole air seemed full of them. But few struck their mark, nearly all going high. It is as well to note here what little effect rifle fire, even from picked shots, has on charging cavalry. The sight of a mass of horsemen advancing at great speed does not conduce to steadiness of aim, while the range changes so rapidly that the defender has but little time to alter his sights. As we dashed on and were within 500 yards of the enemy, the order, "Troops, left wheel," suddenly reached us. Away we went to the left, and the Boers whose aim had been getting wild regained confidence and poured in a fresh hail of bullets. Then it was that nearly all our casualties occurred, for the target we presented could not be missed. Again came the order to charge, and in a moment we were going for them once more; but it was too late—our chance had gone. The Boers, realising that if it came to close quarters they were lost, were already on the move. Some stragglers were cut down, of whom the 8th Hussars accounted for most, amongst them one man whose head was almost severed from his body, while Captain Deare killed another with a point, after several fruitless attempts at cutting him down. The bulk, however, got safely away, our own horses after a long march without water being in no condition to pursue. Bitterly disappointed, we pulled up and rallied our troops, but none present will deny that those few moments as we dashed cheering along with the bullets singing about our heads were to us the most exhilarating of the whole campaign. One amusing incident is worth recording. A Boer (or rather an American with Burgher rights) whose horse had fallen as he galloped away, was seen running about on the ground dodging the swords of a party of our men. His face a blue grey, covered with sweat, while the fear of death shone in his eyes, he hopped about with such agility that nothing worse than the flat of a sword struck him, while one warrior, in an heroic attempt to cut off his head, fell right off on to the ground! The incident was certainly an argument in favour of the pointing sword. As was clearly proved on this occasion, for all but an experienced swordsman cutting in the *mêlée* is useless, being no more dangerous than a blow from a stick; it is the point which is deadly. At last a kind-hearted officer came up and restrained these indifferent exponents of the pursuing practice, and the unhappy wretch was made a prisoner. The casualties

May,
1900

May,
1900

sustained by the Regiment during the charge were extraordinarily slight, being only four in number, namely, Sgt. Willson, mortally wounded (died next day), and Sgt. Sime, Privates Shaw and Coyne, severely wounded. Hairbreadth escapes were very numerous, amongst others being Second-Lieutenant Dunne's, who had a bullet through his sleeve, while Second-Lieutenant Lindsay had one through his wallet, another through his rear pack, and a third through his horse. The rough ground accounted for many empty saddles, and made one think that the casualties had been heavier than was actually the case, Captain Dyer and S.S.M. Cobb being amongst those who were at first believed to be hit. After rallying, the Regiment moved to the left, and then dismounted for action in the open. The led horses were only a short way in rear, and as we had no cover of any kind, in a very few minutes the Boers got their guns to work. After a few shells had crashed in amongst us the order to mount was given, a movement considerably accelerated by accurately bursting shrapnel. Little damage, however, was done, for we were soon out of range, and to our great relief were at last allowed to take the horses to water for the first time that day. Even then the Boers did not leave us quite alone, for two or three bullets knocked up little fountains in the smooth surface of the pan. But our troubles for the day were nearly over. After feeding the horses we moved on and occupied another kopje about five miles to our front, just vacated by the Boers, who were merely fighting a rearguard action while the main body retired on Kroonstad. About dusk we went into bivouac at Graspan, a farm near by, and, as the transport had not put in an appearance, had to appease our empty stomachs on ration biscuits—rather unsatisfying fare after a hard day. The total casualties in the Division were 161 killed, wounded, and missing, being mostly in the 1st Brigade, which was fired on from under the white flag, and also by Boers dressed in khaki, losing a very large proportion of officers, amongst them that good sportsman and fine rider Captain Elworthy, the Carabiniers, who was killed.

Next day (Friday, May 11th) after a cold night we moved off at 6-30 a.m., and joining the 1st Brigade, the whole Division under General French made the dashing flank movement round the enemy's right which rendered Kroonstad untenable and saved the lives of hundreds of our comrades in the Infantry, who must otherwise have been sacrificed against the strong position which the Boers had prepared with so much labour, and which they boasted was impregnable. As our transport was still missing, we had to forage at the farms we passed on our way to give our poor horses a feed. They were falling from pure exhaustion as we marched along, for carrying the hundred and one articles which constituted the cruel "marching order" then in vogue under a baking sun on nothing to eat and drink for

30 miles a day is more than even fit horses can keep up, much less the soft or already jaded animals with which we had left Bloemfontein. The country seemed absolutely deserted, and not a sign of the enemy was seen until at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we reached Boschpoort Drift, on the Vaalsch River, 10 miles north-west of Kroonstad. While the first Brigade held the left bank, the 4th hurried across to seize the right, and as "B" squadron under Captain Langworthy dashed up the slope on the far side of the river, one expected every moment to see them hurled back by a storm of musketry fire. But for once Brother Boer had been taken by surprise, and not a man was there to oppose the crossing. Before long, however, 3,000 of the enemy were seen advancing from Kroonstad, but discovering our troops in position, they beat a hasty retreat, merely firing a few shells into the outpost line. That night was one of unwonted luxury for the Regiment. Sheep were in abundance, and every man had a ration of fresh meat, while for the officers Boschport Farm was turned into a messhouse. At about 11 o'clock Major Hunter Weston, R.E., Burnham, the scout, and a squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons under Captain Yardley came jingling through "A" squadron outposts on their way to cut the railway and telegraph lines north of Kroonstad. Major Dietz, who had been told that there was no countersign and that he must shoot at sight, was on the point of giving the order to fire, but the noise of their swords and mess tins saved them. After a dashing ride through the enemy's lines they blew up the railway (the dull boom of the explosion being heard by us in camp), and, more wonderful still, managed to get back again with the insignificant loss of one man wounded and one horse killed. Their gallant ride, however, was not so successful as it deserved to be, for the last trainload of Boers had already got away north.

Next morning (May 12th), owing to a false alarm, "B" and "C" squadrons reinforced "A" in the outpost line, and later the whole Division, the 7th Dragoon Guards in front, advanced straight on Kroonstad. Ridge after ridge we swept over, expecting to find each one held, but not a shot was fired, and at last, as we topped a grassy slope, there lay the town nestling in the valley at our feet. It seemed hardly possible that this great position, about which there had been so much boasting, had actually been abandoned literally without a shot being fired; but so it was, and in a few minutes, in answer to General French's curt question "Bombardment or surrender?" the Landrost came out and handed over the keys. Patrols under Lieuts. Jenkins and Whetherly were immediately sent into the town to seize the telegraph and post office, and place guards on the various stores. The cavalry were not, however, to remain long in sole possession

May,
1900

May,
1900

of President Steyn's latest capital, for in a very short time came one of Lord Roberts' staff galloping in like a whirlwind, and hustled all the mounted troops out in order to make way for the triumphal entry of the main army in the afternoon. The town itself was in the last state of disorder, which was hardly to be wondered at, considering the doings of the night before. It appeared that the approach of our main body and General French's brilliant flank march had entirely upset the nerves of the Boer army, and had induced them to put discretion before valour. Christian de Wet himself did his utmost in assisting President Steyn to rally the faint-hearted, but even the energetic application of his sjambok failed to stem the tide, and the train carrying the last of the stragglers had steamed out late the night before our arrival. But if the town could not be denied to us, the Boers saw to it that nothing was left therein worth having. Stores and hotels had all been ruthlessly looted and smashed, provisions had been destroyed, while the so-called Irish Brigade in an access of drunken enthusiasm had burnt down the goods station. The railway bridge over the Vaalsch River had also been blown up.



Photo by]

BOER PRISONERS.

[Major Sparrow.

After the surrender of Kroonstad the 4th Brigade marched four miles north to Jordan Siding, and there halted and bivouacked. On our way thither several small parties of Boers, tired of perpetual falling back, came in and gave themselves up. The accompanying photograph gives one a very accurate idea of the appearance of a group of prisoners. Big, gaunt men, bearded and sallow-complexioned, they were for the most part a peaceable-looking lot. When spoken to they always answered in a most friendly manner; in fact, it was a rare thing to find a Boer who frankly owned that he had been out on commando against us of his own free will. But woe to him who was taken in by

these protestations of friendliness! Far be it from us to decry our fellow-subjects, whose tenacity in a hardly-fought war has earned the respect of all; but in writing of these incidents of years ago, one cannot refrain from touching lightly on those characteristics of our enemy, the knowledge of which, gained only in the hard school of experience, helped us as time went on to deal with him on more even terms. To the Boer diplomacy and deception were synonymous terms. As it is the pride of every Englishman to be "straight," so was it the Boers' pride to be "slim." This tendency, combined with acting powers of the highest order, at once renders a man who does not fight in uniform an adversary of the most dangerous kind. Add to this an underlying tenacity of purpose unsurpassed in the human race, a total lack of education, a blind faith in his leaders, coupled with unreasoning distrust in all other nationalities, a sublime contempt for the English race, and, to complete, a highly developed hump of patriotism, and you have the character of the average provincial Boer of that period. He was by no means a bad man. In his home life he was a benevolent despot, hospitable to a fault, kind as a rule to his family and servants, but brooking no disobedience, a fault which he punished with the utmost severity, even arrogating to himself the power of life and death over his household. His treatment of the Kaffir was callous to the point of brutality, but it must be owned that he kept him in his place, which is more than the British with all their kindness have ever succeeded in doing. It can easily be understood that such a man, in the hands of able but unscrupulous leaders, became at once difficult to conquer or reconcile. Of his leaders the less said the better. With certain exceptions, they are the most discreditable objects in that page of South African history of which we write. With them patriotism began at home, and their hatred of the English race was begotten of the knowledge that under our rule they would no longer be able to wield their former power, but must conform to the same laws as the men whom they delighted to oppress.

Such were our enemies, their ranks swelled by a few thousand foreign mercenaries, adventurers pure and simple, who soon saw that the game was up, and left the doomed ship long before she became a wreck.

On May 13th our transport turned up, and very glad we all were to see it, after being without it for four days. Practical experience alone can teach one the discomfort of having to live for days on end with only what can be carried on the saddle. Washing, shaving, and changes of linen become dreams of the past, and the single blanket and cloak which are at one's disposal afford but poor protection against the cold nights of the South African winter. When one considers, however, the extraordinary difficulties with which the transport had to contend, it is astonishing that we were not more often

May,
1900

May,
1900

without it. Roads were bad, drifts were numerous, and that over the Vaalsch at Kroonstad was not more than usually difficult. Although the mule waggons could get over the ground at a fair pace, the average rate of ox waggons was not more than two miles an hour. The oxen, being allowed no forage, had to live as best they could by grazing, and for this purpose the supply column always "outspanned" for about four hours in the middle of the day, it being dangerous to eat grass after sundown. Where the Boers had burnt the veldt the oxen starved, but still struggled

miles nearer Kroonstad on account of water, which, being very brackish, had seriously affected the condition of our horses. Our eight days' rest was much needed and much enjoyed. 427 horses in the Cavalry Division were found unfit for further service, but a certain number of fresh remounts arrived to replace them. Many of these, however, had to be cast before being issued; in the 4th Brigade, out of 152, 80 being rejected by the Board as totally unfit. The state of these remounts was appalling owing to sore backs, laminitis, and rope

May,
1900



Photo by]

A BAD DRIFT.

[Major Sparrow.

on, patient and sad-eyed, a most distressing sight to witness, while the Kaffir driver ran alongside urging on his team with shrill cries and the cracking of his huge whip, every now and then cutting away an ox which had fallen from exhaustion under the yoke and replacing him with another. Every ox had his name and answered to it like a dog, falling in in his proper place to be "inspanned," and a noteworthy fact was that in nearly every team the worst ox was called "*Engelsmann*," a true sign of Boer opinion!

At Kroonstad we remained till May 20th, merely shifting camp on the 16th to a place $1\frac{1}{2}$

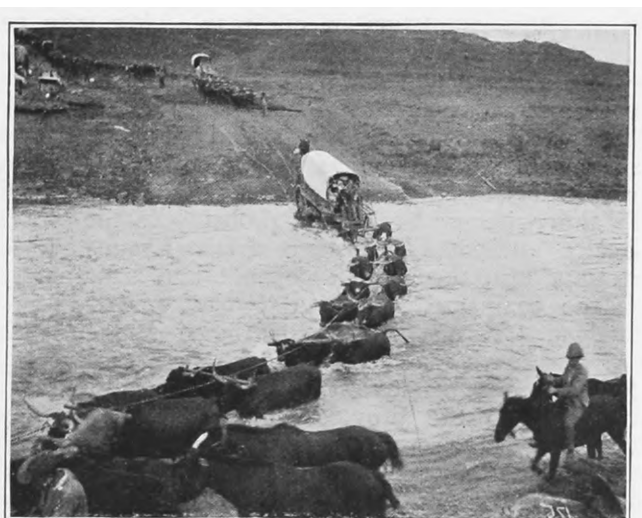


Photo by]

[Major Sparrow.

TEAM OF OXEN CROSSING A DRIFT.

galls. The result was that when, on May 19th, orders came for the advance to be resumed on the following day, the strength of the Division was only 1,565 mounted men, as against 1,965 when we left the Vet River on May 9th. Whilst we were resting at Kroonstad, Major Thompson rejoined the Regiment from Australia, and took over the post of second in command from Major Peters, who shortly afterwards succeeded Captain Taggart as Brigade-Major.



CHAPTER IV.

JOHANNESBURG

(MAY 20TH—31ST, 1900).

May,
1900

ON May 20th the forward movement was resumed. Pretoria was now our goal, and we seemed at last within reasonable distance of it, and therefore of the end of the war. Little did we realise then how events would shape themselves, and how two weary years of trekking lay between us and the completion of our task. We may be thankful indeed that it was so, for there are few whose spirits would not have been damped by the real prospect which Fate had in store for us. But, luckily, the future was a sealed book, and the worst we could imagine was a long siege of Pretoria, in which cavalry could play no prominent part. To the writer certainly, and probably to the whole cavalry division, the stage from Kroonstad to Pretoria was the most enjoyable and satisfactory of the campaign. Each day was crowded with incident. Fresh ground was being broken with every mile we marched, and each night as we lay down in our blankets on the frosty ground we reckoned up the progress made during the day with a cheerful sense of good work well done, and of its reward ever nearer to our grasp. Who could foresee the insensate yet admirable obstinacy, misinformed and misled, which was to keep 200,000 men marching and counter-marching about South Africa for two years after the enemy as a fighting machine had ceased to exist? Let us be thankful that we were blind.

Sunday was always a favourite day for fighting or starting a fresh trek, and Sunday, May 20th, was no exception to the rule in either respect. The Regiment was in advance of the Division, all three squadrons in line—"A" on the right, along the railway, moving towards Honingspruit; "C" in the centre; and "B" on the left making for Rhenoster Kop. Farms were cleared as we marched along, and no resistance was offered us on the left and centre, though we heard of some 2,000 Boers near the Rhenoster River, but in the afternoon part of "A" squadron had a narrow escape from being captured. Major Dietz with his support went to assist Captain Newman, who was in charge of a patrol on the east of the railway. After taking up a strong position at a farm with his small force, some thirty men, Major Dietz found that two parties were galloping round his flanks, while another about sixty strong was making straight for him. The only hope of safety was in rapid retreat, and this he quickly decided on. For three miles they raced along over rough ground, through mealie fields, fences and dongas, four men out in front with wire cutters to prevent the main body checking, and all the time the Boers strove hard to cut them off.

They were shaken off at last, however, and Major Dietz, with a loss of only two horses hit, succeeded in rejoining the Brigade, which had bivouacked for the night at Langkuil. Under a heavy cross fire during the retirement Shoeing-Smith Caton's horse fell and got away. Pte. Hartill and Pte. Hastings turned back to help him, and Pte. Cooke caught the horse and brought it back. All three remained with him under heavy fire until he mounted, and they managed to get him safely away. Pte. Cooke's gallant conduct was brought to the notice of the Brigadier. During the retirement, Corpl. Diment was obliged to abandon his horse in a mealie field, as it could not move another yard. It was thought at first that he had been taken prisoner, but at about 10 p.m. he walked smiling in camp, carrying his carbine and sword, which he had taken the precaution to remove from his saddle.

May,
1900

On the 21st the march was resumed, and the whole Cavalry Division, reinforced on the previous day by Hutton's Brigade of Mounted Infantry, 2,300 strong, moved forward in line of masses across the plain towards the Rhenoster River. An imposing sight they must have made in the bright sunlight, followed by immense trains of baggage, and one cannot wonder that the Boers, as they watched the unwonted pageant from the heights above the river, elected to retire without firing a shot. The general situation was now as follows:—General Ian Hamilton's Division was on the east of the railway, the main army with Lord Roberts followed the line, while French covered the left flank. That night we bivouacked at Welgelegen, and next day we pushed on again, crossing the Rhenoster River close to its junction with the Honingspruit, and bivouacked at Roodeval. Two thousand Boers had been reported near the Rhenoster River, so General French despatched Major Hunter Weston, escorted by a squadron, to blow up the railway north of the Boers, and thus cut their line of retreat. He himself with the Division marched at 2 a.m. next day along the Essenbosch Spruit, intending to get behind the enemy and hold him while the Commander-in-chief and General Ian Hamilton enveloped him from the east and south. But it was the old story over again. When we arrived at Essenbosch about 9 a.m. the reconnoitring detachments reported the country all clear. The enemy had retired, having himself destroyed the culverts over the spruits, and his rearguard was now at Groot Vlei Station. A further move for the moment was useless, so we settled down in our bivouac and enjoyed a much-needed day's rest. Such days were few and far between, and as we

May, 1900 generally started in the morning before dawn and were on the move until sundown, a good wash, change, and sleep were luxuries not lightly valued. Few, too, were our opportunities of writing letters home, but fewer still the occasions on which we received them, especially during the earlier stages of the war, when we but seldom touched the railway, and when mailbags retired into insignificance before the vast quantity of stores and war material which had to be carried several hundred miles from the base along a single line.

Refreshed with the previous day's rest, we moved off soon after dawn on May 24th—a momentous day indeed—the Queen's birthday, and to be celebrated by our crossing the Vaal and entering at last into the promised land. Due north we went, swinging over the open downs in the fresh



Photo by] CROSSING THE VAAL. [Col. Thompson.
Captain G. Langworthy leading "B" Squadron across Parys Drift.

morning air, with a sense of good news in store. Nor were we disappointed. Suddenly, as we gained the crest of a ridge, a splendid panorama opened before our delighted eyes. Like a silver ribbon, hidden here and there by wooded banks, the Vaal was winding its leisurely course down the valley. Away in the distance to our left lay Vredefort, its white houses glistening in the sunlight; at our feet was Parys nestling among the trees on the hither bank of the river, while away on the far side a line of steep blue hills showed up in sharp relief against the cloudless sky. A strong, perhaps an impregnable, position to storm. But was it held? Patrols soon reported Parys itself all clear, but we could not believe the Boers would let us cross the river unopposed. But for once wrong information stood us in good stead. General French had been given

to understand that the drift was passable for wheel transport, but on arrival we found it some 300 yards broad, very rough and rocky, and only to be crossed on foot, leading one's horse, and then only with the greatest difficulty. A few snipers could have held it against an army corps, but not a man was there. The Boers, knowing the hopeless state of the drift, had made no effort to hold it, and had concentrated at De Wet's Drift, some miles below. General French at once pushed the Regiment across, followed by the rest of the 4th Brigade, under cover of a squadron of the 8th Hussars, which had already effected a passage. With the rest of the Division and all the transport, he moved eastwards along the southern bank and crossed with the troops at Viljoen's Drift, the 4th Brigade moving parallel to him along the Transvaal bank and covering his movement. So collapsed the Boer bogey of the

May, 1900



Photo by] CROSSING THE VAAL. [Col. Thompson.
Captain Haig, with part of "B" Squadron.

"great stand at the Vaal." Mr. Kruger had boasted that its waters "would run red with British blood," but blunt razors and stiff beards were responsible for all the bloodshed on our side that day. The Regiment was on outposts that night, but a ration of rum all round and the knowledge that we had "entered the straight" at last made up for any little discomforts, and those who had the right to sleep did so with a clear conscience, with a sense of work done and progress made.

Captain Tagart, Brigade-Major of the 4th Brigade, went sick on the 24th, his place being taken by Major Peters, and no general and no brigade could wish for an abler staff officer than the latter proved himself to be.

May,
1900

Viljoen's Drift was impracticable for transport, with its deep banks and rough, stony bottom, so on May 25th the 1st and 4th Brigades, having been relieved by the Mounted Infantry, marched in a north-easterly direction along the northern bank of the Vaal, while the baggage moved parallel to them along the southern bank as far as Lindeque. Here there was a good, sound drift, and the waggons easily crossed over. Some small parties of the enemy were found in occupation of the hills near the drift, but were soon dislodged, and we bivouacked for the night, comforted by such luxuries as were still carried by the transport.

On May 26th we marched forward in the direction of Hout Kop, the 1st Brigade on the right getting in touch with General Ian Hamilton. Of the 4th Brigade, "C" squadron, 7th Dragoon Guards was in advance, and late in the afternoon was held up by a strong force of the enemy. The latter, although under heavy gun and rifle fire, refused to



Photo by]

[Capt. W. Taylor.

ARTILLERY CROSSING THE VAAL AT VILJOEN'S DRIFT.

evacuate his position until outflanked by the Greys, who, incidentally, were shelled by our own guns, luckily without damage. Of the Boers, five were killed, nine wounded, and three captured, amongst them the veldt-cornet, who was severely wounded and died before morning. Talking of veldt-cornets reminds one of the story about an infantry regiment in Natal, who, after a very stiff fight, took a kopje at the bayonet's point. As they rushed on to the top, a Boer who had been busy shooting them down as fast as he could pull the trigger, threw up his hands, crying, "Spare me, spare me, I am the veldt-cornet." "I can't help it, guv'nor," replied the foremost man as he laid for a point, "not if you was the whole bloomin' brass band, you got to 'ave it." And he had it!

We bivouacked that night at Rietspruit, on high ground commanding the railway line north of Vereeniging, whence 5,000 Boers were seen trekking away northwards. Next day we pushed on to Houtkop, and after a brief halt continued our advance. About 3 p.m. some 100 Boers galloped off in front of us into a curious horse-shoe shaped pass, about a mile wide, enclosed by hills on north, east, and west. We were now in the Gatsrand, due south of Van Wycks Rust. Patrols were sent to make good

May,
1900

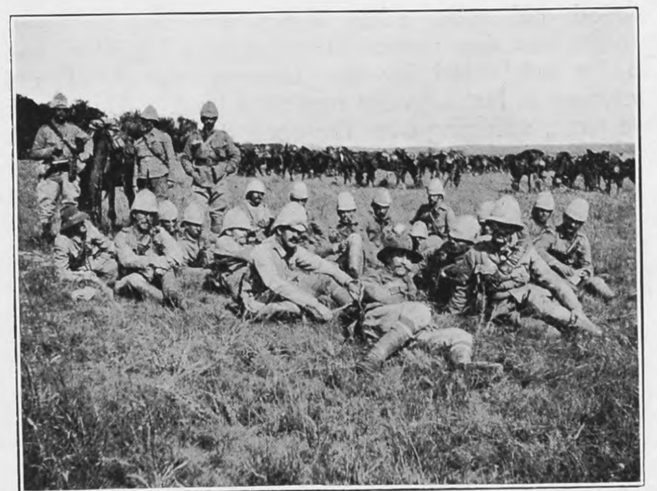


Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

GROUP OF OFFICERS, 7TH D.G., AT HOUTKOP,
MAY 27TH, 1900.

the hills on both flanks, but a field gun soon opened on the 1st Brigade, followed by two pom-poms, which latter found the 4th Brigade an excellent target. A whole belt burst in among the Regiment, screaming viciously under and over us, but, marvellous to relate, not a man or horse was touched. Our good fortune could hardly have continued had not "O" Battery, prompt as ever, hurled themselves (and their shrapnel) into the breach, and, needless to say, soon silenced the enemy's guns. Darkness was just coming on when we saw a squadron of Inniskillings, who were holding a commanding position to our front, driven back by a superior force of the enemy. The hill was an important one, commanding as it did the proposed bivouac, and Colonel Lowe was ordered to retake it. This, strange to relate, was accomplished almost without opposition, and the Regiment proceeded to line a rocky ridge, which in its turn was commanded by another not 400 yards distant and strongly held by the Boers. Night had now fallen, and as a counter attack was expected at any moment, every available man remained in line on the ridge the whole livelong night, carbine in hand. And never do we wish to spend such a night again.

May,
1900

A howling, icy wind cut through our thin clothing like a knife. It was freezing hard, fires and lights of all kinds were strictly forbidden, while blankets, cloaks, food, and water were conspicuous by their absence. Every other man was allowed to sleep, but under such circumstances sleep was impossible, and all we could do was to hope for dawn. The most miserable of nights, however, have an end, and when at last dawn came with its cheering warmth of sun it found us masters of the position, the Boers having retired under cover of darkness. It is a fortunate thing that human nature is apt to forget the rough and remember only the smooth. All the miseries of the night vanished like a bad dream as we saw our Hindoo cooks bustling round the mess-fire in the valley below us, and a good breakfast soon put us at peace with all the world. The pass through the Gatsrand was clear, and as we marched on, first the frowning heights of the Klipriviersberg and then the chimneys of the Rand Mines met our eyes. Xenophon's ten thousand cannot have welcomed the sight of the sea with more fervour or exultation than did the Cavalry Division those prosaic groups of smokestacks showing up in bold relief on the ridge in front of us. Was not Johannesburg the home of our fellow-subjects for whose sake we had trekked and fought and suffered? Small wonder that we could not look upon its outposts unmoved. But the bustle and movement of active service leave but little time for reflection. Down into the valley we rode, halting at Van Wyck's Rust, a pleasant farm close to Olifant's Vlei Bridge, across which the 1st Brigade continued their advance. Lazily we watched them as they forged ahead, when suddenly the boom of a gun and a great column of dust in their advanced guard warned us that the Boers meant business, and that the Gold Reef City was not to be ours without a struggle. The first shot was the signal for a perfect pandemonium of shell fire, and geysers of dust and brown earth shot up like magic among the advancing cavalry. It seemed impossible to us, as we watched them through our glasses, that any troops could stand such punishment; but, as if on parade, smoothly and without haste, the 1st Brigade kept on its course. At last we saw them halt and dismount, and almost at once came the order for the 4th Brigade to move round the enemy's right. The Boers' left and centre was in a position of great strength on the summit and western slopes of the Klipriviersberg, their right along a lower ridge to the westward, but how far this flank extended was the question which General French wished us to answer. Moving west from Olifant's Vlei, General Dickson, reinforced by Pilcher's M.I., crossed the Klip River at Zuurbekom and pushed on up the opposite slope. As we came into view, two Boer guns and a pom-pom at once opened on us; but "O" Battery, ready as ever, soon took their measure and reduced them to silence. There was a large gap now between the two Brigades, and

General French realised that his force was too small to hold the Boers in front whilst he turned their right flank without exposing himself to a great and unwarrantable risk. Orders were accordingly sent to General Dickson to rejoin the 1st Brigade. To do so we had to ride along the front of the enemy's position and cross a narrow drift within sight and range of his guns. Now was Brother Boer's chance, and he took full advantage of it. Long Toms and Krupps, Creusots and field guns, pom-poms and maxims, all played on us with devilish rapidity and precision. The scene at the drift beggars description. Column of troops was the widest front on

May,
1900



Photo by]

[Capt. W. Taylor.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

which it could be crossed, and this gave the Boers ample time to accurately gauge the range. Belt after belt of pom-pom shells burst in amongst us as we trotted across, but both men and horses seemed to bear a charmed life, and the number of casualties was extraordinarily small. Major Mackeson, General Dickson A.D.C., was badly wounded in the jaw by a shell splinter, and the Sergt.-Major of "O" Battery was killed instantaneously by a pom-pom shell which took him full in the back; but, for the rest, the wounds were slight. On the plateau east of the drift "T" Battery (1st Brigade) was in action under fire from the Boer guns, while close by stood General French with his staff, unmoved by the murderous hail which poured about him, delivering his orders as calmly as if in the Long Valley. Across the front of the guns we trotted, the men at open files, riding steadily and in admirable order; and then swinging to the right we cleared "T" Battery, so as no longer to mask its fire, and "O" Battery came into action in line with it. As we moved slowly back towards Olifant's Vlei, the air seemed literally alive with screeching chunks of iron. The Boers had a target hard to miss, and

May,
1900

shrapnel and common shell came hurtling into us at a range of 3,000 yards. One shell, which burst in No. 2 troop of "C" squadron, killed or wounded no fewer than six horses, one of which, ridden by Col. Lowe's guide, had his off hind leg practically blown off, but went on cantering on three legs, a torrent of blood pouring from the lacerated trunk of the fourth. Captain Haig, however, with great presence of mind, dismounted and put the poor animal out of its misery with a bullet from his revolver. Sergeant Ferguson's horse was hit through the quarters with a splinter from the same shell, but seemed little the worse, and rolled up on parade again next day as though nothing had happened. At no time during the war did the Regiment come under heavier shell fire, but the conduct of all ranks under such trying circumstances can only be recalled with the utmost pride and satisfaction. Corporal Diment and Trumpeter Evans fell out of their own accord and attended to Pte. Porter, who had been severely wounded—all the time under a heavy fire. Their plucky conduct was brought to the notice of the Brigadier. Captain Newman and S.S.M. Mander also distinguished themselves by returning to the assistance of a man whose horse had been shot, Captain Newman's own horse being wounded while so doing. The highest trial of nerve in warfare is to take punishment without hitting back, and that was what the cavalry were so often asked to do in South Africa. "Drawing fire," as it was called, was one of the most important of our duties. The limits of the enemy's position had to be discovered and their guns located, so out would go a Regiment or Brigade, trotting on until some nervous Boer would press his trigger. The first sound of the "pick-pock" would be a signal for a general fusillade, and along the enemy's front, opening out but still in mass, the force would move at a slow trot or even a walk, until, their task accomplished, back they would come, weaker perhaps, but having enabled the commander to make his dispositions. Probably they had not fired a shot, and that was the cruel part of it. There are few men who will not cheerfully lay down their lives while "facing fearful odds," but to take punishment lying down, without a murmur, is the highest example of courage. It is what Kipling in "Soldier and Sailor Too" calls the "Birkenhead drill," and it is not learnt in a day. But daily on the square, at the field, in the barrack room, and at stables we are mastering its detail. Unconsciously perhaps, but so surely that, when the time comes for us to prove ourselves in the eyes of the world, the discipline of years, irksome as it may sometimes have seemed, will stand us in good stead, and will enable us to be true to the Black Horse tradition—that splendid inheritance of which we may well be proud.

As darkness fell we retired into bivouac at Olifant's Vlei, outposts, strengthened by artillery, being left out on the positions we had taken. After the strain of the day we slept soundly, despite the

severe cold. At this season the weather in the daytime was perfect, the air clear and bracing, a pleasant breeze tempering the warmth of the sun; but the frost at nights was very sharp, and rendered sleep without several blankets almost impossible.

General French had halted the previous afternoon, realising that he could not hope unaided to turn the Boer position, but having heard that Lord Roberts had now reached Germiston, he again set out on the morning of the 29th to envelop the enemy's right. Moving along the south bank of the Klip River, "C" squadron, 7th Dragoon Guards, crossed at a drift making for Roodeval Station,

May,
1900



WATER CART, 7TH D.G. AFTER A THIRSTY MARCH.

while "A" squadron worked round further to the left. Both squadrons were soon held up by a heavy rifle fire from a rocky kopje to the north, but dismounting, they rushed this position on foot, assisted by Major Browne's squadron of the 14th Hussars on the right, and covered by an accurate fire from "O" Battery. The Boers were driven out, and we took possession of the hill—an important one for General French, who used it as the pivot for his turning movement. Some 1,200 yards to the right of "A" and "C" squadrons was "B," holding another kopje. On to this the Boers turned a heavy shell and rifle fire, and at last Captain Haig was obliged to retire. Lieut. Dunne and Pte. Ashmore were both severely wounded, while another man's horse was shot. Captain Haig immediately went back to the man's assistance, and by taking turns to ride his charger both got away unharmed. Captain Haig's gallant conduct was brought to the notice of the Brigadier. With reference to the taking of the kopje on the left by the squadrons under Major Follett and Major Dietz, General French issued the following order that night:—"The General Officer Commanding desires to express his approbation of the manner in which all ranks behaved yesterday, and also of the manner in which two squadrons 7th Dragoon Guards and one squadron 14th Hussars took and retained two kopjes to-day."

May,
1900

General French made a further reference to the taking of these kopjes in an address to the Officers of the 4th Brigade at Kameel Drift on June 19th.

At about 3 p.m. came Bruce Hamilton's Brigade to relieve us of the position which we had been holding for several hours under a very galling shell fire, and against a rather half-hearted attack, which we had easily repulsed. Continuing our turning movement, the Division, Porter's Brigade now leading, moved on round the enemy's right, driving him out of Doornkop (the scene of Jameson's surrender in the Raid), while the Gordons and C.I.V.'s, who had relieved us, made a successful frontal attack, entirely routing the enemy, but only after themselves suffering heavy loss. That night, worn out by another hard day's fighting, we bivouacked at Doornkop.

Unopposed we continued our movement northward next day (May 30th), crossing the Witwatersrand at Florida, and passing close to many mines, the owners and managers of which rode out to welcome us with great enthusiasm. Their pleasure and relief at our arrival can be well understood after the Boer threat that they would destroy all the machinery on the Rand rather than let the British take possession of it. Luckily for the mineowners and for shareholders all over the world this threat, like most threats emanating from Mr. Kruger and his party, ended in smoke. We had been warned in orders two nights before that many roads and kopjes round Johannesburg were mined and would be exploded as we approached, and one could not help imagining as we rode along the appalling holocaust which would take place should the Boers really carry out this devilish scheme as a dense

mass of horsemen crossed some prepared spot. One conjured up in one's mind the sudden blinding flash and shock as a great mass of earth, stones, and limbs was hurled with indescribable swiftness into the air, to fall amongst those just outside the area of destruction. But, luckily, these visions were not realised, and late in the afternoon, being now eight miles north of Johannesburg, we bivouacked close to a plantation on a farm called Klipfontein. From the ridge above us a Boer convoy was seen trekking away, and "O" Battery came into action, knocking out a gun, which was abandoned by the Boers. A party despatched to bring it found several dead men lying around it.

Great was the chattering and excitement round the camp fires that night. What had happened? Had Johannesburg surrendered or did the Boers still mean to put up a fight? Was the war practically at an end? Everything seemed to point to such a supposition. Everywhere the Boers were on the run, while the faint-hearted were surrendering in hundreds. At Kroonstad, at the Vaal, at Johannesburg, they had boasted that they would make a stand, but each position had been abandoned in turn almost without a struggle. Who could doubt that another week, or at the outside a month, would see peace in South Africa? But Boer obstinacy—determination, if you will—was to keep us on the trek for two more weary years.

Next morning (May 31st) at 10 a.m., Johannesburg surrendered to Lord Roberts, and at noon he made his official entry into the town. The good news was soon flashed out to our camp, and seemed only to confirm our golden prophecies of the night before.

May,
1900



CHAPTER V

DIAMOND HILL
(JUNE 1ST—JULY 12TH, 1900).

June,
1900

NO forward movement was made on May 31st, and on June 1st, after a short march in a north-easterly direction, we halted at Berg-velei, whence a reconnaissance was made by the Regiment to within about 10 miles of Pretoria. Beyond a few snipers, however, no signs of the enemy were seen, and after clearing some farms of forage, which was much needed by our horses, we returned to camp.

June 2nd was spent in another day's well-earned rest, and several of us took the opportunity of riding into Johannesburg, which was some 10 miles to the south, and well were we repaid for our trouble. The town was still, of course, in a state of some confusion ensuing on its evacuation by the Boers and the entrance of our troops, and trade was more or less at a standstill. No supplies had been brought in for several months, while such few things as were still unsold on our approach had been mostly commandeered by the Boers. Little, therefore, remained for eager purchasers like ourselves, and prices were extortionate beyond all reason.

Johannesburg was well worth a visit. Where fifteen years before had been bare and blackened veldt, relieved only by an occasional farmhouse, there now stood an imposing, prosperous city. Fine buildings, broad clean streets, luxurious hotels, and well-appointed clubs met our astonished gaze on all sides, while in the suburbs villas full of every comfort and improvement marked the abode of the rich randlords. Everything was so unlike South Africa, so different to the little one-horse townships to which we had become accustomed, that as we looked around us we felt we must be standing in some fairy city of the Arabian nights, brought into being by the waving of the magician's wand, and which at any moment might disappear. And what was the talisman which had caused this marvel? In one word—Gold.

The discovery of the precious yellow metal on the rand had brought together a strange mixture of men and races from every quarter of the globe, all actuated by the lust of riches, and in an incredibly short space of time they had reared that great city with the vast wealth dug out of the ground on which it stood. But for that same discovery perhaps we should never have set foot in South Africa, at any rate not as a part of a fighting army, and the slur which had been cast on the British

name twenty years before might never have been removed.

June,
1900

Leaving Johannesburg, happy in the security of its machinery and mines, on June 3rd the whole army moved forward, the Cavalry Division as before on the left, with orders to work round to the west and north of Pretoria. The country through which we now passed was very rough and mountainous, affording numerous delaying positions for a retreating enemy; but, to everyone's surprise, our advance was continued practically unopposed. At last, as dusk was approaching, the advanced guard of the Carabineers entered Kalkheuvcl Pass, a narrow defile flanked on either side by steep frowning hills held by the Boers. Squadrons were at once despatched to occupy these hills, but in the meantime the advanced party had pushed on down the valley. Suddenly the Boers opened a terrific fire on the over-confident horsemen. Back they came at a gallop down the road, crowding on to the main body and leaving a trail of killed and wounded on the ground behind them. Those in the rear pushed on to the front, and into the compact mass thus formed the Boers poured a heavy shell and rifle fire. For a moment the situation bade fair to be serious, but luckily at this juncture General French with his staff came galloping up, and immediately grasping the position of affairs, ordered up the guns and despatched the Carabineers and some of Alderson's Canadians to seize the hill on the left. Other troops coming up, amongst them the 7th Dragoon Guards, lined the ridge on either side of the road. For an hour, while darkness gradually fell, the encircling hills echoed loudly to the wild crashing of artillery and the rattle of musketry. The noise was terrific, and the continual flash of powder in the gathering darkness lent a lurid light to the angry scene. But soon night fell, and the wild crash of firearms gave place to a deadly stillness. Despite the closeness of the range and the trusting manner in which we had walked into the Boer trap, our casualties were, as usual, wonderfully small, amounting only to three men killed and six wounded, with 14 horses killed.

Next morning early (June 4th) we were already pushing on through the pass, the Boers having decamped in the night, leaving behind them several waggons in the road, and it was then that we learnt that the force which had held us up the night before had been merely covering the retreat of a large convoy. As we emerged from the pass the

June,
1900

aspect of the country changed entirely, and we found ourselves marching through a beautiful and fertile valley, watered by the Crocodile River and bounded on the north by the steep scrub-covered slopes of the Magaliesberg. On reaching Hartbeest Poort, over the Crocodile, the whole force bivouacked, and we indulged in a bathe in the river, a luxury not often to be obtained in South Africa, for rivers worthy of the name can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Here the news came to us that Lord Roberts had entered Pretoria unopposed. It seemed impossible that the capital of the Transvaal—the veritable Mecca of all Boers—which they had fortified with such infinite labour and at such vast expense, had really been abandoned without any attempt at defence, and few of us believed the rumour, experience having taught us that credulity in such matters generally led to disappointment. But for once good news was true news.



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

COLONEL LOWE INTERROGATING SURRENDERED BOERS AT WONDERBOOM FORT, JUNE 6TH, 1900.

On June 5th we marched in a north-easterly direction, still unopposed, and crossed the Magaliesberg at Zilikats Nek, the scene of the disaster to the Greys and Lincoln some five weeks later. Here we turned right-handed and moved eastward along the foot of the northern slopes of the Magaliesberg, through by far the most beautiful country we had as yet seen in South Africa. Orange groves were everywhere, surrounding the numerous farms which clustered in this smiling valley, and as the men rode along they filled their haversacks with the ripe golden fruit. Many Boers surrendered with their rifles as we advanced, and all bore the same story—that they had had enough of fighting and wanted to end the war. Elated with success we bivouacked that night at Strýdfontein, and moving on next morning reached

Wonderboom, a fort in the Magaliesberg due north of Pretoria. The railway to Pietersburg runs through the pass at this point, and here we halted a while to support the 1st Brigade, which had been sent off to Waterval, about seven miles north of us, to release the prisoners taken there from Pretoria. Major Maude's squadron of the Greys was sent on in advance, and found that our unfortunate comrades, some 3,500 strong, had already overpowered the small guard left to watch them. A train was sent out from Pretoria to bring them in, but being shelled by the Boers had to put back under cover of the nek at Doornpoort, where the prisoners joined it, free men at last after their long weary period of captivity.

In the afternoon the 4th Brigade marched through the poort at Wonderboom, and passing through the suburbs of Pretoria, bivouacked at Silverton, about seven miles to the east. As one saw the strong natural position for defence in which the Boer capital lay, one wondered the more that no attempt had been made to hold it. Lying in a hollow surrounded by steep hills, on seven of which were forts containing powerful guns, it looked like a town capable of preserving its placid, sleepy state while masses of men were being vainly hurled against its bulwarks. But the Boer leaders, with creditable foresight, realized that to hold such a position would require almost the entire strength of their army, and that in the end, though the British might be kept at bay for months and be compelled to expend vast quantities of blood and treasure, the citadel must surely fall, and the whole country be therefore at the mercy of the conqueror. Wisely then, but doubtless with a heavy heart as they thought of all their labour and money wasted, they decided to abandon their beloved capital and to dismantle the forts.



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

RAADSAAL AND GRAND SQUARE, PRETORIA, JUST AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY OUR TROOPS.

June,
1900

June,
1900

The situation at this period is one of considerable interest, and is worthy of our attention, inasmuch as the surrender of Pretoria may be said to be a turning-point in the war, and to mark the adoption of a new policy in the Boer plan of campaign. Up to this point the Boers had fought as an organised army, in so far as any citizen army, wholly lacking in discipline and control, can be said to be organised. Arranged in "commandos" under local leaders, they had worked harmoniously enough and in comparative unison under Louis Botha, who early in the war had succeeded General Joubert in the supreme command. Incorporated in this force were several commandos of foreigners, amounting in all to some 3,000 men, led mostly by officers from Continental armies. These latter, though in themselves captains of ability and courage, were often a thorn in the side of their leaders owing to their jealousy of each other and their impatience of control by men whom they despised as untrained civilians. The exact proportions attained by this homogeneous mass have never been satisfactorily determined. Boers leaders themselves have solemnly reiterated the fact that at no one time during the war had they more than 25,000 men under arms. This statement is obviously untrue from the mere fact that when peace was declared as many as 20,000 men surrendered, while a like number were prisoners in our hands. Add to these the large number in concentration camps, many living quietly on their farms, the foreigners who had fled the country, to say nothing of several thousand killed, and one can only conclude that 60,000 men is a low estimate of the Boer Army at its strongest, while at least 90,000 men must at one time or another have borne arms against us. At the first offset our enemies met with a considerable measure of success; they were fighting in their own country, imbued with much religious and patriotic enthusiasm, and were numerically superior to ourselves. Gradually, however, as more and more British troops were landed in South Africa, the Boers found themselves compelled to fall back. Each position that they took up had in turn to be abandoned owing to our wide turning movements, until at last, their chief towns in our hands and their President a fugitive from his capital, the rank and file of the party, disheartened by continual retreat, felt that their cause was lost and that surrender at discretion was the best policy to adopt. Such a fate at this period was indeed no hardship, for Lord Roberts had issued a proclamation to the effect that any Boer surrendering with his arms might, on taking an oath to participate no further in the struggle, retire to his farm and carry on his business undisturbed.

This proclamation was open to criticism on three counts:—

1. The average Boer in no way recognised the validity of an oath, and considered he was committing an act of praiseworthy "slimness" in breaking it as soon as possible.

2. Given the best intention in the world, no Boer living unprotected on his farm could be expected to resist the pressure brought to bear on him by his own people, still under arms, in compelling him to rejoin them in the field.

3. Any act of leniency or conciliation on our part was invariably looked upon by the Boers as a sign of weakness.

This brings us to the juncture immediately after the surrender of Pretoria, early in June, 1900. The Boer fortunes may now be said to have been in the very trough of the wave. The horizon on all sides was black and unrelenting. The foreign mercenaries, seeing nothing further to be gained, were hurrying along the railway eastward to Delagoa Bay; the Free Staters, feeling that the Transvaalers had "let them in," saw no purpose in continuing the war now that it was no longer a question of defending their own homes; the Transvaalers themselves felt that their leaders had deceived them; their promises of help from overseas were still unfulfilled, and the sight of their government in flight sapped their small remaining store of confidence. This, then, was the opportunity for the subtle diplomacy of a Talleyrand or a de Witte. The Boer generals alone remained to be reckoned with, and once these were gained over there is little doubt the mass of their followers would have gone quietly to their farms, content to accept any conditions of peace so long as their personal liberty and the integrity of their property were secured.

On June 7th negotiations were opened between Lord Roberts and General Louis Botha, and lasted for two days, during which time we moved our camp to Zeekoegat, about 12 miles north-east of Pretoria, with orders to make no aggressive movement against the enemy. These negotiations, however, came to nothing, and the reason is not far to seek. Unconditional surrender was the only basis on which Lord Roberts was prepared to treat with Louis Botha. To make peace on such terms was political, social, and financial death to the Boer generals. The most powerful of them were members of the government. They had engineered the war, and knew that if they allowed it to come to an unsuccessful conclusion they would be for ever discredited in the eyes of their fellow countrymen, and could never again hope to exercise their former authority. Unless, therefore, they could satisfactorily provide for themselves, the continuance of the war in the hopes that something might turn up was infinitely preferable to immediate peace and the certainty of political extinction. A story which was circulated about this time throws considerable light on this question.

It was said that a certain influential merchant of Pretoria went to Lord Roberts and guaranteed, if given authority to negotiate in his name, to buy the surrender of two prominent Boer generals for a sum of £50,000 each. Lord Roberts, with that

June,
1900

June,
1900

high-mindedness peculiar to his character, is said to have repulsed the offer with disgust. In discussing the probability of the story one must remember that the government of the late South African Republic had been conducted on the most outrageous system of bribery and corruption, so that the offer of a large sum of money to purchase the surrender of two of its members is one which would doubtless have received their consideration. One cannot help reflecting what a good bargain it would have been for the British nation had the "deal" come off, involving, in fact, the saving of about £150,000,000 and 15,000 lives. But such musings on the "might have been" are vain. The fact alone remains that from this time on the Boer tactics changed, and the rupture of negotiations marked the commencement of a system of guerilla warfare, which, for ingenuity and success is absolutely unrivalled in history.

It was at Diamond Hill and Machadodorp only that the Boers after this made any determined stand against our advance; while De Wet almost immediately began that wonderful series of raids on our communications in the Orange River Colony and elsewhere which was to earn him a reputation as the most untiring and slippery of foes, and which was mainly instrumental in prolonging the war for two more years.

On June 10th active hostilities were resumed. The Boers were now holding a line 20 miles long, running from north to south across the Delagoa Bay Railway and about 15 miles from Pretoria. Lord Roberts decided to clear them out of this position, and allotted to General French and the Cavalry Division the task of turning the enemy's northern or right flank, and cutting the railway in rear of him.

At dawn on Monday, June 11th, the Division marched out from Zeekoegat and moved eastward down the Kameelfontein Valley, the 7th Dragoon Guards leading, and "A" squadron under Major Dietz forming the advanced guard. The strength of the Division had now been reduced by casualties, principally among the horses, to less than quarter of its original numbers, and on this day the Regiment only mustered 73 mounted men of all ranks. As we advanced the country became more and more difficult for scouting, being covered with scrub, and thickly dotted with small kopjes. "A" squadron, only 30 strong, found itself unable to cover sufficient front, and "C" squadron under Major Follett was sent up to reinforce it. The drift over the Pienaars River was crossed without opposition, though a Boer patrol was seen on a high wooded ridge within 800 yards of the drift, but retired as we advanced. Owing to the difficult nature of the country the advanced guard had not been able to get on as fast as was expected, and the main body of the 4th Brigade was pressing close on their heels. We were now moving down a valley about one mile wide, both sides of the road being thickly covered with scrub or stunted trees. On our right, and parallel to the line of

June,
1900

advance, ran the ridge already referred to, the foot of the slope being about 500 yards from the road. On the northern side of the valley to our left front were some high and pointed hills, sloping gently up from the valley, but falling away abruptly to the east. We were still moving slowly on, when the scouts from "A" squadron, while making good a small bare kopje on the right of and close to the road, were heavily fired on from a steep, rocky, tree-covered hill 800 yards east of it. This brought the advance guard to a standstill, and getting under cover, they dismounted and returned the fire, while a pom-pom was brought up to relieve the situation. At this moment up dashed General French to examine the situation for himself and discover why the progress was so slow. As he scanned the country through his glasses, surrounded by his own staff and General Dickson's, the whole forming a compact mass, a withering fire was suddenly poured in on them from the rocky kopje just mentioned. Major Hatherway, R.A.M.C., was shot through the stomach, but despite the close range no one else was touched, and General French continued to give his orders absolutely heedless of the bullets whistling viciously about him. General Dickson now attempted to take his brigade across the valley to the hills on our left front with the object of turning the Boers' right flank; but no sooner had we emerged from the shelter of the trees clustering close on the left of the road than we came under such a heavy fire that the Brigadier, seeing he could not cross the open without incurring very heavy loss, turned back and seized the round bare kopje on the right of the road, where our advance guard had first come under fire. Part of "A" and "C" squadrons then got the order to advance as the fire from the Boers' position had ceased. Mounting again, they rode over the ridge they were on, some of the party actually getting to the foot of the slope of the rocky kopje, when suddenly the Boers, who had been holding their fire, let fly. In such a hail of bullets the only thing to be done was to gallop back over the ridge again; this they managed to do with only one casualty—Private Abbott being wounded in the thigh and his horse hit in two places. The party then took up the position shown in the sketch, and little did they guess how long they would remain there. By this time "O" battery and our machine gun had come into action close to the road, as shown in the sketch. Although poorly hidden in the scrub, they pounded away incessantly at the rocky kopje at a range of 800 yards. Meanwhile "B" squadron under Captain Langworthy, taking what little cover they could find in the grass by the road, assisted the guns with their carbines. Major Brown, 14th Hussars, then came up to where "A" squadron was, and, quickly grasping the situation, very cleverly disposed his squadron in the rocks shown on the right of the sketch, thus making our right flank good, which, owing to our

June,
1900

weakness, we had been unable to occupy. Major Duff brought up his squadron of the 8th Hussars on their left, thus filling the gap between "A" and "C," and "B" squadron in the valley, while the remaining squadrons of the 8th continued the line to the right.

It was now 8-30 a.m., and in this position the 4th Brigade remained for 50½ hours, all the time under a galling fire, unable to move hand or foot without bringing down a perfect shower of bullets from the rocky kopje only 800 yards distant. At first we were under the impression that the high ridge on our right was held by the M.I., but our disillusionment was sudden and unpleasant when a pom-pom swept the reverse side of our kopje, several shells bursting among a group of men and led horses who imagined they were safely under cover. Several were wounded, but before further harm could be done a squadron of the 14th Hussars managed to effect a footing on the ridge, and the Boer gun was withdrawn. General Hutton's men later on relieved this squadron. All this time the 1st Brigade were working round to our left on the north of the Kameelfontein Valley, but before they could reach the hills a mile to our left front, two Boer guns and a pom-pom were seen creeping across the valley to these same hills. The Boers evidently seeing the scouts of the 1st Brigade already on the hills, contented themselves by coming into action at the point shown in the sketch. The attention of Sir John Jervis, commanding "O" battery, was drawn to these guns, but he replied that his time was entirely occupied keeping down the heavy rifle fire from the rocky kopje. In a few minutes the Boer guns came into action and immediately picked up the range of "O" battery, which, standing out in the valley as it was, practically without cover, presented an easy target. Shell after shell burst round and amongst our guns until nothing could be seen but a vast cloud of dust and smoke. As we on the kopje watched with breathless excitement what appeared to be the destruction of a splendid battery, the sudden flash of the answering guns told us that all was well. Captain Wheatley, undisturbed by the hell let loose about him, slewed his section round on to the Boer guns, and in ten minutes, incredible as it may seem, had reduced them to silence. Six of his nine men were placed *hors de combat*, but with one man to load and fire each gun and a third bringing up ammunition, he was yet more than a match for the Boers. It was a magnificent example of fire discipline, and one which will live in the minds of those privileged to see it to their dying day. The 1st Brigade pushing on seized the position which the Boers would have held but for "O" battery's heroic conduct, and from which they could have rendered our position untenable. And so all through that long weary day the fight went on, bullets and sun streaming ever mercilessly overhead. But at last darkness brought a respite, and worn out in mind and body we slept

where we had fought, our carbines beside us. Before dawn our men on the ridge were busy improving their little stone sangars to give head cover. The grass which had given a certain amount of cover during the day had been all trampled down during the night.

Sunrise on June 12th found the situation unchanged. Too weak ourselves to drive out the Boers in front of us, we were yet able to hold them while the Infantry in the centre and the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Brigades miles away on our right gradually

June,
1900



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

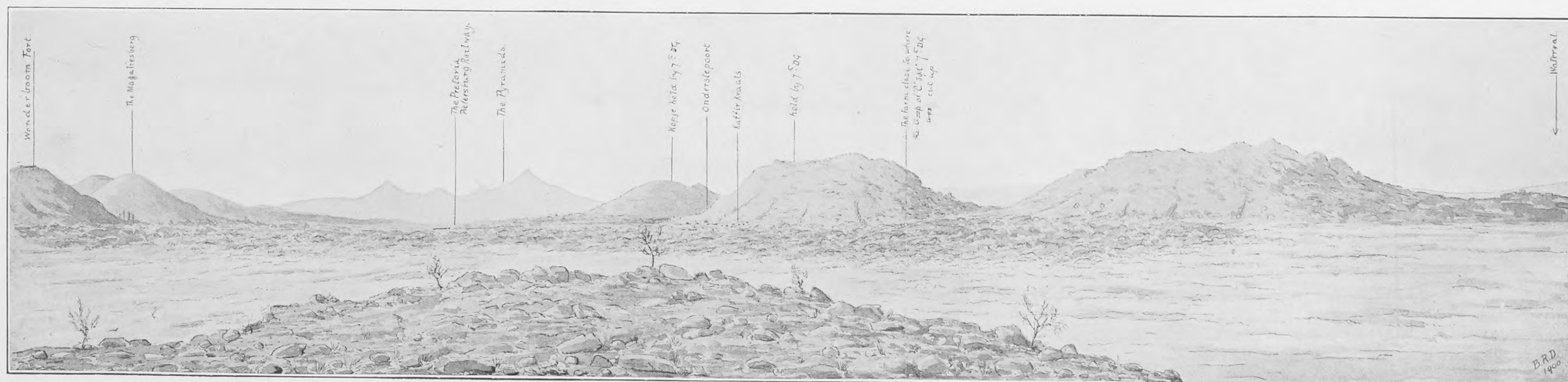
MAJOR SIR JOHN JERVIS, BART.,
COMMANDING "O" BATTERY, R.H.A.

rolled back the most determined stand our enemies had made since the beginning of the war. Many a gallant soldier had laid down his life on the previous day on the field of Diamond Hill—Airlie, Fortescue, Cavendish, and others—but strengthened rather than weakened at the thought of their stricken comrades, our men pushed home the attack with irresistible force. For us on the left the second day of the fight was even more trying than the first, lacking as we did "O" battery's very material help. Their ammunition had run out the day before, and no further supply was available owing to the ammunition column having followed in rear of the main body of Infantry attacking in the centre. And so all day long, still lining the bare crest of the kopje, with Captain Langworthy's squadron lying out in the road, the 4th Brigade carried on a short range rifle duel with the Boers comfortably hidden



From a sketch made at the time]

SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF DIAMOND HILL, FROM KAMEELFONTEIN LOOKING NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE PART TAKEN IN THE BATTLE BY GENERAL FRENCH'S CAVALRY DIVISION, ON THE LEFT FLANK. JUNE 11TH AND 12TH, 1900. [by Major B. R. Dietz.



From a sketch]

SKETCH OF THE COUNTRY NORTH OF PRETORIA, LOOKING WEST FROM DERDEPOORT.

[by Major B. R. Dietz.

June,
1900

behind their rocks and schanzes. The road in rear of our position was denied us owing to a Boer Long Tom, which kept up an incessant fire on it, and thus prevented us taking our horses down to water at the drift until after dark. Altogether, our situation was far from pleasant, yet the only casualty in the Regiment that day was Private Mudge wounded, though several horses standing under cover behind our position were hit by stray bullets which missed the crest. The longed-for night at last brought rest, and once again we slept on the ground that we had held all day. Soon after dark the good news flashed through by lamp that the enemy's left had given way, and cheered with this knowledge we fell asleep expecting developments on the morrow. The merry "pick-pock" of the Mausers told us soon after dawn that the enemy were still holding on, but firing soon ceased, and at 10-30 a.m. a patrol reported that the rocky kopje, which we had got to know so well, had been evacuated. The order was at once given to advance, but first of all it was necessary to fill up from the supply column, and by the time this was done it was already three o'clock. We then marched on 12 miles eastward to Tweefontein without seeing any sign of the enemy, and there we bivouacked. In passing, several of us took the opportunity of examining the kopje which the Boers had held so tenaciously, and the result well repaid us for our trouble. Everywhere the rocks were spattered with marks of shrapnel and rifle bullets, and the trees were torn and twisted in all directions. We could not but admire our opponents for the bull-dog courage they had displayed in holding on to their position for two whole days under what must have been a positive inferno of fire. Dead bodies we saw none, for the Boers always took the greatest care to hide any signs of their own losses, while prisoners would assert with perfect seriousness that their casualties in some big fight had been perhaps only one man killed and three slightly wounded—all this, no doubt, with the idea of disheartening us. Next day (June 14th) we returned to Kameel Drift and bivouacked on a pleasant slope close to the Pienaars River, about 12 miles north-east of Pretoria, further advance being useless, as Lord Roberts had accomplished his object in driving the Boers from the neighbourhood of Pretoria.

That afternoon General French assembled the Commanding Officers and Squadron Commanders of the 4th Cavalry Brigade and addressed them as follows:—

General Dickson and Officers of the 4th Cavalry Brigade, I have sent for you this evening in order to be able to personally convey to you my

very high appreciation and admiration of the way in which you occupied and held a ridge for over 48 hours under a very heavy fire. We came more or less unexpectedly under fire under circumstances which might have—I will not say justified—but I will say excused a retirement to the pass, but under this fire the manner in which the hill was taken and the position occupied by the troops was such as to reflect the greatest credit, of course first on General Dickson for his dispositions, but also on all Commanding Officers and Squadron Commanders for the skilful manner in which those dispositions were carried out.

"These troops remained there for over 48 hours under a fire which must have been most trying to the nerves of both officers and men. The hill was the key of the position and its occupation a matter of great importance.

"I can also bear testimony to the very excellent work done by 'O' battery under Major Sir John Jervis. It is by no means the first time during the campaign that I have had to speak of the gallantry and coolness of this battery under fire, and I am sure its behaviour the other day was the admiration of the whole brigade.

"There is one other incident I wish to mention, which the busy time we have had lately has alone prevented my doing before. This was on the 29th May outside Johannesburg, when a most important kopje was most gallantly taken by some squadrons of the brigade. I have no doubt all did well, but I especially noticed myself the 7th Dragoon Guards under Colonel Lowe. The occupation of the kopje enabled General Hamilton to bring up his Division and pivot on it, and practically ensured the success of the day's operations. I should like my remarks conveyed to all the men in your squadrons.

"I shall, of course, take the earliest opportunity of repeating to the Field-Marshal what I have just told you."

It is not the custom in our Army for Commanders to continually address their troops in terms of fulsome praise, believing, as we do, that the performance of duty is its own reward. Such remarks, therefore, coming as they did from the greatest cavalry leader of our time, filled us with satisfaction and produced a feeling of no little elation amongst the men when published in orders on the following day.

June,
1900

June,
1900

General Dickson also read aloud the following letter which he had received from Major-General Hutton, commanding the 1st Mounted Infantry Brigade:—

DOORNPOORT,
PRETORIA,
June 14th.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I am sure I shall not be misunderstood when I ask your permission to express to you, and to the 4th Cavalry Brigade, the admiration of the Mounted Infantry Brigade, under my command, and myself, at the determined and gallant manner in which they held the exposed kopje on our left, by their dismounted men, throughout the whole of the 11th and 12th instants. We, the Mounted Infantry, feel that no infantry, mounted or otherwise, could have better maintained the difficult and dangerous position than did our Cavalry comrades of the 4th Cavalry Brigade.

EDWARD HUTTON,
*Major-General,
Commanding 1st Mounted Infantry Brigade.*

General Dickson also addressed the Brigade a few days later, after church parade, saying that he was proud to command such a force, whose conduct had come under the notice of those high in authority. It was difficult, he said, to pick out which corps had most distinguished itself, but he felt compelled to say that the splendid behaviour of "O" battery under a terrible fire on June 11th made it an honour for us to have them in our Brigade.

For three weeks we remained at Kameel Drift, living a life of comparative ease and luxury after our hard work. There is little of interest to relate of our time there. The days were spent in writing home, reading, riding into Pretoria, and making shelters out of beams and tin roofing. A good example of the latter, which was christened "No. 1 Park Lane," is shown in the accompanying photo. Luckily this was the dry season, and no very elaborate building was necessary against the inroads of the weather. A large number of remounts arrived during this period, so that on July 7th the Regiment was able to parade 346 strong when ordered to proceed to Waterval with "O" battery. On reaching Onderste Poort, a pass in a range of kopjes about 12 miles north of Pretoria, through which runs the railway to Waterval and Pietersburg, we halted and relieved the Scots Greys, the latter, together with four guns from "O" battery, moving on to Zilikats Nek, 11 miles south-west of us. Our position at Onderste Poort was a very isolated one. The nearest troops on our right flank were at Derdepoort eight

miles to the south-east, where General Dickson now was with the Brigade headquarters and the 14th Hussars, the 1st Brigade and the 8th Hussars having already marched southward with Hutton's Mounted Infantry Brigade, to operate against some Boers to the south-east of Pretoria. To the south was Wonderboom Fort, six miles distant, while our left flank was entirely unprotected, there being no troops nearer than those at Commando Nek, ten miles to the south-west. A large number of Boers with artillery were reported to be some five or six miles north of our bivouac, so that the general situation gave one anything but a feeling of security.

July 8th and 9th passed by without incident, but on the 10th a Kaffir came in with the intelligence that 10 Boers were on the most easterly of the line of kopjes which the Regiment was holding, and that 50 or 60 more Boers were supporting them within a short distance. Colonel Lowe, seeing that his right flank was thus threatened, decided to drive the Boers off the ridge at dawn on July 11th,

July,
1900



Photo by

[Col. Thompson.]

CAPTAIN CHURCH AND MAJOR FOLLETT IN THEIR HUT AT
KAMEEL DRIFT, JUNE—JULY, 1900.

and asked General Dickson to send a squadron of the 14th Hussars from Derdepoort to protect his flank. Before daybreak, therefore, on the 11th, "C" squadron under Captain Dyer marched out from the bivouac, Major Follett, who had commanded the squadron with conspicuous ability throughout the war, having been obliged to go into hospital only two days before on account of his eyesight. Three troops moved through the pass and then turned eastward along the northern side of the line of kopjes, while the fourth troop under Captain Church made for a farm close to the southern slope of the kopje which the Boers were said to be holding, and dismounted in a neighbouring donga. At daylight some of the enemy were perceived in the farm, and Church at once opened fire on them, to which the Boers replied with a heavy fire both

July,
1900

from the kopje in front and also from the left rear. The country all round was covered with thick bush, thus facilitating any attempt at surrounding our men and making it impossible to keep an efficient look-out. Some Boers, under cover of the trees, fired into the led horses and succeeded in stampeding them, while others again crept up the donga and fired into our men from the rear. Retreat was hopeless, and after a brave fight the troop was overpowered. Captain Church himself was severely wounded, and Lieut. K. K. Mackellar, Corpl. W. Gold, and Pte. E. Payne killed, Pte. E. McLachlin being mortally wounded.

The following were captured, several of them being hit:—Shoering-smith F. England, Privates A. Ball, F. Higgins, J. Littlefield, J. Bird, Bright, S. Baker, H. Hinkins, H. Mitchell, F. O'Brien, besides eight men of the 17th Lancers who were temporarily attached to the Regiment. Later in the day Private Stein, of "A" squadron, was killed during the retirement of the Regiment on Wonderboom.

In the meantime the advance guard of the three troops on the north side of the ridge had also become engaged with the enemy. Lieut. Cholmley, who was in command, had been warned to look out for the 14th Hussars coming from Derdepoort, and suddenly seeing some men dressed in khaki in the thick bush about 50 yards from him, promptly waved his helmet to attract their attention. Their only reply was a volley, which quickly enlightened him as to their identity. One bullet slit his breeches, making a long flesh wound in the thigh; two more pierced his coat, a fourth struck his horse in the jaw, while another two made holes in his saddle. A large body of Boers some 500 strong with several guns now appeared on Captain Dyer's left flank, and forced him slowly to retire. The 14th Hussars could render no assistance as they were themselves driven back by heavy shell fire, so that at 11 a.m. Colonel Lowe decided to evacuate his position. The retirement was carried out in admirable order despite the harassing action of the Boers. Every atom of stores, forage, etc., was safely removed from the bivouac, although to accomplish

this several waggons had to make two journeys, and the greatest credit is due to Lieut. Caillard, the Regimental Transport Officer, for his arrangements. By 4 p.m. Colonel Lowe had got the whole of his force, including the two guns from "O" battery, safely under the shelter of Wonderboom Fort. The cool and skilful manner in which he handled his command came under the notice of those in authority, and Lord Roberts mentioned him in terms of praise in a cable sent next day to the Secretary of State. The wounded were brought in in an ambulance which was asked for by General Grobelaar, the Boer commander. Captain Church had been treated in the most outrageous manner. Although badly hit in the shoulder the Boers had torn his bandolier off over his head, rifled his pockets even of letters, and then after calling him a "cursed rooinek" left him out in the blazing sun all day until he was brought in by our ambulance.

Poor Mackellar's case was a peculiarly sad one. He had only joined the Regiment a fortnight before on appointment from the Australian Horse, in which he had served throughout the war with great distinction. Although so recently come amongst us, he had already proved himself to be a young officer of courage and resource, and all ranks deeply deplored his untimely death. He did not actually belong to "C" squadron, but had volunteered to guide Captain Church to the farm where the Boers were located, having been there himself with a patrol on the previous day.

The Regiment remained at Wonderboom that night, and next day (July 12th) rejoined headquarters at Derdepoort. July 11th was an unlucky day for the Regiment. Up to this time we had been singularly fortunate, having experienced less casualties than most other cavalry regiments, but at Onderste Poort, in a mere affair of outposts, we lost in a few minutes three officers and twenty men. Such is the fortune of war, and we must take the rough with the smooth; but there seems something intensely pathetic in a man losing his life in a trumpery skirmish after coming unscathed through long and hard-fought battles.



July,
1900

CHAPTER VI.

BELFAST

(JULY 11TH--SEPT. 20TH, 1900).

July,
1900

ON July 11th, whilst the Regiment was fighting its way out of the dangerous position in which it had been placed at Onderste Poort, General Sir George Marshall arrived at Derdepoort to take over command of the northern defences of Pretoria, the concentration of a large force of Boers from the direction of Waterval indicating a general attack. Reinforcements were accordingly sent up, and in addition to the 14th Hussars and 7th Dragoon Guards, two battalions of infantry and several guns came under General Marshall's command. On the 16th, Mahon's Brigade also arrived, and a reconnaissance in force was made towards the north under the personal observation and direction of the Commander-in-chief. We had not gone more than two miles before the enemy was encountered, and some long-range firing was indulged in on both sides, but no attempt was made to bring on an active engagement. Lord Roberts, having satisfied himself as to the Boers' strength and position, ordered a general retirement. One incident of our homeward march occurs to the writer. We were passing close to a small, rocky kopje on which stood a group of staff officers. The Boers appeared to be trying to get the range of this kopje, for we noticed that two or three shells burst in its neighbourhood, each one nearer than the last. Suddenly one shell landed right on top of the kopje, close to an officer who was eagerly scanning the enemy's position through his telescope, and covered him with dust. Absolutely unmoved by his narrow escape from death, his only action was to flick off the dust with his handkerchief and then resume his observation of the enemy's movements. This officer was General French.

On July 17th, augmented by the Scots Greys and riding a large number of fresh remounts, the 4th Cavalry Brigade marched to Grootfontein, and thence next day to Olifantsfontein, some 50 miles south-east of Pretoria, where General Hutton with the Mounted Infantry Brigade and Gordon's (late Porter's) Brigade of Cavalry had already had some stiff fighting. On July 16th Hutton had been attacked by a large force of Boers under General Ben Viljoen, and only succeeded in driving them off after losing 58 men. During the action one of our lyddite shells struck the tree shown in the accompanying photograph, under which was standing a group of five Boers and a pony. The result was a surprising instance of the terrific force of lyddite. Every member of the group was blown into fragments, pieces of human flesh being afterwards found sticking high up among the branches of the tree, whilst the carcase of the pony was hurled many yards away.

Whilst halted at Olifantsfontein we received the sad news of the death of Captain B. E. Church, which had taken place on July 18th. The wound which he had received in the shoulder at Onderste Poort a week previously had developed blood poisoning as a result of the inhuman treatment meted out to him by the Boers, and mortification had supervened. The news of Captain Church's death cast a gloom over the whole Regiment. Although not actually a Black Horseman, he had, since joining at Aldershot in the previous January, closely identified himself with the Regiment, and had endeared himself to all his new comrades by his unflinching cheerfulness and devotion to duty. Although he had retired from the Army and was living the life of a country gentleman, Captain Church had offered his services at the call of patriotism, only to leave his bones in a foreign land. But not in vain; for he and others like him have bequeathed to future generations an example which cannot fail to stimulate in the hearts of thousands yet to come a like spirit of whole-hearted patriotism.

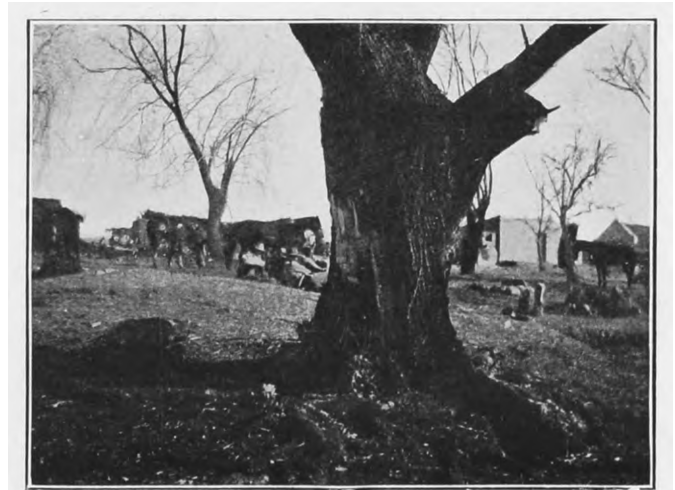
July,
1900

Photo by]

[Major Combe, R.A.]

TREE AT OLIFANTSFONTEIN PIERCED BY LYDDITE SHELL.

Lord Roberts' plan was to advance eastward astride of the railway, and, accordingly, on July 23rd we moved off, the Cavalry Division on the right flank, and the remainder of the line, consisting of the main body, along the railway, with Mahon's Brigade and General Ian Hamilton's column on the left flank. General French divided his command into

July,
1900

three—Hutton's Brigade moving nearest the railway on the left, the 4th Brigade in the centre, and the 1st Brigade on the right.

After going about six miles on the 23rd we sighted the enemy, and some desultory long-range shell fire was carried on by both sides, little progress being made on ours owing to the necessity of conforming to the general advance. After a long and tiresome day we bivouacked at Dieplaagte, and next morning again moved forward, at first unopposed, but later to find the enemy holding a long ridge to our immediate front. General Dickson was ordered to demonstrate against it, and advanced in mass over open country, while the Boers shelled us vigorously. Their shooting was accurate, but luckily, owing to our being at wide intervals, no harm was done, and at last we got near enough to them for our short-range 12-pounders to get a



Photo by [] [Col. Thompson.

A WELCOME SIGHT ON TREK: CAPTAIN BUTCHER
MARKING THE RIGHT OF THE BIVOAC.

chance. Under cover of a low ridge Sir John Jervis ran up his battery and opened such a hail of shrapnel on the enemy's guns that they immediately limbered up without attempting to reply. The 4th Brigade then pushed on again until within about 2,000 yards of the Boers, when they opened on us with a pom-pom. Captain Langworthy thereupon dismounted his squadron and proceeded to advance up the ridge, his led horses coming in for a severe handling from the pom-pom, but he eventually succeeded in dislodging the Boers, and we bivouacked close by, at Zaaiwater. On the 25th the 4th

Aug.,
1900

Brigade was broken up, the 8th and 14th Hussars being sent to join Gordon's Brigade, while the 7th Dragoon Guards and "O" Battery remained in the centre of the Division. About noon we were sent to Witbank Colliery in support of the Carabiniers, who found themselves unable to advance, and moved on thence to Naauwpoort, which we reached after dusk in torrents of bitterly cold rain. That night was a miserable one for men and horses, and of the infantry who were bivouacking on high ground it is reported that more than one man died of exposure, notably an officer of a Highland Regiment, who gave up his greatcoat to one of his men. It is good to read in these prosaic days of such an act of noble self-sacrifice, and we only regret that we do not know the name of the gallant officer who thus laid down his life.

Next day (July 26th) the Regiment moved forward again on the left of Gordon's Brigade, and without coming under fire bivouacked at Klipfontein, about 10 miles due south of Middelburg. The 1st Brigade, however, were constantly in touch with the enemy, who everywhere fell back in front of them, and by nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th General Hutton had entered Middelburg unopposed, while General Gordon held the line of the Klein Olifant's River with his left on Middelburg. General Dickson was appointed Military Governor of the town, and the 7th Dragoon Guards, being the only unit of the 4th Brigade still remaining under his command, were temporarily attached to Hutton's Mounted Infantry Brigade, and on the 29th marched out to Doornkop, 10 miles north of Middelburg, to protect the left flank of General French's line. The town of Middelburg was, after Johannesburg and Pretoria, by far the pleasantest we had as yet seen. The houses were well built, standing back from the road and fronted by neatly-kept gardens. The streets themselves were broad and clean, edged with trees, and numerous streams of clear, running water lent an air of freshness to the scene.

Until August 17th General French made Middelburg his headquarters, while Lord Roberts prepared for a further advance eastward. During this period of inactivity we had ample leisure for studying the Boer character, many burghers being found in the town on our arrival, all protesting loyalty and anxious to take the oath of allegiance, which, as we have already explained, they lost no time in breaking. One amusing case occurs to us in this connection. An old Boer, of the name of Weeber, resided in Middelburg, and hastened to the Courthouse on the day after our occupation in order to take the oath. This, it so happened, was administered to him by the writer, and by its terms Mr. Weeber, among other things, swore that he had given up all arms and knew of none hidden anywhere. On the very next day the writer was accompanying Captain Burns-Lindow, the Assistant Provost-Marshal, in a house-to-house visitation, and

Aug.,
1900

arrived at Mr. Weeber's office, which was found locked. With the aid of a couple of stalwart provosts the door was soon broken open, and a careful search revealed a couple of rifles and several rounds of ammunition hidden in an obscure spot. We accordingly closed up the door again and sent for Mr. Weeber, and on his arrival the following conversation took place:—

A.P.M.—“This is your office, I think, Mr. Weeber?”

Mr. W.—“Yes, Captain.”

A.P.M.—“You have no arms or ammunition here, I suppose?”

Mr. W.—“Ach! No, Captain.”

A.P.M.—“You took the oath to that effect yesterday, I believe?”

Mr. W.—“Yes, Captain.”

A.P.M. (*dramatically*).—“Open the door!” And then, pointing to the rifles and ammunition, “What do you call those?”

Hopeless collapse of Mr. Weeber, who was immediately dragged off to the gaol protesting that an enemy had put the incriminating articles in his office in order to get him into trouble! He was sent down to Cape Town for trial, but we never heard the result.

On August 8th the Regiment, less half of “C” squadron, which remained at Doornkop, marched back to Middelburg, and thence on the 9th Captain Dyer took “B” squadron to Bankfontein, about nine miles away on the railway, while the remainder marched to Wonderfontein Station, 28 miles to the eastward, the most advanced post of General French's force.

On August 10th Captain Dyer's detachment was attacked by the Boers, and three of his posts driven in. Pte. F. C. Swan was killed, Pte. H. Wood severely wounded, while Ptes. T. Evans and C. Isaacs were captured.

At last, on August 16th, orders were received for the Cavalry Division to concentrate, and the following day the Regiment marched to Leeufontein, two miles from Wonderfontein, where on the 18th General Dickson resumed command of the 4th Brigade. Major Peters was left behind at Middelburg, having been appointed Governor in General Dickson's place. During the time that the latter had held the post, Major Peters had assisted his chief in the ablest and most untiring manner, and had evinced such a striking capacity for organisation and control that it was felt no better officer could be selected for the government of this important town. The loss of his services as Brigade Major was no light one, but the 4th Brigade was lucky in obtaining as his successor another distinguished Cavalry officer in the person of Captain Paul Kenna, V.C., 21st Lancers.

Lord Roberts was now ready to continue his advance, and had already got into touch with General Buller's Army encamped at Geluk, about 16 miles east of Wonderfontein. No forward movement was made until August 26th, by which time the Cavalry Division had also reached Geluk and bivouacked on the left of Buller's camp. Many and varied were the rumours which we had heard about the splendour and luxury of the Natal Army, and those who paid it a visit came back saying, in the words of the Queen of Sheba, “that the half had not been told them.” Very different was the condition of Buller's force, man and beast, from that of the hard, hungry-looking men and tucked-up horses who had been proud to follow French in his victorious progress from Colesburg to Middelburg. At Geluk we found “Field Force Canteens,”

Aug.,
1900



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

R.S.M. C. BIRT ON HIS GREY CHARGER (DYED KHAKI SO AS TO BE LESS CONSPICUOUS).

where every man could get his “pint,” tinned foods in great variety and quantity, treacle and blankets for the oxen, corn and mealies for the mules, while the horses looked fit for the show ring. We spoke of outposts, and our cavalry comrades of Buller's Army said, “Oh, yes, that's some job the infantry do of a night, isn't it?” We gently murmured “Forty-five mile marches,” and they answered, “Well, we've done as much as ten or twelve sometimes,” and appealed to each other for corroboration. But far be it from us to envy them their “slope,” if such it can be called, for what they had missed in the way of half-rations and forced marches, they had more than made up for in hard and continuous fighting. For these same men with their canteens and their tents were the very ones who, day after day, week after week, and month after month, had hurled themselves without ceasing against the rampart of rifles around Ladysmith. Fearless and undismayed

Aug.,
1900

by the shambles of the Tugela, Spion Kop, and Vaal Krantz, they had at last streamed irresistibly across the deadly heights of Pieter's Hill, careless of loss, and freed the starving garrison, which, with unwavering trust and confidence had awaited their coming. There are few records in history of such a series of reverses as that which preceded the relief of Ladysmith, but there are *none* which tell of defeat more bravely borne or of determination more splendidly displayed. For all our chaff at their comforts and luxuries, we of the Cavalry Division were proud to join hands with the men of the Natal Army, and to know that we had such gallant comrades with whom to fight shoulder to shoulder.

On August 25th the Boers were located holding a line of hills from Steynplaats to Welgevonden on the Komati River. Belfast was already occupied by the 11th Division under Pole-Carew, and on the 26th a general advance was made. Buller moving eastward, south of the railway, found the enemy in position at Dalmanutha, whence, after a fierce engagement, he succeeded in driving him back. Pole-Carew's Division marched parallel with Buller, but north of the railway and about three miles from it, while French, after concentrating the Cavalry at Belfast, marched north for some six or eight miles and then turned eastward. The day was Sunday, a proverbial one for moving and fighting, and we had not long to wait for this particular Sunday to act up to its traditions. The Boers were found holding a strong line, the right on some high and seemingly inaccessible hills, but running down to a low rocky ridge on the left. While the 1st Brigade boldly attacked the Boer right, General Dickson was ordered to turn his left flank. Moving down into the valley at a swinging trot the 4th Brigade, which was in mass, at once came under heavy shell fire. Again and again the big projectiles shrieked murderously over our heads only to bury themselves with a snort of baffled rage in the soft earth between the well-opened files. All the time we were rapidly approaching the low rocky ridge on the far side of the valley, and such was the impetuosity with which the movement was made that the scouts, whose horses were very exhausted, had no time to get on ahead and make good the advance. They were but 400 yards in front of the Brigade when they reached the lowest part of the valley, not more than 200 yards from the foot of the ridge which it was our object to seize. Suddenly we saw them stop and their horses begin to flounder, and in a moment we realized that they had ridden into a bog. Up till now the Boers holding the ridge had prudently withheld their fire, hoping doubtless to induce the whole Brigade to walk into the bog and then mow us down in hundreds. But the sight of our helpless scouts struggling with their horses was a temptation too strong for the enemy, and he opened on them with a heavy rifle fire. The Brigadier

immediately signalled to the Brigade to retire, and almost at the same moment Sir John Jervis came into action at the gallop, and, not for the first time, saved the situation. His guns were but 800 yards from the enemy's position, but he hesitated not a moment. No sooner had the retiring Brigade cleared his front than the first two shrapnel from Learmonth's section burst true to a yard about 12 feet over the ridge. All round the guns bullets whipped up the dry ground into little spurts of dust, whilst some struck the guns and limbers themselves; but no courage could withstand the precision of our shrapnel, and gradually the Boer rifles ceased to speak. In the meantime the 7th Dragoon Guards had pushed on across the bog, dismounting and leading their horses, luckily covered by the fire of Learmonth's guns; but hardly had they accomplished this dangerous task than orders came by a galloper to retire. The order was immediately carried out, and in doing so the Regiment came again under shell and rifle fire, but, strange to relate, managed to rejoin the Brigade with the insignificant loss of two horses killed. Later in the day the Regiment was again ordered to seize the ridge, and this time Colonel Lowe reconnoitred it from the south so as to avoid the bog, and found that the Boers had already left it. We bivouacked that night at Lakenvlei, with our outposts on the ridge itself, after a day which, but for Sir John Jervis's promptness and a fair share of luck, might have ended disastrously for the Regiment. As it was, our only casualty was Pte. Wood, who received a severe wound in the thigh from a bullet which ricocheted off another man's boot.

On the following day (August 27th) we pushed on eastwards practically unopposed, except for long-range shell fire, after having been relieved by the Mounted Infantry of the 11th Division at Lakenvlei, and again on the 28th marched on through very rough, mountainous country, everywhere driving back the Boers, who were only in small numbers. That night we bivouacked holding a rocky ridge overlooking the Elands River Valley, down which runs the railway to Komati Poort. The welcome news of Buller's success at Dalmanutha and of his occupation of Machadodorp had reached us that day, and many were the speculations round the camp fires as to what would be our next move, for cavalry were out of place in such mountainous country.

On the 29th, like flies on a wall, we slowly wended our way down into the valley, mostly leading our horses, and to our surprise, on reaching Helvetia, met Buller's Army coming over the ridge from Machadodorp. Again pushing on in a south-easterly direction, we arrived before nightfall on the edge of what appeared to be a huge gorge, and looking over into the depths saw the little town of Waterval Onder nestling about the railway line a thousand feet below.

Aug.,
1900

Aug.,
1900

Next day the cavalry advanced some way down the road into the valley and occupied the ridge overlooking the railway. The Boers held the heights on the opposite side, but owing to the thick scrub it was impossible to locate them. At about 10 a.m. a large crowd of men were observed advancing westward up the valley, a white flag at their head. General Dickson immediately reported this movement to General French, who, knowing white flag tricks of old, ordered Dickson to send a message to warn the advancing body that unless they halted they would be fired on. But by the time this order was received, Major Dietz, whose squadron was some way down the steep slope, had discovered that the approaching crowd consisted of our own prisoners, just released from the Boer prison at Nooitgedacht, about 10 miles eastward down the valley. It was fortunate that he did so, for he was only just in time to prevent the guns of "O" battery from opening fire. And a pitiful, motley crew they looked as they toiled wearily up the steep road from the railway, unkempt, unclothed, unfed. Many we had known before in more prosperous days, but few indeed there were that one could recognise. They had all the same story to tell—how they had been kept shut up since June in a wire cage with no shelter from the sun or rain but what they could rig up with blankets; mealies or beans for food, with once a week half a pound of meat per man; their clothes in rags, with the knowledge that when at last the longed-for release came they must be tried by court-martial for having been captured. It is hard to imagine a more pitiable lot, and as they one by one staggered panting to the top of the ravine we pressed such little dainties as we still had on our more needy comrades. There were but few officers among them, nearly all having been taken on by the Boers to Barberton; but two or three had disguised themselves as privates, amongst others a very gallant and capable officer, Lieutenant Rundle, in the Carabiniers, who had been captured near Pretoria, and who, alas! was destined to lose his life later in the campaign. Eleven men of the Regiment, and eight of the 17th Lancers, who had been captured at Onderstepoort, were amongst the released prisoners. Colonel Lowe was informed that several were still below in the valley too weak to climb up, and he accordingly despatched Dr. Aymard with an ambulance, escorted by 2nd Lieutenant Russell, 17th Lancers, and a few men, to bring them up. Contrary to all the customs of war, the Boers took the whole of this party prisoners and sent them down to Lourenço Marques, whence they eventually reached Cape Town by sea. That night the Cavalry Division bivouacked again in the same place as the previous night, and next day (August 31st) marched to Machadodorp, General French having informed Lord Roberts that the country was absolutely impracticable for cavalry.

The whole force now halted for a couple of days, and on September 3rd a new movement was

commenced, Buller going to Lydenberg, a mountainous district north of the railway, the 11th Division moving eastward along the railway to Komati Poort, while French, with the Cavalry and a mixed force of two battalions of Infantry (the Shropshires and Suffolks), a Brigade of mounted Colonials under Mahon, and a 5in. naval gun under Captain Bearcroft, R.N., marched to Barberton, a moderate-sized and prosperous town situated about 60 miles east-south-east of Machadodorp, not far from the Sheba and Avoca goldmines, two of the richest in South Africa. It was important that this

Sept.,
1900

4TH CAVALRY BRIGADE STAFF, MACHADODORP.
SEPTEMBER, 1900.



Photo by]

Capt. P. A. Kenna, V.C.
(Brigade Major). Maj.-Gen. J. B. B. Dickson,
O.B. (Comdg.).
Capt. M. F. Gage (A.D.C.).
Capt. I. W. Burns-Lindow
(A.P.M.).

[Col. Thompson.

Maj. Van Niekerak
(Intell. Officer).
Lt. N. D. H. Campbell
(Sig. Officer).

district should be cleared, and Barberton was also worthy of attention as being the terminus of a branch line from Kaapmuiden on the Delagoa Bay Railway. French desired above all things to keep secret the fact that Barberton was his objective, and he accordingly decided to move *via* Carolina, a small town 30 miles south of Machadodorp. This ruse had the desired effect of making the Boers believe that he was making for Ermelo, an important town 30 miles south of Carolina.

On September 3rd the 1st Brigade moved off from Machadodorp, followed the next day by the 4th Brigade escorting a large ox convoy. Progress was slow, as roads were bad and oxen were unfit, many dying on the road; but after an uneventful march, merely enlivened by a little desultory sniping, we reached Carolina on September 6th. Here we remained till the 9th, waiting for a convoy of 80 waggons, which arrived from Belfast on the 8th, and then moved off again in an easterly direction.

Sept.,
1900

The aspect of the country changed as we advanced, becoming more and more mountainous, this being especially trying for the Regiment and the 8th Hussars, as they were acting as rearguard and escort to the convoy, the 14th Hussars having been attached to the 1st Brigade. Mahon's Brigade, after going a few miles, surprised some Boers in their laager, but they quickly took up a strong position opposing our advance, and refused to clear out until the Suffolks delivered a frontal attack. Cold steel had no attraction for Brother Boer, and the sight of the bayonet caused him to beat a hasty retreat, our loss being only one man killed and four wounded. As the advance was continued over the position lately held by the enemy, a fresh grave, surmounted by a cross, was perceived by one of Mahon's enterprising Colonials, who, having had some experience of Boer dodges, promptly dug it up, and discovered a quantity of 12-pounder shells. The news of this interesting find was soon passed down the column, with the result that a little further on an unfortunate Boer, who had been buried near the roadside, was dug up by each succeeding regiment in turn as they marched by. That night the 4th Brigade bivouacked high up in the mountains at Reitfontein, and next day marched down into the valley by a steep difficult road in the wake of the 1st Brigade. On the 11th, as we moved out of our bivouac in a narrow valley, a small party of Boers energetically sniped us from the hills high up on our left, but the range must have been at least 3,000 yards, and despite a large expenditure of ammunition, the only damage recorded was one of Major Dietz's horses slightly wounded. That day's march, though not actually long in distance, was one of the most tiring which we made owing to the time taken by the transport to cross a very bad drift over the Zeekoe River. Whilst halting at mid-day for the oxen to rest, we discovered a natural hot spring close to the road, and many of us indulged in the best hot bath we had had since we landed in South Africa. The pool was deep and large enough to swim about in, and would have been much too hot for bathing but for a cold stream of water which rushed into it from a high overhanging rock. At last, after what seemed an interminable march, we reached Hlomo-hlom on the Komati River at 1-15 a.m., and lost no time in falling asleep. Next day (September 12th) we crossed the river and marched over comparatively level country to Onverwacht at the foot of the Tafelkop Pass. This so-called "Pass" actually consisted of a road up the side of the mountain, about two miles long, in some places running at a slope of one in one, or 45°. The 1st Brigade, unhampered by heavy baggage, easily negotiated this obstacle, and on the 13th, accompanied by General French, entered Barberton, to the intense astonishment of the inhabitants. The arrival of the British Cavalry was totally unlooked for by the Boers, and directly they realised that the force

trekking towards them across the plain was not one of their own commandos, they lost no time in making good their retreat, leaving behind them the captured officers who had been removed from Nooitgedacht, some thousands of Boer women who had all been sent to Barberton for safety, and, lastly, a valuable prize of 44 railway engines and a mass £11,000 in notes, which Major Scobell, with the advanced squadron of the Scots Greys, captured from the landrost of Vryheid on the way to the town.

It was not till September 20th that General Dickson with the 4th Brigade reached Barberton. The work of drawing the waggons up the steep, slippery, twisting road of Tafelkop Pass was one of the most difficult which had as yet fallen to our lot. Waggons had to be treble spanned, and large numbers of natives had to be impressed into our service, with the promise that they might keep the carcasses of the oxen which died on the journey. To the Kaffir, meat is meat, and it matters but little to him whether it is fresh or high, or what has been the cause of death. In this case the reward must have exceeded his wildest expectations, for hardly a yard of that cruel stage but was marked by the body of some poor gallant beast. The stench was appalling, but fortunately for the Kaffir his olfactory senses are not highly developed, and it was no uncommon sight to see naked little niggers, knife in hand, standing inside the carcase of an ox, their heads just appearing over the ribs, while they hacked away for dear life at the already putrid flesh.

We were on the very borders of Swaziland, which accounted for the large number of natives who collected round us like vultures. For the most part they were of the preferable species, absolutely uncivilised and consequently untainted by the vices which the mission-station Kaffir almost invariably

Sept.,
1900



Photo by]

[Major Dietz.

LIEUT. CHAPPELL AND A "DUSKY BROTHER."

Sept.,
1900

assimilates in so marked a degree. To those who are students of human nature, the Kaffir character opens out an intensely interesting and fertile field. Those of the raw, untrained variety are governed by what is in many points a high moral code; they are truthful and honest, while the honour of their women is guarded with the utmost strictness. In war they are brave, though, of course, what we should term cruel, but there is much good sense in their methods. Their object in war is to defeat and destroy their enemy, and they cannot understand our extraordinary principle of behaving better to our foes than to our friends. They say that our so-called leniency is weakness, and who can say that they are not right? They say, "You English, you are great lords, for you eat meat every day, but you make war like children. When you capture you do not kill, but you release your prisoners in order that they may kill you another day. It is madness." The raw Kaffir's theories are not those of the Hague Convention, but it is an open question whether his barbarous methods are not in the end the most humane. War is war with him. He kills and is killed in fierce hot blood, but the killing is over the sooner.

Were we civilised nations to guide our warlike policy more on the lines of the "poor benighted heathen," there is little doubt that we should hear less of wars and rumours of war. Sir Wilfrid Lawson once said, "You might as well talk of 'sober drunkenness' as of 'civilised warfare,'" and he expressed a sound truth which the Kaffir, with all his "blindness," can appreciate better than most European statesmen. At the present stage in the evolution of the human race war is a necessary evil, but the more fiercely and resolutely it is waged, the less time it will last, and consequently in the long run the less lives will be lost, for in every lengthy campaign in history disease has claimed more victims than the battlefield.

The semi-civilised, Christianised Kaffir is a creature of a very different kidney from his unspoilt brother. Retaining all the vices of his natural barbarity, he has discarded his homely virtues, and in their place taken unto himself seven other devils in the form of all the white man's weaknesses. He drinks, lies, steals, is lazy, greedy, and grossly immoral, but with it all he retains that childlike cheerfulness of character which cannot fail to atone for a multitude of his sins. His vaunted conversion to Christianity is in most cases bred of a desire to wear a black coat and a white collar, and join unctuously in the singing of psalms. Finally, there are two maxims which it is absolutely necessary to digest before attempting to manage him. Firstly, do not ask yourself whether he is lying, or reason as to what object he has in telling you any particular story, for it is waste of time; the Kaffir servant only tells the truth by accident. Secondly, show him no leniency; he will only take advantage of it and despise you for it. A good Kaffir, like a good dog, must have the stick when he merits it, or you will lose his affection and respect. We must apologise for this digression, but in South Africa the Kaffir looms so large behind all our movements that it were base ingratitude to leave him out of the story, uncomplimentary though our appreciation may be.

After three days of superhuman effort all the transport reached Nelspoort, at the top of the pass, and then commenced our descent into the valley, a very different matter from the ascent. On September 20th a ten-mile march across the plains brought us to Barberton, a march rendered hideous by the stench of innumerable bodies of mules, oxen, and horses abandoned by the 1st Brigade. The heat was intense, a great contrast to the cold of the lofty regions through which we had been trekking, and very glad we were to settle down in our bivouac under Specimen Hill, a mile and a half west of the town, and close to a cool and limpid stream.

Sept.,
1900



BROTHER BOER ON THE SKY-LINE.
(Seen through the telescope.)

CHAPTER VII.

MACHADODORP TO HEIDELBURG

(SEPT. 20TH—NOV. 20TH).

Sept.,
1900

THE fortnight spent at Barberton was refreshing but uneventful, at least for the 4th Brigade. The town lies on the edge of the De Kaap Valley, a large plain entirely surrounded by high hills, some of its houses indeed being built on the spurs of a steep range which rises frowning many thousand feet above them. Thus shut in and sheltered from any cooling breeze, the heat is most oppressive, and is only unpleasantly relieved by frequent violent thunderstorms which swoop down from the mountains with indescribable swiftness and violence. Thunderstorms in South Africa are not the noisy but generally harmless affairs that we know so well in England. There the lightning seems to split the sky in half, and its deadly appearance does not belie its power. Again and again we lost men, horses, or cattle during a thunderstorm, and when

for some seconds were unconscious of what they were doing. Two men of the ammunition column were struck dead, one man having the appearance of having had his helmet cloven by a red-hot axe, while two horses and six mules were killed. Simultaneously several men in "A" squadron also felt as if they had received violent blows on the head. The torrents of rain were such that the roads, but little used and consequently in bad condition at any time, were rendered very difficult for transport, and many waggons did not reach our bivouac at Kaap Valley until past midnight.

Oct.,
1900

The return route to Machadodorp chosen by General French was that *via* the Devil's Kantoor. This was the old coaching road to Barberton, but since the construction of the railway from Kaapmuiden it had fallen into disrepair, and that portion

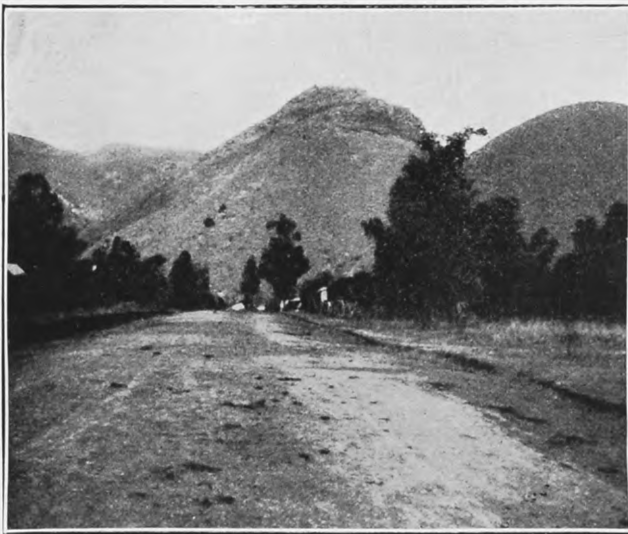


Photo by]

[Major B. R. Dietz.

THE ROAD LEADING FROM OUR BIVOUAC INTO BARBERTON.

on October 3rd we left Barberton on our homeward march to Machadodorp, it was in torrents of rain and amidst a positive inferno of thunder and lightning. One flash in particular wrought extraordinary havoc. General Dickson and his staff were dismounted at the moment when a sudden streak of flame seemed to flash past them with a noise like the hissing of a bullet in its flight, which was distinctly heard by the writer. One of the gallopers lost control of his limbs and broke unwittingly into a run. "B" squadron, under Capt. Langworthy, suddenly started off at a gallop, and



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

GENERAL FRENCH'S WAGGON ON THE RETURN MARCH
FROM BARBERTON.

which leads over the Devil's Kantoor presented an obstacle which even in fine weather would have taxed the fittest mules and oxen to the utmost to overcome. But imagine twelve miles of unbroken ascent, the last five being especially steep, the road surface washed to an icy slipperiness by the heavy rain, and only worn-out half-starved teams available to drag the overloaded waggons! The task was one to daunt a Napoleon, but Colonel Johnston, General French's director of transport, was equal to it, and by dividing the hill into two sections, and personally seeing that no waggons with less than three teams attempted the ascent, he managed in two days to

Oct.,
1900

engineer the whole of the transport up to Kaapsche Hoop, 3,000 feet above the De Kaap Valley. Despite the exhausting nature of this climb, no pause was allowed at the summit for the unfortunate animals to get their breath, and on October 6th the descent into the Eland's River Valley was commenced. That night we bivouacked close to Godwaan Station, and next day continued our course westward up the narrow valley, flanked by great perpendicular cliffs, as far as Waterval Onder, whence we turned northwards up the steep ascent from the railway, and bivouacked at Doornhoek, where we had camped before on August 30th.

During the day's march we passed Nooitgedacht, and saw the very wire pen in which our unfortunate comrades had for more than three months been herded together like cattle, a sight which only served to fan the flame of our resentment against an ungenerous foe. Much has been written and more said by the ignorant, and by those whose chief delight it is to decry their own country, about the brutality of the concentration camps in which it was found necessary to maintain free of cost and for a long period many thousands of Boer families as much for humanity's sake as for expediency; but we read of few protests against the inhuman treatment of our own countrymen, whose ill-fortune it had been to fall alive into the enemy's hands. Shut up in a barbed wire kraal, under the most insanitary conditions, ill-clothed, ill-fed, and unprotected from rain and sun, they had to sit still and await with aching hearts the rescue which seemed so long in coming. Surely their fate deserved a little sympathy, but no! that apparently—at least amongst those who write most and talk loudest—was reserved for the men who had treated them worse than dogs. Many years have since elapsed, and during that time much has been forgiven, but lest the valuable lessons of war should be altogether forgotten, it is well to touch on this point and remember that no action tends so much to keep alive racial animosity as harsh behaviour towards helpless prisoners, a crime of which the British at least can never be justly accused.

On October 8th we entered Machadodorp at the same time as Buller's Army, and on the same day General Buller himself and the whole of his staff, including Capt. Cayzer, 7th Dragoon Guards, Director of Signalling, left by train *en route* for England. This event, together with the fact that since we had left Barberton we had seen no signs of the enemy, created a feeling of elation among the troops, and there was a general impression that the war was almost over, an impression which was, however, to be speedily dispelled by the events of our next trek.

Awaiting us at Machadodorp we found a large draft for the Regiment, including Second-Lieutenants Lopdell, Shaw, and Greene, who had just come out from England. This was not Greene's first visit to

South Africa, for he had already seen some sharp fighting as a trooper in the Northumberland Yeomanry. During the five days' rest which we were now vouchsafed, the Cavalry Division was reorganised, and the units were allotted as follows:—Gordon's Brigade—Scots Greys, Inniskilling Dragoons, Carabiniers, and "T" Battery, R.H.A. Mahon's Brigade—8th Hussars, 14th Hussars, and "M" Battery, R.H.A. Dickson's Brigade—7th Dragoon Guards, "O" Battery, R.H.A., Lumsden's Horse (chiefly composed of Indian tea-planters), and four companies of the Suffolk Regiment. A large number of remounts were also issued, for as usual we were short of horseflesh after our long marches through mountainous country.

General French's plan was now to move on a wide front through the Eastern Transvaal, touching at Carolina, Ermelo, and Bethal, clearing the country and posting proclamations. Gordon's Brigade was on the left, Mahon's on the right, while Dickson's Brigade was told off to act as the reserve, and to escort the vast convoy which carried twenty days' rations. On October 12th Mahon's Brigade started out, and marched to Dalmanutha. Later on the same day the Regiment (301 strong) was suddenly ordered out to Elandskop, and next morning held the ridges running parallel to the Carolina Road, so as to admit of the safe movement of the transport. It was with light hearts that we set out on this trek, for with the words of Lord Roberts' proclamation ringing in our ears—"Nothing now remains of the enemy but a few marauding bands"—we fully expected a peaceful progress through a rich and fertile country, with plenty of chicken and ducks to break the tedium of ration beef, rather than a hasty and undignified scramble through the most violently anti-British portion of the Transvaal, which was at this time literally bristling with the enemy.

The Boers wasted no time in giving us a foretaste of their intentions. At dawn on the 13th Mahon was attacked in his bivouac at Geluk with the greatest determination, with the result that, although he succeeded in extricating his force from a dangerous position, he lost three officers and six men killed, including Lieutenants Jones (adjutant) and Wylam, 8th Hussars, and four officers and twenty-five men wounded. It was on this occasion that Major Browne, 14th Hussars, gained the V.C. for the gallant way in which he returned again and again across the open to an isolated picquet in order to assist dismounted men in getting away. On the same day Major Dietz's squadron had their work cut out to hold the ridges commanding the road leading to the Komati Bridge, Trumpeter Leary being shot through both legs and one horse killed. General French, however, succeeded in carrying out his plan of getting the whole force over the Komati Bridge, and the Regiment, with Dickson's Brigade, bivouacked that night at Vlakkfontein.

Oct.,
1900

Oct.,
1900

On the following day Carolina was reached, and we bivouacked at Groenvallei. In the two days' march from Machadodorp over 350 oxen had died, worn out by continual work and lack of nourishment. For the remainder of the trek the difficulties of transport caused the greatest inconvenience. There being no forage carried for the oxen, it was necessary to halt the convoy daily at about 10 a.m., outspan, and allow them to graze until about 4 p.m. To fit in the long marches necessitated by the limited rations at our disposal, we had therefore to start off daily at 4 a.m., or earlier, and generally speaking we did not get into camp until sundown. Such a state of affairs made the days seem interminably long and wearisome, for the heat of the sun precluded any rest during the middle of the day, while the nights seemed proportionately short. After one day's halt at Carolina, Dickson's Brigade moved through the town and bivouacked south of it at Goedhoop. Gordon on the same day was halting at Tevreden to our left front, when the reconnoitring squadron of the Inniskillings ran into the enemy's rearguard, some 700 strong, with two guns and a pom-pom, commanded by General Tobias Smuts. The Boers immediately attacked with considerable dash, and the Inniskillings, hopelessly outnumbered, were driven back on their main body. Luckily support was close at hand, but at first the troops who came to their assistance could do little to help them, for Boers and Dragoons came galloping along together in a confused mass, General Smuts himself a valiant and dignified figure on a black stallion, wearing a tall silk hat, rather the worse for wear. Lieutenant Swanston and five men of the Inniskillings were killed and twenty-three men wounded.

On the 27th the march was resumed in the direction of Ermelo, and on the 18th the town was occupied by Gordon's Brigade, who had been engaged all day. Mahon's and Dickson's Brigades bivouacked at Spion Kop, about four miles to the north. Next day we marched on again, this time turning right-handed towards Bethal, and so, unfortunately, failed to see Ermelo itself, a town which, for some unknown reason, was held in high reverence by the Boers, and whose inhabitants, living as they did out of the beaten track, were consequently grossly ignorant and very violent in their hatred of the English. Right up to the end of the war this district was always a hotbed of dissension. Our march on October 19th was anything but a peaceful one. Harrassed from dawn till dark on all sides—flank front, and rear—the 7th Dragoon Guards were twice called on to support Gordon's Brigade, and on the second occasion, while "B" squadron were retiring from a Kraal which they had been holding under heavy fire, Pte. McKibbin was severely wounded, having the bone of his forearm broken by a bullet. Worn out with a trying day's work, we bivouacked at Tafelkop, and next day occupied Bethal, the Regiment forming the

advanced guard. The country was very open, typical of the Transvaal high veldt, and "A" squadron under Major Dietz, which was in advance, covered a front of some ten miles. The way in which they swept over the vast undulating plains, well opened out but still in touch so that every hollow was carefully reconnoitred, called for the approval of General French himself, who personally expressed his appreciation to Colonel Lowe.

Bethal is really only a small village, boasting at that time some 200 inhabitants; but the fact that there is no other town between it and the Johannesburg-Natal Railway accounts for its always being treated as of considerable importance by the Boers. Pleasantly situated in a hollow, its streets bordered by fruit trees, the whole force was glad to remain here over Sunday, October 21st. But even then we were not to be left in peace, for the Boers made an attack on the outposts early in the morning, and Major Dietz was obliged to send in for reinforcements. An outrage of a particularly cruel and cold-blooded nature also took place on the same day. A sergeant of the Carabiniers, seeing two men dressed in khaki, and wearing helmets and haversacks, rode out from his post to meet them, and when within about 50 yards was suddenly shot dead. Such acts of treachery were, alas! not infrequent, and necessitated an order, which was issued about six weeks later, to the effect that all Boers caught dressed in khaki were to be immediately tried by court-martial and the sentence carried out on the spot, an order which would have had better results had it been more rigorously observed. No aspect of the South African War is more noticeable than the extraordinary good nature displayed by the rank and file towards the Boers, who, however, were very far from moulding their conduct on the same pattern. Again and again our men were offered the chance of reprisals for many a treacherous act, but almost invariably they behaved with a generosity and a leniency which cannot but excite the admiration of all fair-minded men, despite the fact that policy cried aloud for sterner methods. In almost all campaigns in which guerilla warfare has succeeded the more legitimate form of hostilities, the conquering force has, in sheer desperation and annoyance, had recourse to methods of repression which, when read of by the disinterested many thousands of miles away, elicit exclamations of horror and disgust; but it can be confidently stated that at no period during the two and a half years of continual fighting in South Africa did such a state of affairs obtain.

Politicians actuated by party motives may have referred to "methods of barbarism" and the like, but none who served in the war or who have devoted any attention to its conduct can be deceived by statements so palpably unjust, least of all probably their authors. A word must also be said for the Boers whose actions, as it has been already shown, were not such as always to bear the light of

Oct.,
1900

Oct.,
1900

day. Obstinate as they were, they must have realized in their inmost hearts that they were beaten, and that their independence was being daily taken from them by a foe whom they had been taught from childhood to despise. It can be readily understood, then, that their feelings became embittered, and found vent in acts of cruelty which, now that the healing hand of time has been laid upon old sores, are doubtless deeply regretted. It must also be remembered that the inflammatory proclamations of a few malcontents were able to stir the credulous and simple-minded to the very depths. The writer was present at the trial in Johannesburg of a certain Boer named Broeksma, who had taken the oath of neutrality. This worthy, while living peaceably in our midst, had disseminated broadcast an effusion addressed "to all true Burghers," and in it in burning words, he had urged them to requite their wrongs by burying alive any of their cruel oppressors who fell into their hands! We are thankful to say that in Mr. Broeksma's case justice was done, his death by shooting being a more merciful one than he had reserved for his captors, or, in truth, than he deserved.

During the afternoon of the 21st General French rode round all the bivouacs and addressed the troops in stirring terms, praising them for the keenness and endurance which they had constantly shown throughout a most trying time. All ranks were greatly elated by this sign of appreciation from one who had so truly gained their affection and confidence, and their spirits, somewhat damped by the disheartening events of the late march, rose once more to their customary level.

On October 22nd the whole force moved off again towards Heidelberg, the Regiment once more forming the advanced guard. The Boers were soon encountered, but fell back gradually before us, and took up their position on a long ridge barring our advance. As we approached this position a terrific thunderstorm suddenly swept down upon us from the direction of the Boers, and such was its force that the whole column was obliged to turn round and face the rear. Had the Boers realized the situation they could have charged home unmolested, for neither man nor beast could face the fury of the elements; but, fortunately for us, the torrents of rain must have obscured their view, for we were left in peace, and when at last the storm had swept over us we found that the Boers had retired, and that beyond a thorough wetting, and two Kaffirs and some ponies killed by lightning, we had suffered no evil results. One of the scouts of the Regiment had a narrow escape that day of sharing the same fate as the Carabinier sergeant at Bethal. A man in khaki, wearing a helmet, rode up within 60 yards of him, and then quickly dismounting fired, but only succeeded in killing the horse. Before our man could reply the Boer had remounted and galloped off.

Oct.,
1900

Another example of the infringement of the commonest rules of warfare occurred on the same day. General French, anxious not to subject the wounded to the long and trying marches which yet lay in front of the Division before it could reach Heidelberg, sent off a convoy of 14 waggons, containing 62 wounded officers and men, without escort, but under the red cross flag. They had not gone many miles, however, before they were seized by the Boers, who, ignoring the protests of the medical officer in charge, crowded the whole of the wounded into six waggons and made off with the remaining eight. Had the nationality of the actors in this drama been reversed, and the case reported in the papers, one can imagine the howl of rage and indignation which would have gone up from a certain section of the "patriots" at home; but as it was only our own wounded who suffered and died through this inhuman treatment, the matter was doubtless passed over as unimportant; at least no record remains of any notice being taken of it.

On the 23rd and 24th the march was continued in heavy rain, the Regiment still forming the advance guard. Boers were constantly sighted, but did not seriously impede our progress. On the 25th, however, they became more venturesome, harassing the regiment who were finding the rearguard, and pressing them from ridge to ridge. Heavy rain fell continuously, and rendered our lot anything but a cheerful one; nevertheless the men were not a bit disheartened, singing and laughing with the greatest good humour. This excellent trait in their character was especially noticeable throughout the war—hardships never produced a complaint; but it is only fair to add that on the few occasions when they were provided with tents and other luxuries in a standing camp, they contrived to make up for many months' arrears in grumbling. On the 25th we bivouacked at Witkop, and next day, the 7th Dragoon Guards leading, the Division reached Heidelberg, an important and prosperous town on the Natal Railway, about half-way between Standerton and Johannesburg. The houses were unusually well built, surrounded by shady verandahs, and standing well back from the road in neatly-kept gardens. To our unaccustomed eyes, indeed, they seemed veritable palaces.

On our arrival in Heidelberg we heard the sad news of the death of Lance-Corporal J. F. Driscoll, which had occurred on October 16th from wounds received near Middelburg in the previous August. A large batch of mails also awaited us, and helped to dispel a feeling of despondency which had crept on us all during our unsuccessful trek. We remained at Heidelberg until October 30th, and then marched to Springs *en route* for Pretoria. Springs is an important coal-mining centre about 30 miles due east of Johannesburg, with which town it is connected by a single line of railway. At this period it was occupied by a garrison

Oct.,
1900

of the East Lancashire Regiment, who, on seeing a large force advancing across the veldt, immediately showed that they were keeping a sharp look-out by opening on us with a machine gun. Luckily, no harm was done, and we soon convinced them that we were not a large hostile commando, and were then allowed to resume our advance unopposed.

On the following day we remained in camp, and paraded before Lord Roberts, who came down by train from Johannesburg in order to inspect the Cavalry Division on its dispersal. General French had been given the appointment of General commanding the Johannesburg district, and the Cavalry Division as such was no longer to exist. It was an historic scene, that body of lean, tanned, hard-bitten men, worn far short of its establishment by death, disease, and lack of horse-flesh, but still, under the command of such a leader, a factor not lightly to be disposed of. For twelve months those men had served under French in all parts of South Africa—fighting, skirmishing, marching, day after day, in all weathers, with hardly a single break; and yet, in a campaign by no means free from reverses, there was not one black mark against their record. Small wonder, then, that as they sat there on this, their first and last ceremonial parade in South Africa, a sense of regret that the combination was to be broken up stole over all. Lord Roberts, as he rode down the ranks, looked with approving eyes on the ragged figures and thin horses who had done so much to bring about the success of his schemes. There was no need for any expressions of praise; the understanding between the chief and his men was too close for that, and as Lord Roberts silently rode away all felt that the hard work they had done was not unappreciated or unrewarded. In connection with this review the following paragraph appeared in Regimental Orders on November 3rd, to the great delight of all ranks of the 7th Dragoon Guards:—"The General Officer commanding the 4th Cavalry Brigade has requested the Commanding Officer to inform all ranks of his satisfaction at the turnout of the Regiment at the Review held by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief at Springs on the 31st ult., and that he considered the Black Horse the best turned out Regiment in the Division. The Commanding Officer conveys the above remarks to the Regiment with great pleasure and pride."

On November 1st we commenced the last stage of our march to Pretoria. Rain began to fall towards evening, and the rest of the trek was accomplished in a perfect downpour, so that it was a miserable and bedraggled crew which reached Pretoria on November 3rd. It can readily be understood how difficult it was under such conditions, which were constantly recurring, for the men to turn out smart and clean. General Dickson's words, then, were all the more acceptable, for they proved that the men had paid attention to their turnout regularly throughout the campaign.

Nov.,
1900

At home and in peace time it is a simple thing to obtain a smart effect with very short notice, for clothes and equipment are all to be had for the asking; but in South Africa issues were few and far between, and the chances of a day's "clean up" still fewer, so that only those who constantly and regularly took a pride in their appearance were able to keep up the credit of the corps on a special occasion. The inexperienced may wonder why it is necessary to bother about the outward man on active service. Let them look back through history and study the example set us by our ancestors in the middle ages and later. So great was their self-respect that, before fighting an action, they always donned their full dress, nor was their conduct in action one whit behind their appearance. In these days, when alas! the pomp and circumstance of war are fast fading away, we may do well to take this example to heart, and bear in mind a well-proved fact: that the best turned out man in a troop is almost invariably the best soldier.

The casualties among the horses and transport animals during the march from Machadodorp had been enormous—of the latter over 1,200 oxen dying on the road. At one period of the war an order was in force that horses too exhausted to keep up with the column were not to be shot, but were to be left behind on the veldt in the hope that they might keep themselves alive by grazing, and be re-caught by our troops at some later period. The framer of this order must have possessed a most sanguine disposition and have entirely overlooked the fact that should an abandoned horse recover he would be far more likely to be caught by the Boers than ourselves. At any rate, we do not remember ever seeing a stray horse of this kind re-taken during the whole course of the war, though the pathetic sight of some unfortunate animal, too weak to move or even to eat, gazing wistfully after a retreating column, was only too frequent, and could not fail to touch even the hardest heart.

Considering the state of the weather, our camp on the racecourse at Pretoria was not of the most inviting, but to our surprise and pleasure we found tents already standing and waiting to be occupied, the work of our old friend Captain Butcher. This was the first time the Regiment had been in tents since it left Bloemfontein seven months before, so that our new quarters seemed positively luxurious. Our stay at Pretoria lasted for three weeks, during which time we remained in the same camp, and were very content to be idle. Much of our time was spent in speculating as to our future and discussing the rumours which were passed round with great frequency and lack of truth. Many events took place which tendered to foster the idea that our time in South Africa was short. First of all, on November 8th, Major-General Dickson relinquished the command of the 4th Brigade and left Pretoria for England, and the last sentence of his farewell order seemed to carry a happy omen:

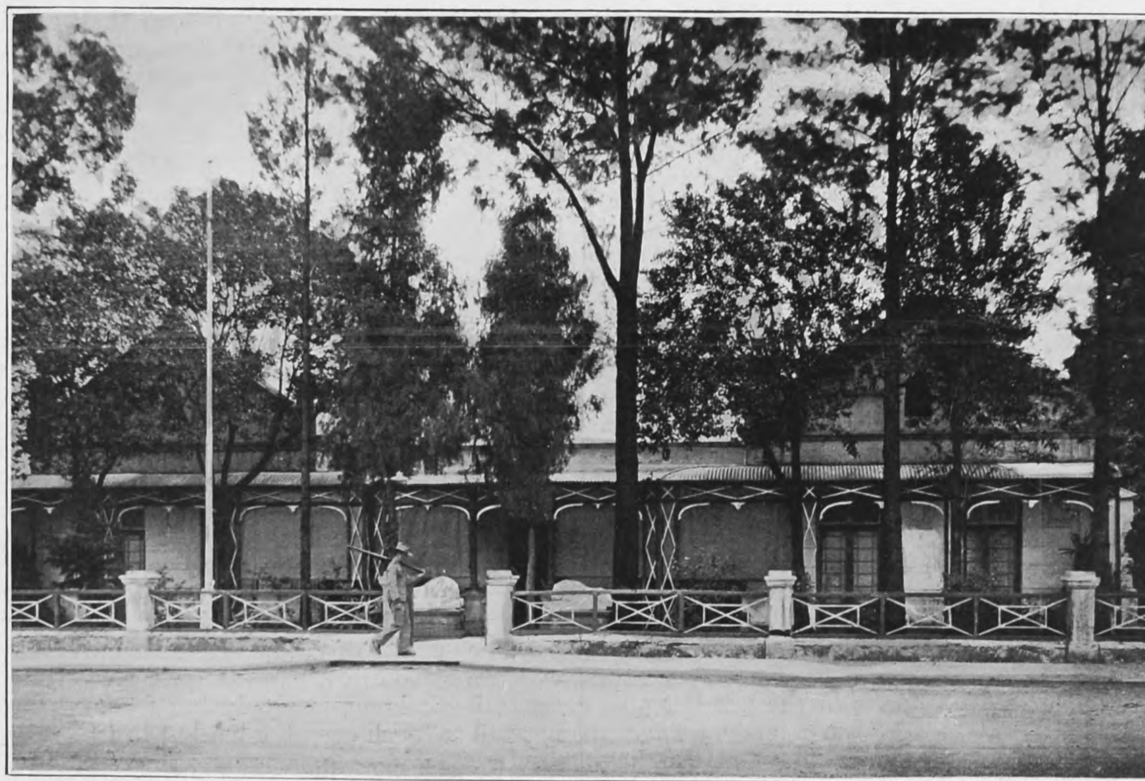
Nov.,
1900

"As Major-General Dickson is about to proceed to England, he cannot leave the Brigade which has fought so valiantly and successfully without saying 'Good-bye.' He tenders his thanks to the staff for their untiring energy, and to the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of 'O' Battery and the Regiments for their discipline, determination, and valour. He wishes them a safe return to their homes at an early date."

Brigadier-General Mahon, the reliever of Mafeking, was appointed to be General Dickson's successor, but he held the command for only a very few days, being transferred almost immediately to the post of governor of Kordofan, in Egypt, a country where he had already made for himself a great reputation.

On November 9th all officers commanding units in the Cavalry Division entertained General

Nov.,
1900



THE PRESIDENCY, PRETORIA.

The lions on either side of the doorway were the gift of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to President Kruger.

All the officers in the Brigade assembled at the station to bid farewell to their late chief. During the time that he had commanded the 4th Brigade, General Dickson had gained the personal affection of all with whom he came in contact. A gallant soldier and a kindly, courteous gentleman, he was one under whom it was a true pleasure to serve, while the high quality of his leadership may be inferred from the fact that during the seven months continual fighting, which marked his period of command, the 4th Cavalry Brigade never experienced the semblance of a disaster or a reverse.

French to dinner, and the next day he left to take up the command at Johannesburg, after publishing the following farewell orders:—

"The Cavalry Division having, for the time, broken up into Brigade units, the Lieut.-General, on relinquishing the command, desires to express his deep regret at severing his immediate connection with the splendid force it has been his honour and privilege to command throughout an almost continuous series of engagements and active operations commencing in February last up to the present time.

Nov.,
1900

"General French recalls with pride and satisfaction the many occasions during that period upon which he has personally witnessed the intrepid gallantry displayed by all ranks of the Cavalry Division—a glorious reminiscence which will be ever present to the end of his life. His warmest thanks are due to the Brigadiers, C.O.'s, Squadron Commanders, Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men for the skill, courage, and endurance which have been mainly instrumental in securing the successful results attained."

Pretoria, in November, 1900, had assumed a very different appearance since our first visit in the previous June. Then all was chaos, there was no government, no organisation; business was at a standstill, and provisions were scarce. Now all had changed. The shops were full of goods, the government of the town was conducted in an orderly, efficient manner, and the hotels and the club were always crowded with officers. Major Peters arrived from Middelburg at this juncture, and took up the post of Deputy-Governor of Pretoria under General Sir John Maxwell, a post in which he distinguished himself for his administrative capacity. Mrs. Kruger was still living at the Presidency, having been left behind by her husband when he fled to Lourenço Marques. Her position was scrupulously respected by the authorities, and a sentry was always on duty outside her house, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph. No one could help feeling the most intense sympathy for the poor lady thus deserted in her old age—her husband a fugitive, and her country in the enemy's hands. It is sad to relate that she died at the Presidency not many months later, still alone in the midst of strangers, a silent reproach, stronger than the most eloquent words, to those who had preferred an ignominious flight.

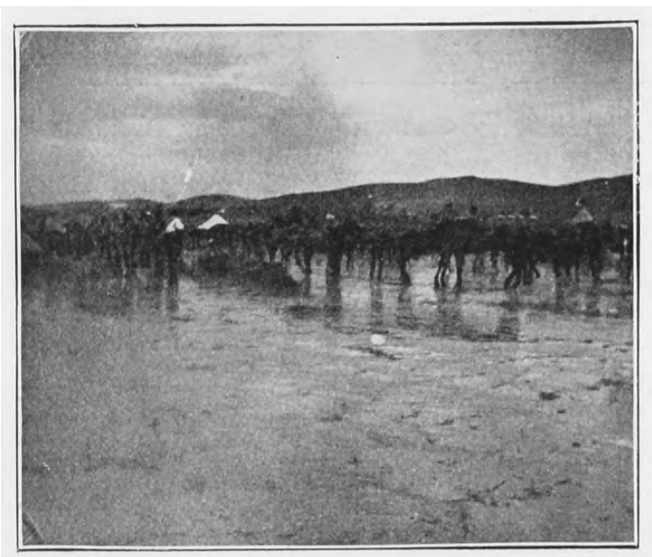


Photo by] WASHED OUT. [Major B. R. Dietz.
Our camp at Pretoria after a thunderstorm.

Nov.,
1900

Pretoria lies in the low veldt, and is, therefore, though a picturesque town bowered in green trees and encircled by a rampart of hills, far from healthy during the rainy season. At this period the wet weather was in full swing, and hardly a day passed but a violent thunderstorm would burst over us about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, leaving everything and everybody saturated, but next morning the sun would be shining brightly again and the roads dry and dusty as ever. It was after one of these storms that the photographs of our washed-out camp were taken, and an excellent idea they give of what half an hour's rain may do in South Africa. In many ways these storms were welcome, for they removed for the time being the hot, muggy air always associated with the low veldt, and which is a sure precursor of malarial fever. However, our stay at Pretoria was not sufficiently long to effect the health of the troops. On November 19th a warning sign of our approaching move came in the form of an order to hand all carbines into store, and in their place Lee-Enfield rifles were served out. This was decidedly a wise change, the carbine being far less accurate than the rifle, and only ranged up to 2,000 yards instead of 3,000, like the rifle.

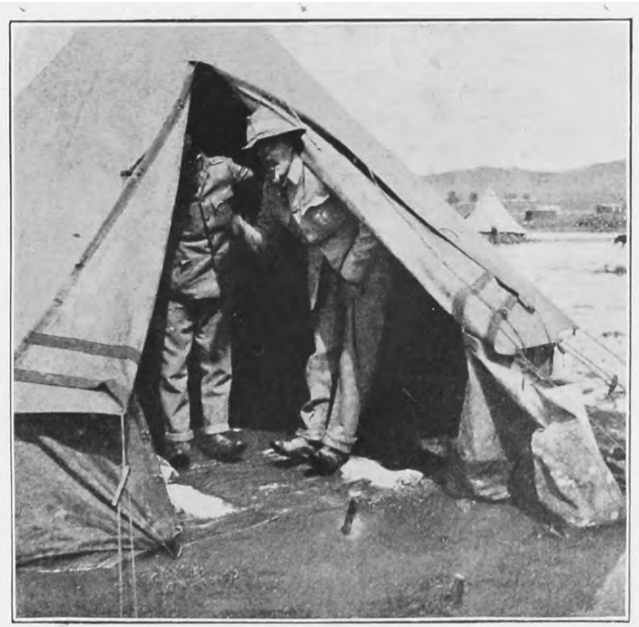


Photo by] [Major B. R. Dietz.

AFTER A THUNDERSTORM.

Lieuts. Mansel and Shaw trying to keep their feet dry.

On November 20th the 8th Hussars were despatched to join Broadwood's Brigade, operating near Rustenburg, in the Western Transvaal, and the remains of the old 4th Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards, 14th Hussars, and "O" Battery, were placed under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Gilbert Hamilton, 14th Hussars.

CHAPTER VIII.

HEIDELBURG

(NOV. 20TH—DEC. 19TH).

Nov.,
1900

WITH Heidelberg as our destination, the remains of the 4th Brigade left Pretoria on November 22nd, 1900, and marching south, reached Springs on the 24th, sighting a raiding party of about 50 Boers on the last day, to whom we gave chase, but without result.

On the 25th we remained in our bivouac, and were visited by Lord Kitchener, who was now engaged in taking over from Lord Roberts the command of the Forces in South Africa.

On the 26th another march brought us to Heidelberg, and the Brigade settled down into camp about one mile east of the town, General Gilbert Hamilton and his staff taking possession of a comfortable house which General French had



MAJOR DIETZ AND LIEUT. WHETHERLY WASHING AFTER
A DUSTY MARCH.

occupied on the occasion of our last visit, about a month previously. This house was of remarkable historic interest, being the very one in which peace had been signed after the short and inglorious campaign of 1881. General Sir Edward Colley, who lost his life at Majuba, was a brother-in-law of General Hamilton, and it was a strange trick of Fate which brought the latter to the very house where the British Government of twenty years before had so tamely accepted the Boer conditions of peace without making any attempt to avenge the defeat inflicted on his relative.

On November 29th Lord Roberts passed Heidelberg on his return journey to Durban *en route* for England, and the 7th Dragoon Guards, one squadron

of the 14th Hussars, and four guns of "O" battery were detailed to hold the line from Roodekop to Heidelberg in order to prevent any attempt at molesting the Commander-in-Chief's train. Patrols found the country all clear for some distance round, and at about 9 a.m. the train swept past the camp, Lord Roberts himself standing on the platform of his saloon carriage, and receiving a hearty cheer from the men. The good wishes of the whole South African Army accompanied him on his journey home, but at the same time it was felt that Lord Kitchener was the one man who could deal with the difficult situation which now confronted him. Lord Roberts' brilliant strategy had succeeded in breaking up the Boer Army as an organised fighting unit, but every district was still infested with bands

Nov.,
1900

HEIDELBURG STATION.

of implacable burghers, who used to their utmost their knowledge of the country, mobility, and unrivalled capacity for guerilla warfare. These men had merely taken advantage of Lord Roberts' chivalrous methods of conducting the war, with the result that for the last three months we had approached no nearer to peace. The time had now come when the velvet glove must give place to the steel gauntlet, and it was acknowledged by all that none could wear it with greater advantage to the nation than the hero of Omdurman. Guerilla warfare, uncontrolled by any recognised government or scheme of operations, closely resembles brigandage, and in proportion to the difficulty of crushing it, must, for the good of the majority, be attacked with firmness and severity. Cool-headed, quick to act, strict, and above all things just, Lord Kitchener

Nov.,
1900

possessed all the qualities necessary to deal with the state of affairs which obtained in South Africa in November, 1900, when he took over the command from Lord Roberts, and it was generally felt that a new era was about to open, when the loyal would be rewarded and the disloyal punished—a hope which was, indeed, in great measure fulfilled, though not perhaps to the extent that many may have wished. For this, however, Lord Kitchener was not to blame, for, as history teaches us, in war the plans of the soldier are frequently upset by the interference of the politician from whom he receives his instructions, while the presence of war correspondents on the field of operations is alone worth an army corps to the enemy.

The old Bible saying that "a man's foes are they of his own household" applies with extraordinary accuracy to a military commander in the field at the present day. Where would be the victories of the great captains of the past—Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington—had they at every turn been thwarted by the ubiquitous war correspondent and his press telegrams? Or, to take an example from even more recent times, should we have held India through the Mutiny had the half-penny press published daily with colossal headlines the exact doings of stern soldiers like Hodson and his men? As has been pointed out before in these pages, the leniency shown to the Boers had not achieved the

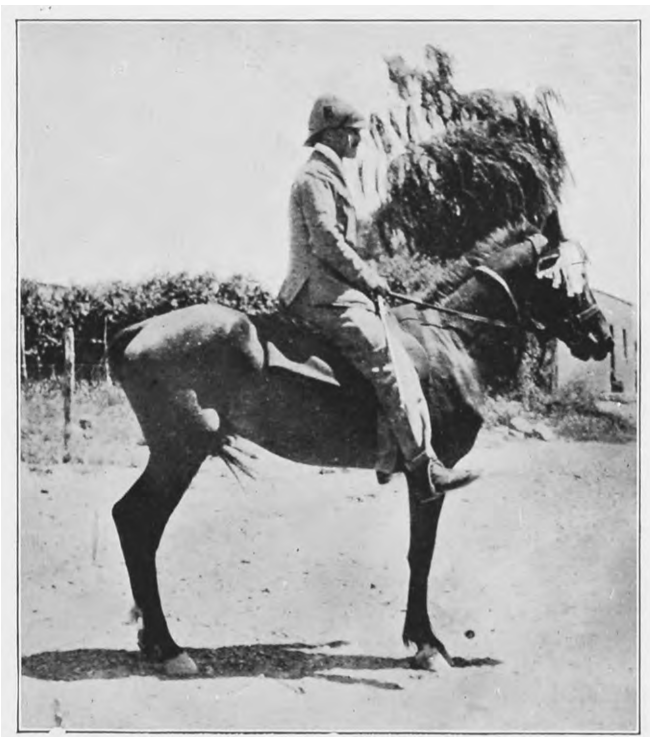


Photo by]

[Major Dietz

LIEUT. WHETTERLY, DRESSED FOR RIDING INTO TOWN.

desired result. It was to them, as to the Kaffirs by the side of whom they had lived so long, merely a sign of weakness, and as such to be exploited to the best of their advantage. Many are of opinion that had Judge Jefferies or "Bloody Cumberland" come to life again and assumed command in South Africa, with all their brutal methods of repression, the war would not have lasted six months, and British supremacy would have been for ever assured. Far be it from us to advocate such means of obtaining peace, but the poor results obtained by Lord Roberts' lenient policy are such as to make this supposition far from improbable.

The Brigade remained at Heidelberg until December 16th, making periodical raids in the surrounding country, driving in cattle and sheep, and burning farms which were used as headquarters by local snipers.



A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.

On November 30th a start was made about 1 a.m. with the object of surrounding the laager of a certain Hans Botha, who continually raided the country to the east of the line. Three other columns assisted in this enterprise, and as day dawned we commenced to close in round the kloof in which the laager lay. As so often happened, however, the circle was not made complete, and Hans Botha and his men, some 50 in all, slipped out unobserved, with the result that, after a large expenditure of ammunition, an untenanted laager fell into our hands. With heavy hearts we wended our way slowly back to Heidelberg, reflecting on the slipperiness of Brother Boer, and the extraordinary fate which always seemed to leave a loophole for him to slip out through any cordon, however carefully drawn around him. Three days' rest in Heidelberg, and then on December 4th the Brigade made another expedition to the eastward, and drove in 800 head of cattle and 2,000 sheep without coming into contact with the Boers, though a few were seen hovering round our flanks.

Nov.,
1900

Nov.,
1900

On December 5th Lord Roberts' farewell to the troops appeared in orders, and made a great impression on all ranks. Praise coming from such a quarter was praise of which all might well be proud, for false flattery and senseless expressions of admiration were impossible from one of the Chief's manly straightforward character. In losing him, each man felt that he had lost a friend who took a keen personal interest in his welfare, and the words of Lord Roberts' farewell order, which is printed in full below, only served to increase this feeling.

"Being about to give up the command of the Army in South Africa into the able hands of General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, I feel that I cannot part with the comrades with whom I have been associated for nearly a year—often under very trying circumstances—without giving expression to my profound appreciation of the noble work they have performed for their Queen and Country, and for me personally, and to my pride in the results they have achieved by their pluck and endurance, their discipline, and devotion to duty.

"I greatly regret that the ties which have bound us together are so soon to be severed, for I should like to remain with the Army until it is completely broken up, but I have come to the conclusion that, as Lord Kitchener has consented to take over the command, my presence is no longer required in South Africa, and that my duty calls me in another direction. But I shall never forget the Officers and Men of this Force, be they Royal Navy, Colonials, Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers; their interests will always be very dear to me, and I shall continue to work for the Army as long as I can work at all.

"The service which the South African Force has performed is, I venture to think, unique in the annals of war, inasmuch as it has been absolutely almost incessant for a whole year. There has been no rest, no days to recruit, no going into winter quarters as in other campaigns which have extended over a long period.

"For months together, in fierce heat, in biting cold, and in pouring rain, you—my comrades—have marched and fought without a halt and bivouacked without shelter from the elements, and you frequently have had to continue marching with clothes in rags, and your boots without soles, time being of such great consequence that it was impossible for you to remain long enough in any one place to refit.

"When not engaged in actual battle, you have been continually shot at from behind kopjes by an invisible enemy, to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, and who, from the peculiar nature of the country, were able to inflict severe punishment whilst perfectly safe themselves.

Dec.,
1900

"You have forced your way through dense jungles and over precipitous mountains, through and over which, with infinite manual labour, you have had to drag and haul guns and ox waggons. You have covered with almost incredible speed enormous distances, and that often on a very short supply of food, and you have endured the sufferings inevitable in war to sick and wounded men far from the base, without a murmur, even with cheerfulness.

"You have, in fact, acted up to the highest standard of patriotism, and by your conspicuous kindness and humanity towards your enemies, and your forbearance and good behaviour in the towns we have occupied, you have caused the Army of Great Britain to be as highly respected, as it must henceforth be greatly feared, in South Africa.

"Is it any wonder that I am intensely proud of the Army I have commanded, or that I regard you, my gallant and devoted comrades, with affection as well as admiration, and that I feel deeply the parting from you? Many of you—Colonials as well as Britishers—I hope to meet again, but those I may never see more will live in my memory and be held in high regard to my life's end.

"I have learnt much during the war, and the experience I have gained will greatly help me in the work that is before me, which is, I conceive, to make the Army of the United Kingdom as perfect as it is possible for an army to be. This I shall strive to do with all my might.

"And now, farewell! May God bless every member of the South African Army, and that you may all be spared to return to your homes and to find those dear to you well and happy is the earnest hope of your commander.

(Signed) ROBERTS,

Field Marshal."

On December 7th the Brigade moved out on another clearing expedition to the west of the railway, and returned to camp on the 8th after two hard days' work. Twenty-two farms were cleared in the two days, and of these eleven were burnt. This, of course, necessitated deporting the inhabitants, which in itself was no light task. The women would frequently pour out volumes of abuse on the head of the unfortunate Provost-Marshal, who indeed on many occasions was anointed with worse things than mere words! The feelings of the Boer women may be well understood and their conduct condoned when one realizes the access of despair and desolation which must have overwhelmed them as they gazed at their blazing homesteads and the destruction of all their most cherished possessions. To the Boer his farm is his second self, the place

Dec.,
1900

where he has been born and brought up, and where he will in all probability die, without ever having quitted it except for the few occasions on which he has trekked into the nearest town for the celebration of the "Nachtmaal."* Despite, however, the feeling of natural pity which one felt for the homeless women and children, the stern necessity which prompted our actions was more than sufficient excuse to salve our consciences. In the case of farms which were not used for sniping purposes, or as the headquarters of raiding bands, nothing was destroyed, though large quantities of mealies would, of course, be removed. Many farmhouses, however, were veritable wasps' nests, and in the interests of



Photo by]

[Major Dietz.

N.C.O.'s MESS "A" SQUADRON ON TREK.

Reading from left to right:

Standing—Sergt. Harrison, Sergt. Holmes, S.S.M. Mander.

Sitting—S.Q.M.S. Bell, Sergt. Sunderland, Sergt. Thompson, Sergt. Moon, S.-Sergt. Farrier Nearney.

humanity, and in order to end a hopeless struggle, they had to be destroyed; and the women, who in many cases were responsible for keeping their husbands out on commando, were carried off in waggons to the railway line, whence they were sent to one of the numerous concentration camps.

Many amusing incidents, however, relieved the unpleasant duties which we had to perform. On one occasion a young Boer lady, who was being driven off in a waggon laden with her belongings, suddenly seized an empty ostrich egg (a common ornament on a Boer mantelshelf), which she had insisted on taking, and hurled it at the writer's head, against which it broke like a shell. On another occasion, Lieut. Jenkins, who had been appointed Assistant Provost Marshal by General Hamilton, was solemnly cursed by an aged Boer dame, who with uplifted hand consigned

* Dutch Communion, which is only celebrated four times a year, and which is always the occasion for much Boer festivity.

him, his family, and descendants to everlasting perdition, while the flames from her house added a lurid effect to the awe-inspiring scene. Sergeant Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards, who was Provost Sergeant to the Brigade, and consequently something of a connoisseur in fires, was all the while standing watching the conflagration, his head on one side and a rapt expression on his face. Turning to Jenkins, he said in a voice full of admiration and conscious pride in his own handiwork, "Prettiest bit of a fire I've seen this long time!" The work of searching farms frequently led to incidents which went far to consoling one for the many hardships and tedious days inseparable from a long campaign. At one house two Boer ladies informed us that they were living all alone, and had seen no Boers for months; in fact, they were most profuse in their assurances of delight at our arrival, and full of contemptuous allusions to their own party. While this conversation was going on, some of the provosts had been poking round the rooms, and suddenly a loud and terrified shriek put a period to the ladies' interesting fables. In another moment a white and trembling Boer was dragged in, firmly held by several willing hands, having been discovered hiding behind some skirts in a wardrobe in a neighbouring room. One might have expected that the ladies would have found some difficulty in reconciling this apparition with their previous statements, but it takes more than a little misfortune of that kind to disconcert the wily Boer. Without even changing colour, the elder of the two ladies easily explained away the situation by saying "Oh! that is only our brother. He was only hiding from you because he is very shy and does not care to meet strangers."

On December 12th the following Brigade order was published by General Hamilton:—

"Farms should only be burnt under the following circumstances:—

- (1) When used as a centre of operations by the Boers.
- (2) When Boers have sniped our troops from them.
- (3) For tactical reasons.
- (4) When the farm belongs to a prominent man among the Boers.
- (5) When the owner has broken the oath of neutrality without being compelled to.

All men found on farms should be brought along with the column and handed over to the Assistant Provost Marshal on reaching bivouac. Women and children should also be brought along if transport is available."

The terms of this order show clearly that no wanton destruction was permitted, but that the burning of farms was only carried out under circumstances which warranted such action.

Dec.,
1900

Dec.,
1900

On the same day as this order appeared the Brigade moved out to the west of the line to co-operate with an infantry column in "rounding-up" some Boers in the Zuikerbosch Rand, and next morning we caught sight of a party of Boers driving away cattle in the distance. Colonel Lowe was ordered to occupy a ridge to our left front with 1½ squadrons, 2 guns, and a pom pom, whence he could command the Boers, and at once moved off with Lieut. F. C. Watson's troop of "B" squadron in advance. As the latter rode boldly up the bare slope of the ridge, and were within about 400 yards of the summit, they were suddenly greeted with a heavy fire from a strong party of Boers concealed behind the crest. The conduct of Watson's troop was excellent, and was watched with admiration by the rest of the Brigade. Immediately dismounting, exposed as they were to a hail of bullets without cover of any kind, they returned the enemy's fire, while Colonel Lowe worked round the Boer right flank, and the guns with the Brigade opened a brisk shrapnel fire on the crest. The situation was not to Brother Boer's liking, and he quickly made off in a south-westerly direction, his pace being considerably accelerated by bursting shrapnel from our guns. Watson's troop, as may be well imagined, had not come off scatheless. Pte. C. S. Goddard had been hit in the shoulder, and Cpl. Ford through the knee, while Second-Lieut. Mansel had received

thighs. He was accordingly carried back to the ambulance, where on examination by the doctor it was ascertained that he was absolutely untouched, but that a bullet had gone clean through the seat of his pants! The shock of the blow made such an impression on his nerves that he was convinced he had been hit, and by a process of suggestion his legs refused to act until the doctor's examination revealed the true state of affairs. Cpl. Ford was holding two horses when he was hit, and continued to do so, despite the great pain he was suffering, until relieved by the arrival of the rest of the squadron. An attempt was made by the 14th

Dec.,
1900

Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

DOCTOR ATTENDING TO CORPL. FORD.

as narrow an escape as it is possible to imagine. A bullet had grazed his cheek, leaving a mark as if he had been branded with a hot iron. Two horses had been killed and four wounded, while the tale of casualties was completed by an extraordinary wound received by another private, who, alas! was destined to lose his life later in the war. This man was found lying on the ground, and declared that he had been shot through both



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

LIEUT. F. C. WATSON'S TROOP, TAKEN AFTER THE
ATTACK ON THE RIDGE.

Hussars under Major Browne to catch the Boers as they trekked away, but they had got too long a start, and the pursuit had to be abandoned. The Brigade went into bivouac at Goedgedacht, and next day moved to Modderfontein, while Colonel Lowe, with two squadrons and a pom-pom, assisted the infantry column against the Boers, without, however, gaining any success.

On December 15th we returned to Heidelberg, and there received orders to march immediately to Krugersdorp, an important mining town in the western extremity of the Rand, about 30 miles from Johannesburg. News had been received of the unfortunate reverse which had befallen General Clements' force, when 500 of the Northumberland Fusiliers had been surprised and captured at Nooitgedacht, on the Magaliesberg Range, some 35 miles north-west of Krugersdorp, and we marched out in the morning of December 16th, fully expecting to have a busy time on reaching our new destination, the neighbourhood of which was being disturbed by an active and daring Boer leader named Kemp, with a following of a thousand men.

Dec.,
1900

On December 18th the Regiment reached Elandsfontein, a suburb of Johannesburg, and the junction of the Cape and Natal Railways. Here the 14th Hussars entrained and proceeded to Krugersdorp by rail, while the 7th Dragoon Guards

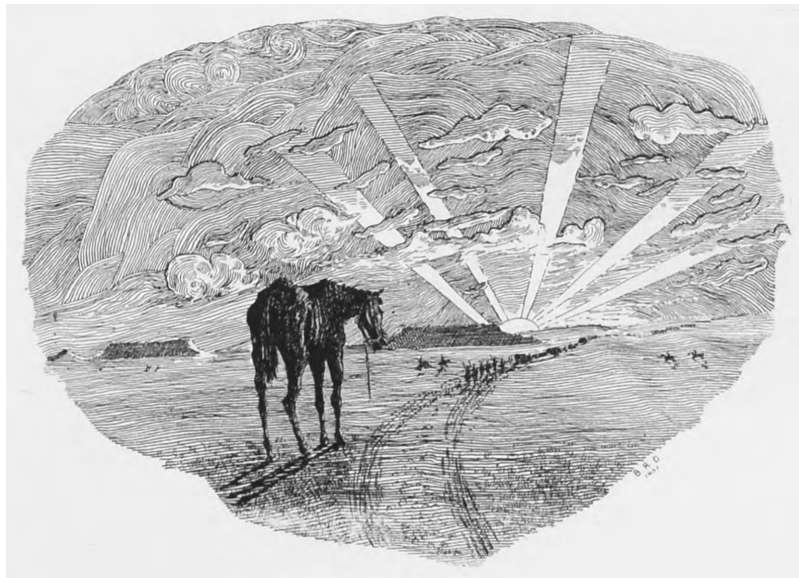
and "O" battery continued their march through Johannesburg, and bivouacked on the racecourse at Roodepoort, which they reached in pitch darkness at about 11 p.m. Fortunately the racecourse rails made excellent fuel, and soon a hundred blazing fires enabled people to find their way about.

Dec.,
1900

PAARDEBURG MONUMENT AT KRUGERSDORP.

Erected in celebration of the grant of Boer Independence, 1881.

Next morning, after an early start, we marched in to Krugersdorp at 7-30 a.m., and were met by a staff officer with orders for Colonel Lowe to immediately entrain the Regiment, and, accompanied by Lieut. C. Livingstone-Learmonth's section of "O" battery, to proceed to Cape Colony. This order, it need hardly be said, caused the utmost consternation amongst all ranks, and was not greeted with any expressions of delight. Our one trek in the Colony, that from de Aar to Prieska and back, was still in our minds, and it called forth no pleasant recollections. The recent incursion of Christian de Wet and Kritzinger into Cape Colony with a numerous following was the cause of this sudden change of plans, which necessitated the Regiment's hurried departure from the Transvaal, a country which they were never to enter again, although they had yet to spend three and a half years in South Africa. The work of entraining took some time, and it was 7-30 p.m. before headquarters left in the last of the four trains on their long journey southward.



"ABANDONED!"

CHAPTER IX

HUNTING KRITZINGER

(DEC. 19TH, 1900—JAN. 20TH, 1901).

Dec.,
1900

BEFORE commencing to follow the fortunes of the regiment in Cape Colony "on the heels of De Wet," it seems a fitting place to say a word or two about the extraordinary personality of this man and his undoubted powers both as a strategist and tactician, though in the latter respect he missed many opportunities.



GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

General Christian De Wet stands out as one of the most famous and successful leaders of the Boers, and especially so as an able partisan. His task at this period was the hardest and most difficult of any he experienced during the war. He had returned to the Free State in August, 1900, after deciding on the future campaign with Steyn, and they had agreed to separate. Steyn was to

remain in the Transvaal to attempt the reorganisation of the Boer forces there, De Wet to effect the same purpose in the Free State. On arrival in the Free State, however, he soon saw the hopelessness of the situation, rendered so by the stunning blow of Prinsloo's surrender. But so firm was his faith in the cause of the Dutch, and so great was his influence and the confidence placed in his powers by the Boers, that he had soon collected his scattered commandoes and organised them in districts, each under a leader. These gangs became a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to our forces in the country. To Scheepers was allotted the pleasant task of destroying our railway, whilst the other commandoes were instructed to keep us busy by raids on convoys, surprises on small detachments; in fact, to carry out all the most obnoxious means of exhausting our troops.

This plan of campaign was successfully carried out by De Wet for three months, though not without some "near things" at the hands of Gen. Sir Charles Knox. Now came the plan of invasion of the Colony. De Wet had heard from Steyn of the collapse of the Boer arms on the Portuguese Frontier and the consequent prostration of the Transvaal. A diversion was necessary to give time to the Transvaal to recover, and the re-invigoration of the Free State seemed the best way of creating it. Accordingly it was decided to invade Cape Colony, stir up the rebellious instincts of the Dutch, and embarrass the British by a vast widening of the area of hostilities.

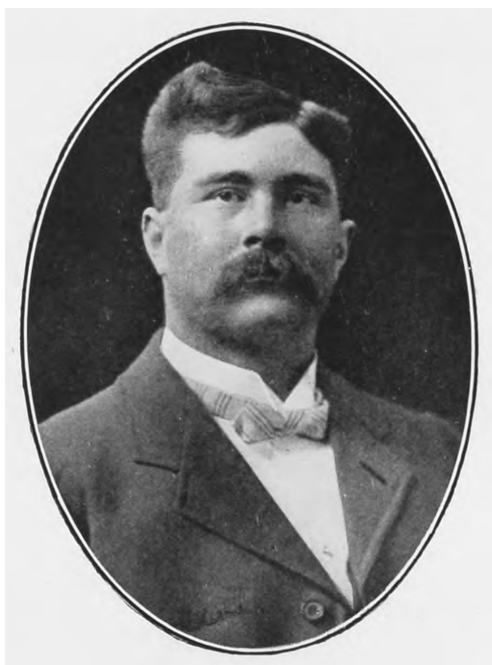
But here began his difficulties; these bodies which he had organised comprised men who lived in the locality and who were perfectly willing to remain on commando in the vicinity of their own farms, with free living on the best of the land and the occasional excitement of shooting at kharki soldiers from a safe distance—a new and pleasurable form of existence, involving neither sustained effort nor excessive danger. When, however, they were invited by De Wet to join in the raid upon Cape Colony, the suggestion fell on unwilling ears, and only a relatively small proportion obeyed the summons. It was this spirit of local patriotism that was at once the strength and weakness of the Boers. It enabled the guerilla war to be waged with so much local success and for so long; but it placed a heavy burden on those leaders who were endeavouring to arouse the people to the need of more concerted action. It was this difficulty that accounted for the fact that after one or two futile attempts to cross the Cape border himself, De Wet was only able to send over two small columns under Hertzog and Kritzinger.

Dec.,
1900

Dec.,
1900

Hertzog crossed at Zand Drift early in December with 1,000 horsemen, whilst Kritzinger with 700 Free Staters crossed near Odendaal Drift. It was the invasion by these two columns that had called us down from the Transvaal, and not till later did De Wet himself with about 1,200 men cross the Orange River, though it was his hand which had guided and organised this new phase of the war.

To pick up the thread of narrative from the last number, we had received orders to entrain at Krugersdorp, and this we had accomplished by 7-30 p.m. on the 19th December. Elandsfontein was reached at 11 p.m., where we were suddenly ordered to off-load, as the enemy were reported to be attacking a post some 10 miles away. To everyone's great relief this order was cancelled, and we started off again soon after midnight.



GENERAL KRITZINGER.

At this period of the war the railway was by no means a safe conduct, especially at night time, with Commandant Scheepers moving about, and consequently every officer and man was ordered to sleep in his bandolier with his rifle handy. Of all uncomfortable equipment in which to snatch a few moments' sleep in a jolting train a full bandolier is the very worst, but, as we expected to be tumbled out at any moment either at the bottom of a broken culvert or to drive off an attack, we had perforce to put up with this discomfort. Fortunately for us, no bridges or culverts had been tampered with, and the night journey passed without any stirring incidents. The day travelling was pleasant, and the several halts that were made at various stations on the line enabled us to replenish both in

food and forage from stray supply trains, which were fortunate enough to be standing within "long arm" distance of our own. "Commandeering" had by now become a household expression, and with it there had crept in a saying most suitable to the occasion, namely, "the devil take the hindmost."

Dec.,
1900

GENERAL DE WET AND HIS STAFF, 1901.

The advanced train with "C" Squadron arrived at Sherborne Siding at 11 p.m. on the 20th, detrained by the light of flares, and leaving one troop there (which built for itself a masterpiece in the art of engineering, christened by Major Thompson "Fort Chabrol"), marched on the morning of the 21st to Bangor Siding, where a post was entrenched and fortified, and the arms of the local farmers collected.

Unexplored regions always present a fascination to the traveller, and the Colony, of which, up till now, we had seen very little, was a relief from the everlasting rolling veldt, with its veldt fires, hideous flat-topped kopjes, and monotonous scenery. Here we found much more picturesque and rugged surroundings. The country was more thickly populated, the farms had been spared from fire and sword, there were signs of foliage and cultivation and a general aspect of prosperity compared with the devastated countries we had left in the north. It put new heart into man and beast, and helped to allay the feelings of weariness that had already begun to pervade all ranks at the prospect of an endless war.

On December 22nd the last train with headquarters passed Bangor Siding and detrained at Rosmead Junction, and was later in the day joined by "C" Squadron. Several parties were sent out the same day to collect the arms of the local farmers. These disloyal Dutch, for such they undoubtedly were, despite their protestations of friendship, had to be handled with tact and firmness. Many were openly hostile, and their women folk the most bitter of all, and one could only search their farms

Dec.,
1900

by forcibly detaining the family, whilst a careful search in the buildings would sometimes produce modern or antiquated weapons of war ingeniously secreted in mattresses or beds. A Dutch name did not always signify disloyalty, whereas an English name was frequently found whose possessor regarded our mission in life in no friendly spirit. Especially round Graff Reinet was this most noticeable.

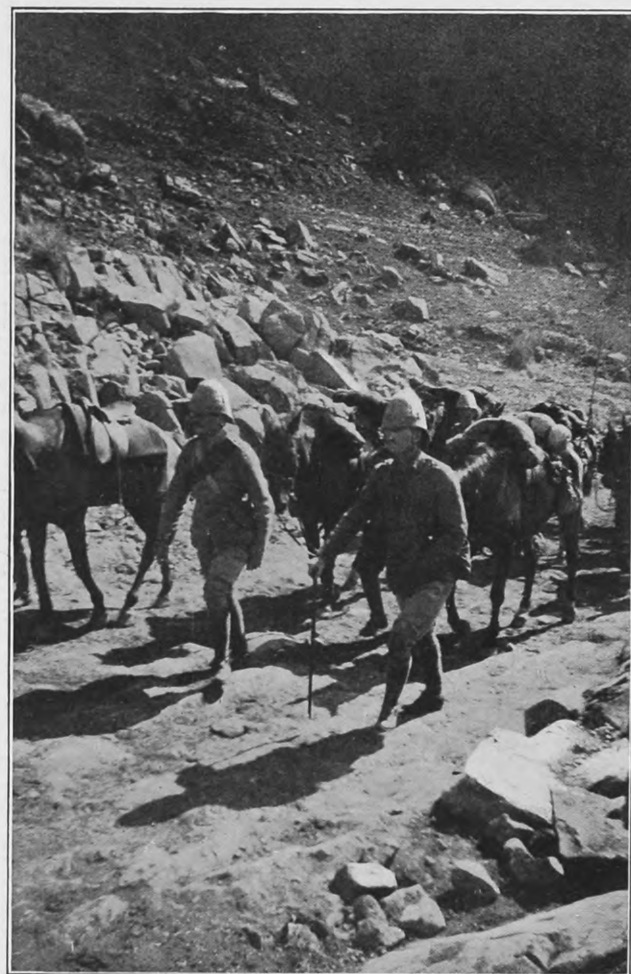


Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

COLONEL LOWE AND CAPTAIN DYER ON THE TREK,
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1900.

At Rosmead Junction three small columns were formed to prevent Kritzingers from getting further south, and to try and drive him north again over the Orange River. The three columns consisted of:—

Mounted Infantry and 2 guns under Lt.-Col. Williams.
7th Dragoon Guards and 2 guns under Lt.-Col. Lowe.
South African Light Horse and 2 guns under Lt.-Col. the Hon. J. Byng.

Dec.,
1900

These three columns were placed under the orders of Col. A. A. Garstin, C.M.G., who, during the short time he commanded, formed a very high and most flattering opinion of the Regiment, and who later wrote a letter to Lt.-Col. Dietz, in which he said:—"I have always said and think that among all the regiments with which I served and came across in South Africa, none could compare in discipline and smartness with the 7th Dragoon Guards."

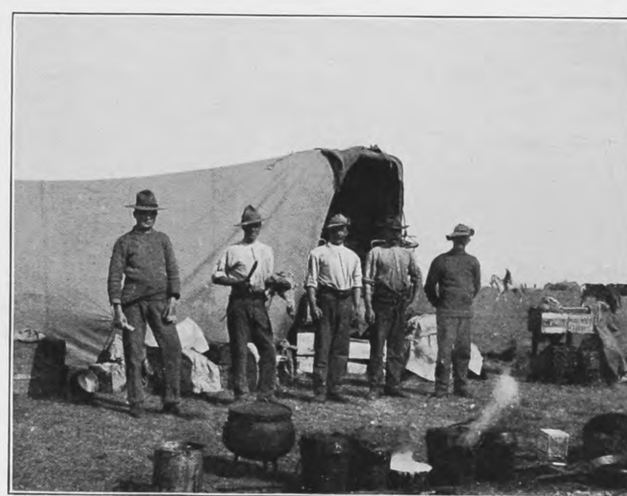


Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

SERGT.-MAJOR TASKER, CORPORAL GIBBS, AND THE
STAFF OF THE OFFICERS' MESS.

These three columns, with an independent column under Grenfell, were now disposed on an arc from Sherbourne to Steynsburg, favourably placed, that is, to intercept Kritzingers further progress south. Kritzingers was at this moment in the neighbourhood of the Zuurberg, while Hertzog was far away in the west by Prieska, and did not yet come into our sphere of the operations.

On the 23rd December we commenced operations, marching to Blawbosch Siding, where we joined the M.I. column, and on the 24th arrived at Henning's Vlei. This day Lord Kitchener came down to Naauwpoort and ordered Garstin to swing to his right and move on Burghersdorp.

On Christmas Day, therefore, we had to make a very long and trying march of 30 miles through difficult country and dangerous passes, and bivouacked at Langekloof. The day had been exceedingly trying and the heat almost unbearable. The M.I. had marched north that morning, and we joined up with Byng's column at Jagersfontein.

On the 26th Byng's column and "C" squadron marched round by Rietpoort, the remainder of the Regiment and guns proceeding to Tweefontein, where Byng's column rejoined. The following day we got our first glimpse of the enemy, for, after

Dec.,
1900

leaving camp, the column came across some of Kritzinger's scouts about four miles out. Captain Langworthy with "B" squadron was at once despatched to occupy a commanding ridge on our left flank. The country beyond this ridge consisted of a deep valley some five miles wide and enclosed by high, precipitous, rocky ridges which dropped down sheer into the level plain of the valley some 200 feet below. It was a typical example of the rough, broken, and mountainous country of Cape Colony, which afforded such excellent opportunity for a roving force of guerillas to carry out their depredations with a minimum of risk. As "B" squadron took up their position, they came in for a warm reception from the enemy's screen, who were already in occupation of the ground on their flanks, but they were able to make good the ground without loss, and on the approach of "A" squadron, under Major Dietz, with the guns, the Boers waited no longer. On the summit of this ridge we at once came into full view of about 200 or 300 of the commando, evidently a rearguard. When we first saw them they were slowly moving across our front at a walk, and in a formation which to us looked like a column of troops. Our guns, picking up the range at once, were able to drop shell in amongst them at a range of about 7,000 yards, due to our commanding position above the enemy. Their formations did not take long to break up, and they seemed to vanish away in small parties, making their way over the high rocky ridges on the far side of the plain before "C" squadron, who had started to try and head them, could get near enough to bring rifle fire to bear on them. What casualties they suffered from shell fire is hard to say, but a Kaffir next day reported that they lost 5 killed and 7 wounded. Byng's column remained this night at Tweefontein, and the Regiment moved on to Steynsburg for supplies, arriving there in the dark at 9 p.m., and bivouacked in the market square. Our arrival at Steynsburg was the instance

Jan.,
1901

of the first act of kindness extended to the Regiment during its ten months in the country: the ladies of the town met us, and provided hot tea and bread and butter, and their kindness was greatly appreciated.

The 29th and 30th found us again on the road, but this time we retraced our steps and halted at Tweefontein and Boschjesman's Poort, arriving at the latter place in a violent thunderstorm, to hear the news that the wily Kritzinger had successfully hoodwinked our columns and was already making south. In consequence of this news, Byng's column was ordered to march at 3 a.m. next day and entrain at Steynsburg, while the Regiment



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

COLONEL THOMPSON BUYING REMOUNTS AT OUDTSHOORN.



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

SERGT.-MAJOR MANDER, "A" SQUADRON.

was despatched to Rosmead Junction with Byng's guns and transport *via* Henning's Vlei. The 35 miles from Boschjesman's Poort to Henning's Vlei was one of the longest and hottest marches which the Regiment had so far experienced, and our march on the 1st of January to Rosmead took us from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m. At Rosmead we found Captain Butcher, who, during our absence, had been distinguishing himself in command of a hastily-improvised troop composed of details and sick horses, and had successfully driven off a body of Boers who had threatened the railway in the neighbourhood. Here several changes took place. Col. Garstin was ordered to Kimberley, and Lt.-Col. Douglas Haig, who had been General French's chief of staff, was given the command of the columns and the difficult task of rounding up Kritzinger and his desperadoes. Orders came at a very late hour during the night to entrain at once for Graff Reinet, and we arrived there on the following evening.

This, as I have already pointed out, was perhaps the most disloyal spot in the whole of the Colony—a perfect "hotbed" of disaffection.

Jan.,
1901

On the 4th January, "C" squadron under Captain Dyer moved out to Oudeberg, and on the following day the Regiment and guns followed, and bivouacked at Poortjie, "C" squadron advancing to Weltevreden, where they exchanged a few shots with the enemy's scouts at dusk. On January 6th the whole Regiment assembled at Weltevreden. The next day brought the news that the enemy had moved west, and Grenfell's column was ordered to follow them, whilst we held the passes from the north from New Bethesda to Bethesda Road Station. The country between these two points was practically one continuous long pass, and on either side were mountainous and almost inaccessible summits, the most noticeable being Spitzkop, which was a landmark for miles around owing to its peculiar shape. Throughout the length of the road troops



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

WATERING REMOUNTS AT OUDTSHOORN.

were dropped here and there to guard the likely approaches from the north, "A" squadron forming the extreme left of the line at New Bethesda itself, with headquarters. Outposts this night were extremely difficult to visit owing to the Alpine character of the line held, especially round New Bethesda. There seemed a strong probability that the inhabitants of the town would turn out and try conclusions with the pickets, but, fortunately for them, they were not so enterprising, and the night passed off without incident. We remained holding this line for three days, and the rest was most enjoyable. On the 11th "A" squadron and headquarters marched back to Bethesda Road, picking up the various detachments of "B" and "C" squadrons on the way. Some of these had had pleasant quarters during their three days' isolation, notably Lieut. Twyford and his troop, who had bivouacked at a farm where the farmer's five daughters were home for their holidays from Port Elizabeth. "A" squadron and headquarters were highly entertained during their far too brief halt at this charming

spot, where, in addition to other attractions, the mulberries were simply delightful. The parting from this scene of happiness and bliss was heart-rending in the extreme, and the Major of "A" squadron was approached by a vision of beauty in distress, who, with tears in her eyes, cried, "You are not going to take our Captain Twyford away with you, are you?" On arrival at Bethesda Road orders were received to watch the approaches to Craddock from the east and north-east, and we found Major Thompson awaiting us with 86 Colonial horses and 19 fully-horsed Cape carts, all of which he had commandeered at Graff Reinets. The "A"

Jan.,
1901



Photo by]

[Major B. R. Dietz

THE MULBERRY TREE.

squadron grey troop was formed here with the grey remounts brought in, and not very long afterwards the whole squadron was mounted on greys, which proved to be a very hardy lot of little horses; in fact, all the horses commandeered by Major Thompson in the Colony were an ideal lot for the work, and were by far the best horses the Regiment had been mounted on throughout the campaign.

On January 12th "A" squadron was ordered to the Lootsberg, but shortly after their departure news came that Kritzingen had again eluded our columns and had broken through to the south, and we were ordered to entrain at the station for Victoria West, on the main Cape Town line, and "A" squadron was recalled, arriving in bivouac during the night. At 3 a.m. next morning "B" squadron commenced to entrain, but did not get off before 7 a.m., and were followed by the remainder of

Jan.,
1901

the Regiment during the day. Arriving at Victoria West, orders were received to go on to Prince Albert Road, where the last train arrived late in the afternoon of the 15th.

Prince Albert was reached early in the afternoon of the next day. Situated at the foot of the Zwartberg, this picturesque little village contrasted strangely with the parched and desolate karoo, which was its only outlook towards the west; it was the centre of a flourishing fruit-growing industry. Baskets of peaches, grapes, and figs were lavishly distributed by the local ladies to our men and their kindness was most highly appreciated by us all. Twenty-five good Colonial horses and some excellent mules were again commandeered, and the next day we commenced to penetrate the Zwartberg. The road from Prince Albert to Klaarstroom ran at the



Photo by]

[Major B. R. Dietz.

FARM NEAR SPITZKOP, WHERE THE MULBERRIES GREW.

bottom of a fertile valley in which were situated many Dutch farms. It was a long and tedious march of 36 miles, and the heat was almost unbearable, but we had made an early start and had broken the back of the journey before the sun had had time to gain its full powers. All the country we were now passing through was extremely dangerous, the road winding through defiles which a few chosen shots could have held against a host. Klaarstroom was reached late in the afternoon, and next morning (the 18th) "B" squadron took up a position seven miles to the east, and two officers' patrols from "A" squadron were sent out 20 miles to the north to learn anything they could of the enemy's

whereabouts. Patrolling through the mountainous defiles in these parts was anxious work, and the roars of laughter which greeted one's patrol on this occasion in particular, whenever a sharp corner of the road brought the patrol into fresh view, was decidedly disconcerting. It was only after a moment

Jan.,
1901



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson.

LIEUT. WHETHERLY'S TROOP OF GREY'S AT DOORN RIVER.

or two that the discovery was made that it was not Kritzinger's grim chuckles which we heard, but the joyous greeting of a large number of baboons who followed the patrol on either side, high up in the rocks, laughing and talking, the mothers with their babes tucked under one arm running along on three legs, whilst some indulged in making extremely bad shots with pieces of stone. Monkeys and baboons in the Colony were very often the cause of alarming information, and their appearance on the skyline of a rocky ridge has before now been the cause of a waste of shrapnel before it was found out who it was that barred our progress.

In the afternoon orders were received to march to Oudtshoorn, and early next morning we entered the northern end of Meiring's Poort in a thick mist, perhaps the most favourable conditions under which to negotiate such a difficult and dangerous defile as this. The defile was 10 miles in length, cutting the Zwartberg from north to south, its sides being precipitous cliffs some 600 to 800 feet in height. The pass itself was so narrow that there was only room for the road and the shallow stream which crossed it no less than 22 times. In order to make the defile "good," which is easier said than done, "B" squadron was sent on at a trot through the pass to the far end, which they gained without opposition, and awaited the Regiment. On debouching from the pass, the country beyond was seen to be extremely fertile and broken up into valleys, with fields of lucerne and ostrich farms. Ostrich-farming is the

Jan., 1901 great industry of this part of the Colony, and the farms appeared to be superior to any we had yet come across, being well-built, clean, and possessing an air of prosperity and wealth.

We out-panned at Rietvlei, and Lieut. Twyford was at once despatched with a patrol to bring in a very abusive Dutch farmer. The language used by both parties on this occasion completely dispelled the mist which had hung overhead all day, and the sun blushed a deep crimson as it hid itself behind the distant, rugged skyline at the close of the day. At Rietvlei there was a store kept by an old Englishman of the name of Beckett, and his son was persuaded to offer his services as guide and scout, and we were very lucky to get him. He proved himself to be of inestimable value to us, possessing a wide knowledge of the intricate country and gathering most useful information for us, which

he knew how to do from his experience gained in fighting the Basutos.

Jan., 1901

Orders came late in the day to take up a north and south line, so as to prevent the Boers from moving west, and "A" squadron was accordingly detached to the Kammanassie River, where, owing to their arrival in the dark, they had great difficulty in placing their outpost line for the night. The following day (January 20th) "A" squadron was moved on to Doorn River, headquarters and "C" squadron and guns to Heimers River, while "B" squadron remained at Rietvlei, with a detachment at Kammanassie. The line thus held by the Regiment was 40 miles in length, and had Kritzinger made a determined effort to push through the line it would have been difficult to stop him, as lateral communications were extremely bad owing to the broken and mountainous character of the country.

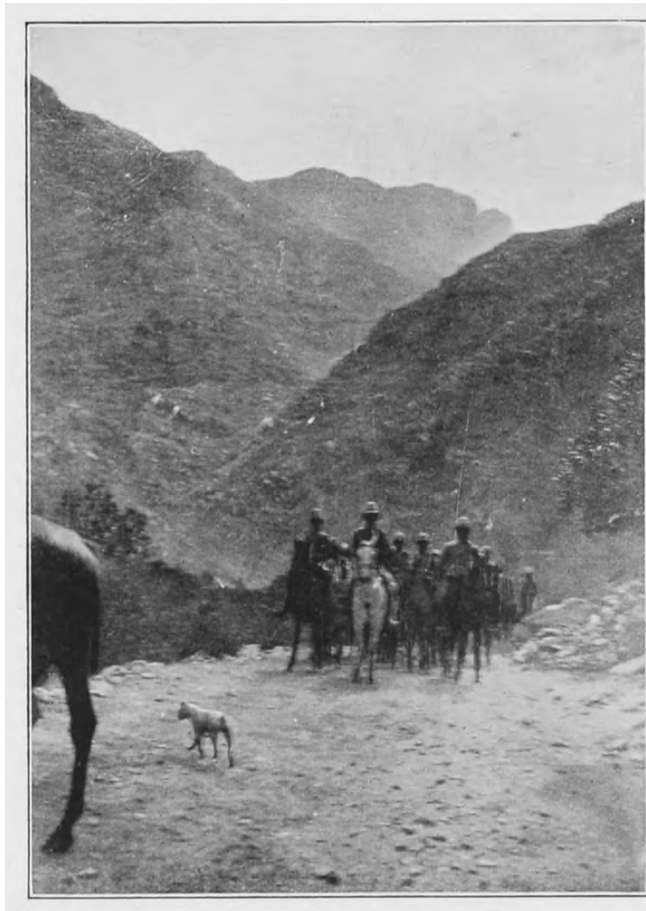


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[Col. Thompson.

EMERGING FROM THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO MEIRING'S POORT.

CHAPTER X.

"ON THE HEELS OF DE WET"

(JAN. 20TH—APRIL 2ND, 1901).

Jan.,
1901

OUR positions remained the same on January 21st, with the exception that "A" squadron pushed a troop 15 miles to the front, up the Langkloof, to Schoonberg Farm, overlooking George and the sea. The object of this post was to guard the Devil's Kop Pass, a mere mountain track, but sufficiently practicable for such experienced men as those of Kritzinger.

On the 23rd information was received that the enemy was closing in on Reitvlei, and "A" squadron moved at once to relieve "C" at Heimers River, "C" squadron and guns pushing on to Kammanassie. Grenfell's column now arrived at Rietvlei, and finding that a few Boers had slipped through the line towards Oudtshoorn, "B" squadron was ordered to move there. The troop at Schoonberg Farm was recalled, and occupied Doorn River, which "A" squadron had just vacated.

On the following day the former positions were resumed, except that "B" squadron rejoined "C" at Heimers River, Grenfell's column having shortened our line by occupying Rietvlei. The Grey troop of "A" squadron returned to the post at the Devil's Kop Pass during the night. This day Major Thompson, who had been despatched from Rietvlei on the 20th to commandeer horses in the Oudtshoorn district, rejoined with 238 excellent Cape horses. Among these were 80 greys, sufficient to complete "A" squadron with grey horses. The cast horses were driven back to Oudtshoorn, and left there to rest. This draft of horses saw the Regiment mounted better than it had ever been during the campaign, for not only were the horses in the ranks of the right stamp and fit after their rest, but we had collected about 100 driven horses, with which casualties could be temporarily replaced, and so keep the fighting strength of the Regiment up to its standard.

All was quiet for the next few days, but late on the night of the 28th a message came in on the wires from Uniondale, about 50 odd miles to the front, up the Langkloof, to the effect that the Boers were at that moment entering the town, there being no one there to stop them except the Town Guard.

A move was made the following day to draw a cordon around the Kammanassie Mountains, the Regiment marching 12 miles over very rough roads, "C" squadron to Rietfontein, "B" squadron and headquarters and guns to Matjies Drift, and "A" squadron to Schoonberg. The mobility of the Regiment at this period was remarkably improved. The rest had done wonders to the horses, and, besides, the excellent quality of the remounts we had obtained in the Colony greatly added to our

efficiency in moving long distances. The plan of having a mob of about 100 driven horses, and the carrying of five days' groceries and one day's rations and corn on Cape carts answered admirably, and the Regiment was for the first time really mobile and able to move long distances at the gallop.

On the 30th, "C" squadron clearing the Kammanassie Mountains, and the remainder of the Regiment the country between them and the Attaiqua Mountains, a bivouac was formed at Rooiplaats, about 10 miles short of Uniondale. "A" squadron continued on to Uniondale the same evening, and was joined by the remainder of the Regiment on the following day.

On the 1st of February the Regiment marched to Paardefontein, leaving the troop under Lieut. Mansel in Uniondale for protection. After a hot and trying march on the following day Welvedacht was reached, where the difficult task of pursuing the enemy, and at the same time being ready to turn back to the assistance of Uniondale, was assigned to the Regiment. This somewhat intricate problem was solved by the Regiment remaining stationary on the 3rd, and "A" squadron was sent to the front to reconnoitre, having the great misfortune to lose Beckett, the scout, whose services had been of the greatest value. He was taken prisoner and very roughly treated by the Boers. He fortunately fell into our hands again a few days later and narrated the unpleasant experiences he had gone through.

Information came in from "A" squadron on the following day (the 4th) that the Boers were working north, and the Regiment accordingly marched at dawn (the troop under Lieut. Mansel being left behind at Uniondale), under the orders of Colonel Haig, commanding the column. At Veeren Kraal a fruitless attempt was made to gallop down some of the enemy's scouts, and the owner of the farm, having wilfully given false and misleading information, was brought along with the column, a prisoner. After an hour's outspan the Regiment at last came up with the commando, late in the afternoon, very strongly posted at Sandpoort, near Brighton, the southern entrance through the Anthoniesberg Range. The Boer position was an exceedingly strong one and very difficult to reconnoitre. The entrance to the poort was hidden by a length of rocky kopjes strongly held by the enemy, and the flanks consisted of the inaccessible heights of the mountain range, which forbade of the position being turned. "A" squadron, under Major Dietz, was the leading squadron, and on approaching the poort came under a heavy rifle fire. The leading troop, under Lieut. Whetherly, quickly dismounting,

Feb.,
1901

Feb.,
1901

began to reply, but, unfortunately, having had to pass through several gates in the wire fences which crossed the road, their led horses could not be got out of range sufficiently soon to prevent casualties. Their greys, on this occasion, made a splendid mark for the enemy, as the waning light and burnt veldt showed them up tremendously, and they were necessarily lumped together whilst the wire was being cut. Staff-Sergt.-Farrier W. Nearney was slightly wounded whilst cutting the wire, and Private Douthwaite and Private King were both severely wounded as they held the led horses, and three horses were shot. Our guns were able to make very little impression. "B" squadron seized a small kopje on their left front, and "C" squadron reinforced "A" squadron in front. Soon the gathering darkness showed up the flashes of the enemy's rifles, and gradually the firing died down, and an end was put to the fight. It had been a tiring day's work, for the Regiment had marched 38 miles, with a stiff fight at the end of it.

A renewal of the attack on Sandpoort was expected to take place on the following day, but in the morning a thick fog rendered this procedure too risky. Later, however, when the fog had cleared somewhat, patrols reported the poort clear of the enemy, and the Regiment advanced with the idea of following the enemy through the mountains to the next poort, Beerepoort, which was the passage through the central of the three parallel ranges of the Anthoniesberg.

Colonel Williams' column now arrived from Steytlerville, and, from information received, it appeared that the only exit open to the Boers from the mountains was at Buffelshoek, as Swanepool Poort was blocked by the armoured train on the Uniondale-Klipplaats line. Accordingly, this column proceeded to Beerepoort, while "A" squadron, supported by "C" squadron, galloped for Spreuwfontein, where they arrived just in time to see the last Boer, his rifle slung across his shoulders, disappear round the edge of a large boulder and follow his commando, which had issued through the Buffelshoek. This path was little known and so steep that ponies had to be tied head to tail. The entrance to the hoek was through a cleft in the rocks. The bivouac this night was at Narvan's Poort, near Spreuwfontein.

Next morning "B" squadron, under Major Langworthy, was sent on at a gallop to Piennarspoort, arriving there in time to head off some of the enemy. The Regiment followed on and bivouacked in the poort at night.

This same night our scout Beckett turned up in camp in a very exhausted condition. Ever since his capture, four days before, he had been forced to walk most of the long marches made by Kritzinger, and only mounted barebacked when of necessity they had to clear from our pursuit. During the action at Sandpoort they had brought him up into

the firing line on the kopje they held, forcing him to stand up at times. He told us that we were shooting very well, and that he did not enjoy his experience on that occasion at all. They then took him on with them until, finding him rather an encumbrance whilst they were being so hard pressed, they let him go again, and very glad we were to see him back.

Mount Stewart, on the Port Elizabeth line, was reached on the 7th, 206 miles having been covered during the past ten days, one of which was an enforced halt at Welvedacht. This record speaks well for the mobility attained by the Regiment.



Photo by]

[Col. C. W. Thompson.

"A" SQUADRON MOVING BY TRAIN.

Kritzinger was now left to the mercies of the Royal Loyal Farmers, and the Colonial Defence Force, and various small columns.

After a rest during the 8th "A" squadron entrained for Graff Reinets, followed next day (Sunday) by "C" squadron, "God Save the King" being sung at an open-air church parade for the first time since the late Queen's death. This day brought the news of a serious engagement between a patrol of Lieut. Mansel's troop with some Australians and some 300 of Kritzinger's commando. This patrol, under Sergeant Jacob, had joined a party of West Australians, under Captain Oliver of that corps, and had been detached, by order of Colonel Haig, to cover the right flank on the march of the detachments from Uniondale to Klipplaats. This small party ran across the enemy that had escaped through Buffelshoek the day previously, and instead of retiring,

Feb.,
1901

Feb.,
1901

boldly took up a position which they held with great gallantry for seven hours. At the end of that time, their ammunition running very short, the Boers rushed the position. Captain Oliver was severely wounded, Sergeant Jacob killed, Privates S. Chance and W. J. Peck died of wounds, Private G. Smith dangerously wounded, and Privates J. Mitchell and J. Carter were severely wounded.

A gallant little band, these men, who fought it out to the end and most worthily upheld the traditions of their Regiment against overwhelming odds. Sergeant Jacob's loss was much felt in the Regiment, for he was a brave as well as a capable N.C.O., admired and respected by the men he led. All were buried at Klipplaats, where a handsome stone memorial was erected to their memory by the Loyal Women's Guild.

On the 11th of February "B" squadron and transport entrained for Graff Reinet, and the following day the Regiment marched for the second time to Oudeberg, on the Murraysberg road, in charge of a convoy of ox and donkey waggons. The latter were miserably "found," and the harness consisted of bits of string and soda water wire, which was hardly calculated to ensure mobility; in fact, the pace of the convoy was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, and half the convoy was unable to reach bivouac, having had to outspan all night about five miles away. To add to our difficulties rain fell incessantly for several days, and the roads became almost impassable, and, work as we might, we could hardly get more than six miles a day out of the waggons. On the 13th and 14th the nights were spent at Doornbosch Farm and Katbosch, and on the 15th at Zuurpoort. This day Major Thompson and the scout Thornton narrowly escaped an ambush and were heavily fired on, Private Palmer being severely wounded. The 16th was spent in bivouac in pouring rain, and on the following day, leaving the convoy at Zuurpoort, the Regiment commenced to return to Oudeberg.

On reaching Matjiesfontein, however, orders came that we were to march back again, as Colonel Haig's columns were to concentrate on the western line and Victoria West Station was to be our destination. By this time it was dark and still raining, so the column bivouacked, and marched next morning through Zuurpoort to Poortjie.

Murraysberg was reached on the 19th, and most fortunately for everyone we were able to escape the wretched weather by billeting in the empty houses. This was the first occasion, since the commencement of the campaign, that the men had a roof over their heads.

Victoria West Station was reached on the 22nd, the Regiment bivouacking at Bester's Kraal, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of the railway line, for the next three days. This sudden concentration of all available columns was brought about by De Wet's raid into the Colony, and the necessity for driving him back

across the river, so as to prevent his junction with Kritzingen in the south. At this present moment De Wet was located somewhere north-east of De Aar. The rest for these few days was most acceptable, and, indeed, well-earned, after one of the most uncomfortable and disagreeable weeks the Regiment had yet endured.

On the 26th and 27th February the Regiment entrained for Hanover Road, "B" and "C" squadrons being fortunate on the first day to get through without incident, although the Boers were close to the line and had just overwhelmed a squadron of Kitchener's Scouts. These two squadrons moved out on the 27th in a violent thunderstorm, and bivouacked at Trek Poort.



Photo by]

[Col. C. W. Thompson.

CAPTAIN BUTCHER AT BESTER'S KRAAL.

On the 28th the situation had become exciting, as numerous columns, of which Haig's were the furthest east, were in touch with De Wet and pressing him hard towards the Orange River, which was in flood. The South African Light Horse under Colonel Byng, which was on the extreme east, had, unfortunately, more ground to cover than they could possibly manage, and in consequence the object of our operations was only partially accomplished. "B" and "C" squadrons this night bivouacked at Boschkop, having marched 34 miles in heavy rain, "A" squadron and headquarters being some miles in rear.

The following day De Wet accomplished one of his most daring moves. He swam the river at Lilliefontein Drift, although surprised during the passage by a patrol of Nesbitt's Horse. This passage of a swollen river was a most notable

Feb.,
1901

March,
1901

performance and deserved the success it gained. Some of his men, however, broke back through the east, but we had at least driven him out of the Colony, even if we had not achieved his complete capture, which certainly looked probable the previous day. "B" and "C" squadrons halted for the night at Rietfontein, "A" squadron and headquarters at the Scacas River.

Norval's Pont was reached on the 3rd, and after spending some considerable labour on the repair to the pontoon bridge, which was very unsafe, the Regiment and guns crossed at night, and eventually went into bivouac at 3 a.m. the next morning. After a brief halt, our march was continued at dawn towards Phillipolis, where a fight was expected, but Plumer reached it with but slight opposition. Some sniping took place between patrols, but no serious fighting, and a bivouac was formed two miles north of the town which was deserted, and presented a most desolate appearance.



Photo by]

[Col. C. W. Thompson.

CHURCH PARADE, BESTER'S KRAAL.

From the 5th March to the 9th the Regiment continued its march without incident to Edenburg, "A" squadron capturing a small Boer laager near Titus Pan on the 6th. At Edenburg a draft of 120 men and horses, under Major Cooper and Second-Lieut. Kirkwood, joined the Regiment, and a rest of three days was enjoyed. Since leaving Hanover Road on the 26th February, our baggage waggons had marched 223 miles, which gave a daily average of $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day, allowing for one day's rest. Our horses had certainly suffered somewhat, and we sent 78 horses to the Sick Horse Depôt, and replaced them on the 11th by a draft of 88 remounts from Springfontein, which brought us up to our previous efficient strength.

A fresh task was now given to the three columns under Colonel Haig, *viz.*, Lowe's, Byng's, and Williams', and two more columns were placed under his orders, namely, those of Thorneycroft and Hickman, the latter column working furthest east on the Basuto frontier, with Thorneycroft's on its immediate left. These five columns were to make a sweep to the north-east and to clear the country of all stock, etc., and also to drive any Boer commandoes which were seen towards the line Thaba N'chu-Ladybrand, which was held in force by our troops. The column started in torrents of rain and arrived at Rietfontein, the advanced guard being sniped. The spruit here was quite

March,
1901



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[Col. C. W. Thompson

RAILWAY BRIDGE AT NORVALS PONT,
Showing part of the old pontoon bridge.

impassable for waggons, but our column was ordered to cross, and did so with great difficulty, though fortunately without loss of life, although six men and horses were swept down by the torrent and with difficulty rescued. The Regiment bivouacked this night at Vlakkfontein, the other columns remaining with the baggage.

Next day orders were received to collect stock and then march to Deput. By mid-day 4,000 sheep, 200 cattle, and 150 horses had been collected, and we outspanned at Knellpoort.

Two troops of "C" squadron under Captain Dyer were left at Knellpoort with orders to escort the

March,
1901

captured stock into Edenburg the next day, while the Regiment moved on into bivouac at Brakfontein. On March the 14th the column reached Deput, and on nearing the pass the advance guard was sniped, and several small parties of the enemy were seen. There was, however, no serious resistance, and we were able to collect another 2,000 head of cattle and sheep and burn large quantities of wheat and forage. At 2 p.m. news arrived that Captain Dyer's two troops had been heavily attacked, and Major Thompson was at once sent back with "A" squadron and machine gun to give assistance. On arriving at the ridge opposite Knellpoort Farm it was at once seen that the farm and adjoining kopjes were full of the enemy, whilst all the stock collected the day before was being driven back. No



Photo by]

[Col. C. W. Thompson

RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE ORANGE RIVER AT NORVALS
PONT.

signs of Captain Dyer's force could be seen, but eventually information was received from a Kaffir to the effect that they had got safely away in the direction of Edenburg. It appeared, afterwards, that early in the morning, as Captain Dyer was marching with the captured stock, he was attacked by considerable numbers of Boers, who were gradually enveloping him. It soon became a question of either abandoning the stock or sticking to it and being completely surrounded and cut off. He wisely decided to abandon the cattle, and even then had some heavy fighting in order to get away. The brunt of the fighting fell to the lot of Second-Lieut. Kirkwood's troop, and it was not observed till they had vacated a ridge that some

killed and wounded had been left behind. Thereupon Second-Lieut. Kirkwood, Pte. Ludman, and another man, with a Cape cart, most gallantly went back under a heavy fire and collected the casualties and brought them safely in to the squadron. Our casualties on this occasion were:—Corpl. S. Fagg, Pte. A. E. Cook, and Pte. G. Moore, killed; and Pte. C. Elgar, wounded. For this gallant act the names of Second-Lieut. Kirkwood and the two men with him were forwarded by Colonel Haig to Army Headquarters, with a recommendation that they should each receive the Victoria Cross. After the satisfactory news that these two troops were safe, the squadron, under Major Thompson, returned to Deput.

Next day (the 15th) the Regiment marched to Reddersburg and rejoined headquarters, where the news of the safe arrival of Captain Dyer's two troops at Edenburg was received, and continuing its march arrived at Victoria Poort on the 18th, three miles south of Thaba N'chu, where, eleven months previously, it had received its baptism of fire. No signs of the enemy had been seen during the last three days, and the columns had averaged 20 to 25 miles a day. At this time we were primarily supposed to be clearing the country of all stock, forage, etc., but the columns were scarcely within touch of one another, and the actual country they were passing through at this time was fertile and well stocked. It was, therefore, no easy task to perform, namely, to arrive at the appointed destination each day and to have cleared all the country passed. The former of these was bound to be carried out, and, therefore, the clearing had to be neglected through no fault of the troops. In order to clear a country effectually, columns should have been in closer touch and the marches should not have exceeded five to six miles a day.

Thaba N'chu was left on the 21st at 1 a.m., with orders to march to Kroonstadt, and there form part of the Division under Major-General Elliot. The only incident worthy of mention from this time till Kroonstadt was reached, on the 2nd April, was a fight in which Lieut. Chappell's troop were engaged, during their task of clearing a farm. They had to run the gauntlet of a very hot fire in order to extricate themselves from a critical position where they might have found themselves completely cut off. The remainder of "A" squadron eventually came to their assistance and enabled them to recover Private F. Scammell, who had been severely wounded through the right lung. He was, however, too badly hit to be moved to our camp, and had to be left in the farm for the night, where he was well treated by the Boers.

March,
1901

It is interesting to note the following instructions issued in orders for the guidance of Officers Commanding patrols.

"When visiting farms, Officers Commanding patrols will carry out the following instructions:

1. The mere fact of the occupier of a farm being in possession of a pass does not entitle him to immunity from having his stock removed.

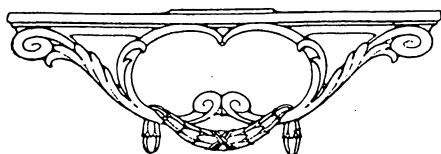
2. Stock of all sorts, foodstuffs, and forage will invariably be removed.

3. All men capable of bearing arms will invariably be brought in.

4. All women and children, if residing on farms, will, if carriages are available, be brought in, together with such household goods as they may require.

5. All ovens and mills must invariably be destroyed.

6. Personal property, wearing apparel, documents, and household furniture should not be wantonly destroyed or removed."



CHAPTER XI.

UNDER LOCKE-ELLIOTT IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY

(APRIL 2ND—MAY 21ST, 1901).

April,
1901

THE Regiment arrived at Kroonstadt on April 2nd, eleven months since we first entered that town, and the war seemed nearly as far from being finished as ever.

Since leaving Winburg the column had collected about 3,000 head of cattle, 20,000 sheep, and 800 horses. The large herds of cattle and sheep that were to be collected by a column certainly hampered and retarded the movements of the troops, but it was most necessary to clear the country in this way, and so make it harder for the enemy to mount themselves and find food.

General Elliott's command now consisted of three distinct columns, composed as follows: Broadwood's Column—7th Dragoon Guards, 4th and 12th Imperial Yeomanry, two guns "O" Battery Royal Horse Artillery, two guns 82nd Battery. Bethune's Column—King's Dragoon Guards, 3rd Dragoon Guards, Prince of Wales' Light Infantry, "G" Battery Royal Horse Artillery. De Lisle's Column—Mounted Infantry (6th Regiment).

The 6th Mounted Infantry were certainly a model of what Mounted Infantry should be; they were composed of Scotch, English, and Welsh Regiments, and under their dashing leader they were responsible for some fine work in the field. The Yeomanry also soon got to work, as well as the Regulars, and the force under General Elliott could give a very good account of itself when called upon.

Colonel Lowe's column was absorbed in Broadwood's, and Colonel Lowe returned to the command of the Regiment. Kroonstadt was left after a rest of ten days—a very rare occurrence, and the whole of General Elliott's column was ordered off to clear the country of all supplies in the vicinity. The Division carried ten days' rations and forage. It is interesting to note that ox transport was used again. Colonel Lowe had organized a fast transport in Cape Colony, and the change to this slow-moving transport was not appreciated. Oxen are useful for drawing heavy loads, but are altogether unsuitable for working with cavalry, as they require to be continually outspanned, and their rate of movement is at the best some $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles an hour.

The Regiment arrived at the Wit Kopjes on April 15th, having collected a considerable quantity of stock.

On April 17th Schielkop was reached, and Private G. Kerr was severely wounded by some snipers.

April,
1901

Broadwood's column remained halted on April 18th so as to allow Bethune's column to clear out the inhabitants of Parijs. The mention of this town recalls the story of how the big bell which now hangs outside the guardroom came to occupy its present position. It was at Parijs that the Regiment crossed over the Vaal River into the Transvaal on May 24th, 1900. Colonel Lowe and Major Thompson thought it would be a good thing to have a memento of that occasion, so they hauled down the town bell of Parijs, and, placing it on a waggon, brought it into camp.

The column arrived at Honing Spruit on April 22nd, and a draft of 120 N.C.O.'s and men joined from England, with three Officers—Lieuts. Cholmley, Holland, and Persse.

The Division left Honing Spruit on the 25th, with the idea of moving eastward to the Heilbron-Lindley line, and then northward to the Vaal River. It may be added that the plan of campaign had a way of being changed several times before a trek was finished, owing to unforeseen circumstances arising.

General Broadwood's column formed the right of the Division, and we bivouacked at a place called Boschpoort the first night, a distance of about eight miles.

The next day the Regiment was engaged in a sharp fight near Waaihook, and Second-Lieut. M. E. Lindsay, in command of the advanced troop, was shot through the leg, which put him *hors de combat* for some time. Just before dark some Boer waggons were seen, and a night march was made to Elandspruit, where we arrived at midnight. The march was continued early the next day, and the waggons were sighted at dawn. Just as it began to look as if our hard night's work was going to be rewarded, the Boers split up their convoy and trekked in different directions, and only two waggons, containing nothing of any value, were captured. The Boers were very fond of adopting this plan of campaign, *i.e.*, splitting up in all directions, as it was next to impossible to get on the trek of each separate party, and even if two or three parties were run to ground, when it came to the pinch the Boers would desert the waggons, and the usual result would be a waggon or two captured, with nothing of any value in them. This plan was made all the easier for the enemy owing to the inhabitants being friendly to them, and their being able to live on the country. The chase of the Boer waggons ended at Lindley, and by this time both men and horses had had about enough.

April,
1901

At this time, attached to the Regiment as a guide, was Piet de Wet, brother of the famous Christian de Wet, and it was curious he should have been helping us against the Boers at Lindley, where only a year previously he had captured the Duke of Cambridge's Yeomanry. Many people condemn Piet de Wet as a traitor fighting against his own people, although he did not actually use a rifle. There is another side to the question. The Boer cause was really lost; they had no organized government, and the longer the war went on the more harm and damage would be done. Piet de Wet thought that by helping to bring the war to a quick conclusion he was serving his country to the best advantage. He was a fine-looking man, a great fighter, a splendid shot, and had the quickest eye of anyone in the column.

On the night of the 27th April the Regiment bivouacked at Quaggafontein, and reached Buffelsvlei on the 29th.

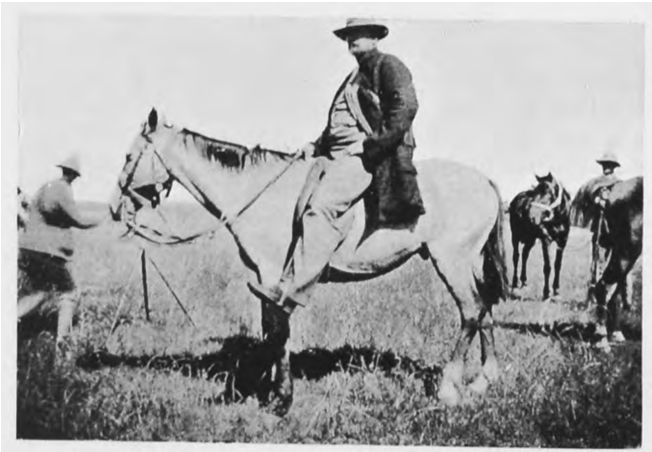


Photo by [Col. Thompson, D.S.O.]
PIET DE WET AND SIGNALLERS, 7TH D.G.'S., AT LINDLEY.

On April 30th Colonel Lowe was ordered to take over command of Colonel Bethune's column, and the command of the Regiment devolved upon Major Thompson.

On May 1st Broadwood's column was ordered to march to Grootvlei, but this order was countermanded, and our column was ordered to march to Rietfontein Drift (near Frankfort), on the Wilge River. The column, however, did not get as far as this, as on arriving at Bout Plaatz there was a lot of shooting, and the Boers were found holding a strong position, so, as it was getting dark, it was decided to bivouac where we were and turn out the enemy from their position the next day.

The column marched at dawn the following day (May 2nd), expecting a fight at the Drift. De Lisle's Mounted Infantry had crossed the river during the night lower down, thus turning the Boers' flank, and they had immediately retired. "A" squadron, under Major Dietz, was now

detached to co-operate with De Lisle, while the remainder of the column marched to Frankfort, which had recently been the seat of the Boer Government. The Boer Government at this time and up to the conclusion of the war had really no fixed headquarters; they had to move about from place to place as necessity arose, and their opportunities for meeting together were few, as there was always a chance of their being taken unawares and captured, which did happen later on in the war at Reitz.

On May 3rd the column rested. Captain Dyer, with "C" squadron and 100 men of the 12th Imperial Yeomanry and a pom-pom, was ordered to march that night and destroy a mill at Conveniente, and to clear some neighbouring farms. The column remained at Frankfort on May 4th, and on the 5th Captain Dyer returned, and reported considerable fighting and that the Boers were on all sides of him. He had been able to clear the farms, but had not been able to destroy the mill. Two prisoners were captured, and "C" squadron had Corporal F. C. Watts wounded and three horses shot.

The Boers used almost invariably to get information of our intended movements. No matter how carefully plans of night marches and farm raids

May,
1901

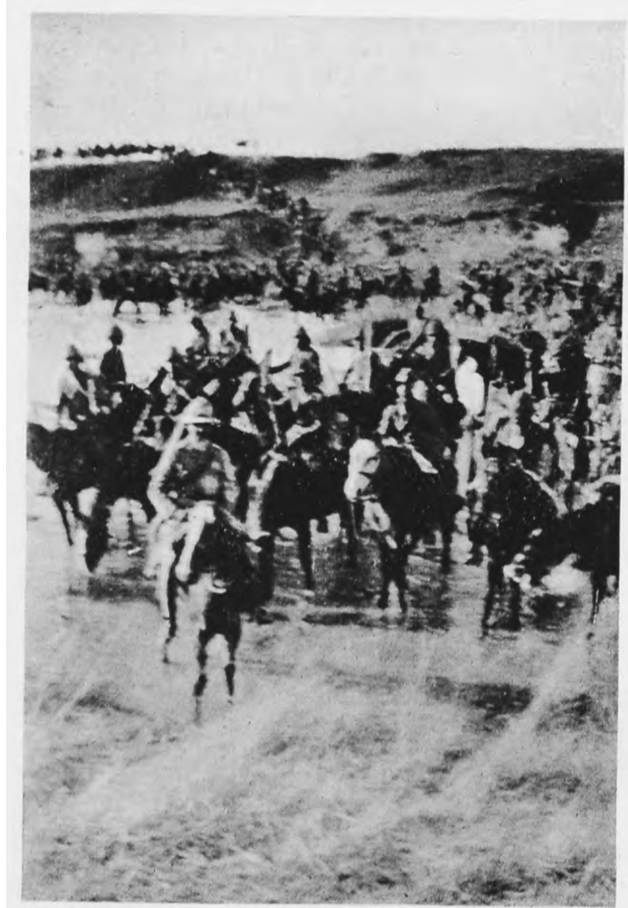


Photo by [Col. Thompson, D.S.O.]
"C" SQUADRON UNDER CAPT. J. E. F. DYER.

May,
1901

were kept, the enemy seemed to know all about them. There were such numbers of "hangers on" to a column—transport Kaffirs, conductors, Kaffir scouts, and others too numerous to mention—that the probability was that many of these were unfriendly to us, and used to give the enemy information of our movements. However it was, the fact remains that the best efforts of our intelligence officers were constantly rendered fruitless owing to the enemy anticipating our movements.

On May 6th General Broadwood, who was sick, was escorted by "B" squadron, under Capt. Langworthy, and 50 Yeomen to Heilbron. The command of the column devolved on Col. de Lisle. The Brigade marched that day to Potsdam.



Photo by [Major B. R. Dietz
F.Q.M.S. COWAN DOCTORING A SORE BACK.

On May 7th the following appeared in Divisional Orders:—

Rewards.

To be Brevet-Colonel—Lieut.-Colonel W. H. M. Lowe, 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards.

To be Brevet-Major—Captain J. S. Cayzer, 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards.

The following Regimental order was also published:—"The Commanding Officer is much gratified in informing all ranks that No. 4289 Private McKibbin, "B" squadron, has been awarded the medal for distinguished conduct in the field."

The next day (May 8th) we marched to Brakspruit without incident, except that we had collected large quantities of cattle and sheep.

On the following day we marched to Cornelia. Hearing that a village called Vrede, about 25 miles march, was occupied, it was decided to attack

it, so we set out about 8 p.m. for that purpose. Our strength was two squadrons 7th Dragoon Guards, 400 Imperial Yeomanry, two guns "O" Battery Royal Horse Artillery, and a pom-pom.

At dawn the two squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards were in position, guarding the north side of the town, and the Imperial Yeomanry surrounded the south and west side. Eighteen prisoners were captured with very little trouble, together with their arms and ponies. The most important of the prisoners was a certain notorious Landrost called Moll, and Steyn's secretary was also captured. A man called Marise Botha managed to get away. He first tried to break through the north side of the town, but failed, and eventually got through the Imperial Yeomanry. This man was a very gallant fighter. He generally rode a light grey pony, and was easily distinguishable. He fought against the Regiment on several occasions in the many small fights near Vrede.

The Regiment bivouacked at Vrede the night of May 10th, and on May 11th Platvei was reached, and a commando of some 300 Boers was sighted. On May 12th we marched through very difficult country to a place called Vlaknek without anything of note happening.

Captain Langworthy rejoined us at Vlaknek with "B" squadron, having done some useful work.

Leaving Frankfort on the night of the 5th, they marched all night, and at daybreak, in a thick mist, they heard the lowing of cattle and the shouting of the drivers. Although Captain Langworthy did not know what was ahead of him, he decided to take his chance, and sent Lieut. F. C. Watson's troop forward. This troop went on with great dash, and even rode right through the laager, capturing six ox waggons, and six Cape carts all full of Boer ladies and children and of armed Boers. A few Boers got away in the mist. A short time after this another laager was discovered and rushed. This capture was at a farm called Kaalfontein, and included twelve waggons, ten Cape carts, and seven armed Boers. The curious part of this affair was that "B" squadron were only escorting General Broadwood back to Heilbron, from Frankfort, and it was quite by accident that they came upon the laager.

The Boer women, when they were captured, immediately started to walk off in different directions, and had to be forcibly carried back to the waggons. As a matter of fact both officers and men by this time had become very handy at carrying Boer ladies about, as they had had considerable practice whilst clearing farms, and the ladies soon found resistance quite useless. Captain Chappell had a nasty shave one day, as one of these good ladies went for him with a fire iron, and he narrowly escaped with his life; he handled them very carefully after this. "B" squadron reached Heilbron late that afternoon unmolested by the enemy, although there were 50 or 60 Boers on some kopjes close by, but they

May,
1901

May, 1901 probably could not open fire for fear of wounding some of their own women and children. Besides the prisoners and waggons captured, there were about 500 head of cattle, some 30 horses, and a quantity of ammunition.

On May 14th the various columns remained halted at Vlaknek. Colonel Bethune took over the command again of his own column. Colonel Lowe took over General Broadwood's column, and Colonel de Lisle went back to his own corps. Colonel Bethune was a most cheery commander, and there are many good stories told about him. The following one, perhaps, will show that he was somewhat hard to defeat. The ox transport of another column, having got stuck in a drift, was delaying Colonel Bethune's column that was coming on behind. Colonel Bethune, while watching the efforts of some subaltern who was urging on the natives to try and get the waggons out of the drift, took him for the Transport Officer, and said to him, "Now then, Mr. ——— Transport Officer, when the ——— are you going to get out of the ——— way?" and a good deal more after the same strain. The Officer, very indignant, and expecting an immediate apology, explained to the Colonel that he was not the Transport Officer at all, but was only assisting. But he did not get much change, as Colonel Bethune said, "All right, my sportsman, go and find the ——— Transport Officer, and tell him exactly what I told you." The reader must not gather from this that Colonel Bethune was rough on his subordinates, as, on the contrary, he always had a cheery word for everyone down to the last-joined subaltern, and was most popular with all ranks.

On the following day (May 15th) the Division marched in a southerly direction, Lowe's column on the right, De Lisle's in the centre, and Bethune's on the left, roughly along the line of the Vaal. Colville operated on the right bank. The plan of campaign was to make a sweep towards the Natal border.



Photo by]

[Col. Thompson, D.S.O.

THE ARMOURER'S SHOP. ARM. S. SGT. DERING.

May, 1901 That night we bivouacked at Vrede. The next day the Regiment was detailed to clear some farms at Rondel Hoek, a strong position east of Vrede. An Infantry Brigade had previously attempted to force this valley and failed. On this occasion the Regiment, instead of attacking the mouth of the valley, skirted the southern slopes, whilst "B" squadron climbed the hills overlooking the valley, and located some parties of the enemy awaiting our attack from the west. These parties of the enemy on sighting our men looking down on them quickly retired, and "C" squadron, under Captain Dyer, was sent down to clear the farms.

On 17th May the Regiment formed advanced and flank guards. "A" squadron was in advance, and all went well until we got near some kraals, when some Boers, who had kept concealed, opened fire on Lieutenant Mansel's troop at very short range. Lieutenant Mansel immediately got his men under cover of a neighbouring wall, and returned the enemy's fire. Corporal A. Chapman was killed, shot through the head with a Lee-Metford bullet. The Boers also attacked both flank guards, and the shooting was considerable. The guns were brought up, and eventually the enemy dispersed. The Boers numbered about 400. This fight was a sad illustration of the misuse of cover. Corporal Chapman raised his head right above the wall to locate the enemy, instead of knocking off a few bricks and making a small loophole to look through. Thus he was a very definite mark, and the Boers were too good shots to lose such an opportunity, especially at such a short range, some 400 yards. Corporal Chapman was a smart and gallant Dragoon, and his loss was much felt by all ranks. The Regiment bivouacked that night at Goed Genoeg.

We bivouacked at Driekloof on the night of the 18th, which was only about twelve miles from the Natal border opposite to Newcastle. De Lisle's column camped about four miles to the north of us.

We rested for a day at Driekloof, and on the 20th we marched to Elandshoek. "C" squadron formed the advance guard, and were sniped a good deal, and "B" squadron, forming the right flank guard, met with considerable opposition. S. S. Sharman and Private Pearce, of "B" squadron, were wounded, the former through the foot and the latter through the thigh. We had two horses killed and two died of wounds. The roads for the transport at this time were some of the worst possible; in fact, they could scarcely be called roads, they were just tracks over the veldt. Our ambulances were dreadful things for a wounded or sick man to travel in, but it would have been difficult to devise any sort of cart suitable for the conveyance of the sick on some of the so-called roads.

During the night of the 20th there was a good deal of firing in the outpost line, and on the 21st we bivouacked at Boschoek without incident.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAPTURE AT REITZ.

(MAY 22ND—JULY 11TH, 1901.)

May,
1901

ON May 22nd, 1901, De Lisle's column with Divisional Headquarters marched to Harrismith, whilst Lowe's column traversed a very fertile valley and bivouacked at Truters Farm.

Harrismith was a pretty town situated at the foot of a hill called the Platburg, which was used as a big signalling station, and communication could be kept up from this point with the various columns for miles round. Harrismith was an excellent place to halt for a few days, as there were nearly always sports and gymkhanas going on there, and also two good polo grounds.

Lowe's column, except for some sniping, had little to record, and marched into Langehoek on the 25th of May to fill up with supplies. May 26th being Whit Sunday, there was a Brigade Church Parade. On the following day we marched to Hilgenpad, about eight miles south-east of Vrede, and had a good deal of sniping, a man of "B" squadron being wounded in the knee.

On May 28th the Regiment marched through Vrede and bivouacked at Vlakplaats, accompanied by the usual sniping, in which Corporal T. Wilson was slightly wounded. The following day the Regiment escorted the transport to fill up at Standerton, and we bivouacked for the night at De Langes Drift, and arrived at Standerton next day.

On June 1st the Regiment escorted the transport back to De Langes Drift. This march was one of the most uncomfortable and one of the coldest the Regiment experienced. A bitter wind was blowing, and the veldt having been freshly burnt, we were all like chimney sweeps by the time we arrived at the drift. On June 2nd the Regiment arrived at Vlaklaagte, and rejoined the column there. On June 3rd Elliott's Division marched westward towards Kroonstadt. Lowe's column on the right, Bethune's next on the left, and De Lisle's on the extreme left. During this day's march a sad incident occurred. Four signallers were on a kopje, and were apparently forgotten there by the Divisional Staff. When they found they were left behind they followed the column and came up with the 7th Dragoon Guards' rearguard. Having enquired the way to Bethune's column, with whom the Headquarters Staff trekked, they proceeded on their way, and were presently attacked by Boers. Two men of the 3rd Dragoon Guards were captured, and a sergeant in the K.D.G.'s escaped, but, unfortunately, Pte. Tetlow, "C" squadron, 7th D.G.'s, was shot by a mounted Boer at a range of ten yards.

June,
1901

The next day the advanced guard was furnished by "C" squadron, and the right flank guard by "A" squadron. Those of us who had been on outpost prophesied a warm time coming, as we had seen the Boers massing on the right flank in some Kaffir kraals. Soon after leaving camp the right flank was hotly engaged, and had all their work cut out to hold the position till the rearguard of Yeomanry came up. By this time the column had advanced a considerable distance, and it was some three hours before "C" squadron and the Yeomanry were extricated from their position. Unfortunately, the Yeomanry lost two gallant officers, Captains Hulse and Langfield, killed, and six men wounded; the Boers had managed to creep up some dead ground and shot these two officers at point of blank range. The Boers then started a veldt fire, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the wounded were removed without being burnt. The advanced guard, under Captain Dyer, also had a good deal of fighting, and had two men severely wounded—Pte. A. Gibbs and Pte. Charlton. Captain Langfield had recently been promoted from the ranks to Captain for gallantry in the field, and also had the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. That night the Regiment bivouacked at Zam Dam.

It was satisfactory to know that the casualties were not all on our side, for during the day the Boer commandant sent in to us for medical help. It was found that the Boers had five men killed, amongst whom was Louis, brother to Herminius Botha, and a nephew of the celebrated Louis Botha.

Nothing of any note occurred till June 8th, when some Boer waggons were sighted, and the Regiment, with a pom-pom, was sent after them. Captain Langworthy's squadron and one troop of "A" squadron led the chase, and after a hunt of about eight miles came up with the waggons. The total capture consisted of 12 loaded waggons, six armed Boers, three Cape carts, and about 400 head of cattle. During the chase one party of Boers made a stand, but Sergeant Marshall with seven men galloped straight for them, and the Boers fled. At this time of the war the Boers would very seldom hold on to a position if they saw us galloping straight for them: they always appeared afraid of their line of retreat being threatened, although if they had held to their ground on these occasions they could often have made things very nasty, as we were only armed with rifles, lances and swords having long been discarded. The bayonet which some regiments carried was a very cumbersome weapon to use on horseback, and would have done but little damage.

June,
1901

On June 9th Lowe's column joined up with Bethune's and De Lisle's. We then heard of De Lisle's success three days previously, when he had captured 70 Boer waggons after some very hot fighting. Hearing of a Boer laager about nine miles ahead, De Lisle sent 200 men, under Major Sladen, to capture it. Sladen captured 140 waggons at dawn. De Lisle was to have been up with the rest of his force by noon, but owing to bad drifts was delayed until 4 p.m., when he found Sladen hard pressed by a number of Boers under the capable leadership of De la Rey, De Wet, and Fourie, who had returned in order to recapture the lost waggons. 70 of the waggons made good their escape. Sladen lost four officers killed and wounded, 19 men killed and 86 wounded, which was about one-third of his whole force. 13 dead Boers were picked up by us, and it is believed that many

Uitkyk, and Pte. E. Day was wounded during some sniping. The Regiment arrived at Kroonspruit, three miles south of Kroonstadt, on June 15th.

June,
1901

The column had trekked continuously for nine weeks, and everybody was glad of a rest. During the trek the captures for the entire Division were:—Horses, 15,000 (mostly yearlings, two-year-olds, and brood mares); cattle, 16,500; sheep, 176,600; waggons, 211; carts, 89; Boers killed, 45; Boer prisoners, 94; rifles, 87; ammunitions, 8,000 rounds. During this trek the Regiment had two killed, seven wounded, and 60 sick.

On the 17th of June Lord Kitchener inspected the whole Division, and expressed his satisfaction with the turn-out and general appearance of the Regiment. General Broadwood, having rejoined from sick leave, resumed command of the column,



Photo by]

SENEKAL.

[Major Thompson.

more of their dead and wounded were taken away in the waggons which had escaped. On the night of June 9th the column bivouacked at Lindley. The following day (June 10th) the Regiment marched at dawn to Stinkfontein. That night the whole Division started on a night march after a laager that had been reported 20 miles to the south-west of Lindley the day previously. The night march was abortive, and the expedition covered some fifty miles without any good result. These kind of night marches were much too frequent. The difficulty of getting correct information in a hostile country was fully exemplified in South Africa, but at that time cavalry scouts were not nearly so highly trained as they are now, and the scouting was left chiefly to natives, whose information was very often most unreliable, and a long and worthless night march the result. Nothing of any note now occurred till the Regiment arrived back at Kroonspruit, except on June 13th, when some supplies were captured at

and Colonel Lowe took over a column composed of K.D.G.'s, Prince of Wales' Light Horse, and one Battery of R.H.A. After a week's rest at Kroonspruit the whole Division was reconstituted as follows:—

Broadwood's Column—7th D.G.'s, 12th I.Y., and 4 guns R.F.A.

De Lisle's Column—M.I.

Lowe's Column—K.D.G.'s and 4th I.Y.

Bethune's Column—3rd D.G.'s and P.W.L.H.

The general direction of the march was south-east, towards Senekal. The Regiment started out over 500 strong, and also had 75 horses which were driven along by natives as spare horses. These spare horses were most useful, as they enabled those that had become weak and done up to be rested, and thus saved the lives of many that would otherwise have been shot. The question of remounts

July,
1901

at this time had become a very difficult one; the large supply of country-bred horses had begun to fail, and the horses that were imported into the country had scarcely landed before they had to be sent up to the front and put straight into hard work. The consequence was that many of them, being soft and out of condition, soon became *hors de combat*. Undoubtedly the best horses for the work were those of the country, especially the Cape Colony horses. The grey horses issued to the Regiment at Oudtshoorn in January, 1901, were especially good, and there were several still in the Regiment at the close of the campaign.



Photo by]

SENEKE CHURCH.

[Major Thompson.

Of the imported horses the Hungarians seemed to be least suited to the work, whilst Canadians, English horses, and Walers did fairly well. Owing to the quantity of ant-bear holes horses that were not used to them were continually falling, whilst country-breds would gallop over country intersected with holes, small dongas, etc., and never put a foot wrong.

There is nothing of much interest to record of the work of the Regiment during the next week. The column continued to capture supplies, horses, and cattle, subject to the usual sniping, which was generally of daily occurrence.

On July 2nd the column marched to Majoor's Drift, on the Wilge River, 18 miles north-west of Harrismith, and the whole Division concentrated to refill with supplies. The work of supplying the many various columns was an extremely difficult one, and small depôts had to be established all over the country to feed these columns.

After a three days halt at Majoor's Drift the Division marched northwards. De Lisle's column formed the extreme left, then came Bethune's and Lowe's columns, whilst Broadwood's was on the extreme right, and worked on a line roughly parallel to the Wilge River. Rundle's force, which was in

two columns on the right bank of the river, continued the line, and various columns started out from the Vaal River to meet us. The order was for columns to put out each night intermediate posts to stop the enemy breaking back. The rearguards had orders to burn the veldt so as to make it difficult for the enemy to find grazing for their horses and cattle. On July 10th General Broadwood's column marched to Grootkop, and a message was received from General Elliott which should have arrived on the night of the 9th. The message was an order to General Broadwood to make a night march back to Reitz, a small Boer town which lay midway between the routes traversed by the columns of General Broadwood and Colonel Lowe. As it was too late to start when the order was received, General Broadwood decided to finish the march planned for the day and to make the night march on the night of the 10th. Having arrived at Grootkop, 200 men of the Regiment and 200 men 12th I.Y., with a pom-pom and two tongas, started out at 11 p.m. for Reitz, whilst the remainder of the column was left behind to escort the transports on the following day. Little did those left behind imagine what a lot of excitement they were going to miss, for this expedition was to prove the most fruitful of any the Regiment had yet embarked upon, and was also to prove how the fact of a connecting file losing touch may influence the result of a night march.

July,
1901



Photo by]

[M. E. Lindsay.

FIGHTING A VELDT FIRE AT MAJOOR'S DRIFT.

"C" squadron formed the advance guard, and at dawn the column arrived on the outskirts of Reitz. Owing to one of the connecting files having lost touch, and the difficulty of the ground to be traversed, the advanced troop had got somewhat out of its correct position. General Broadwood, not wishing to delay the attack, immediately ordered Lieut. Shaw's troop to gallop the town. This they did with great dash, some seizing the heights beyond

July,
1901

the town and the remainder securing the Boers actually in the village. The Boers were quite unprepared, and many were in their night attire. Sergeant Cobb, of "B" squadron, who was holding one of the hills covering the town, saw a Boer galloping away without a coat or socks. The range was about 80 yards, and Sergeant Cobb, who was an excellent shot, three times attempted to fire at the man and three times the rifle would not fire. The fugitive was none other than Ex-President Steyn himself, and by the most extraordinary misfortune we were deprived of an important capture, which would have had great moral effect. The cause of

General G. B. Wessels and General A. P. Cronje, Thomas Brain (Government Secretary), Commandant A. Davel (whose personal flag with initials in the centre now adorns the Officers' Mess), Rocco de Villiers (Secretary to the Executive Council), Gordon Fraser (private secretary to Steyn), and others less important.

The Regiment having destroyed all the stores in the town, commenced their return march, the prisoners being mounted on their own ponies and closely guarded. "A" squadron, under Major Sparrow (who had recently joined us from the Remount Depot, to which he was attached before the

July,
1901



Photo by] PRISONERS TAKEN AT REITZ. *[Major Sparrow.*
Captain Mansel. Commandant Davel. General A. P. Cronje. General Wessels.
Mr. Brain. General Steyn.

Sergeant Cobb's rifle misfiring was that owing to the intense cold in the night the oil in the bolt of the rifle had become frozen. If the advance troop had not got out of position possibly Steyn would have been captured asleep, as a certain amount of delay occurred getting another troop out in advance. The result of the capture was 29 armed Boers, an Orange River flag, the capture of the O.R.C. treasure chest, containing £800 in gold, £800 in bank notes, and a number of Kruger notes of the face value of £11,000.

In addition, the capture included all Steyn's State papers, 40 ponies, 32 rifles, and 1,000 rounds of ammunition. The prisoners included the whole of Steyn's Government with the exception of one man. Some of the most important of the prisoners were:—P. G. Steyn (brother to the Ex-President),

commencement of the war), formed the advanced guard. Things were quiet at first, but on entering a nasty bit of broken country the column was hotly attacked by about 100 of the enemy. "A" squadron worked excellently, and being well supported on the right flank by the 12th I.Y., the enemy was driven off. Unfortunately, the pom-pom jammed at the beginning of the fight, which was confined to rifle fire on both sides. Pte. Bains, "C" squadron, was severely wounded, and Pte. J. Barlow, "A" squadron, was hit in the foot; three horses were shot; and Major Sparrow had his "British-warm" ventilated with a bullet through the sleeve. Eventually the force rejoined the main column and transport at Belt. During the night the pom-pom had covered 52 miles, and the advanced and flank units about 62 miles.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZULULAND

(JULY 11TH—OCT. 26TH, 1901).

July,
1901

ALL ranks were greatly delighted with the night's work, although, of course, it was very disappointing not to have effected the capture of Steyn.

An examination of the State papers captured at Reitz revealed some important correspondence between Louis Botha and Steyn, in which Botha declared that the Transvaal had come to the end of its tether and advised an early termination of the

fully exemplified on this march; the Regiment marched into Vredefort the same strength (mounted) as it started on 22nd of June, whilst the I.Y. had 150 dismounted men.

July,
1901

An order was published at this time ordering all officers on detached duties to carry rifles. This was a very questionable practice, as it is an officer's duty to observe the effect of fire through his glasses, which he cannot do if he is busy firing himself.

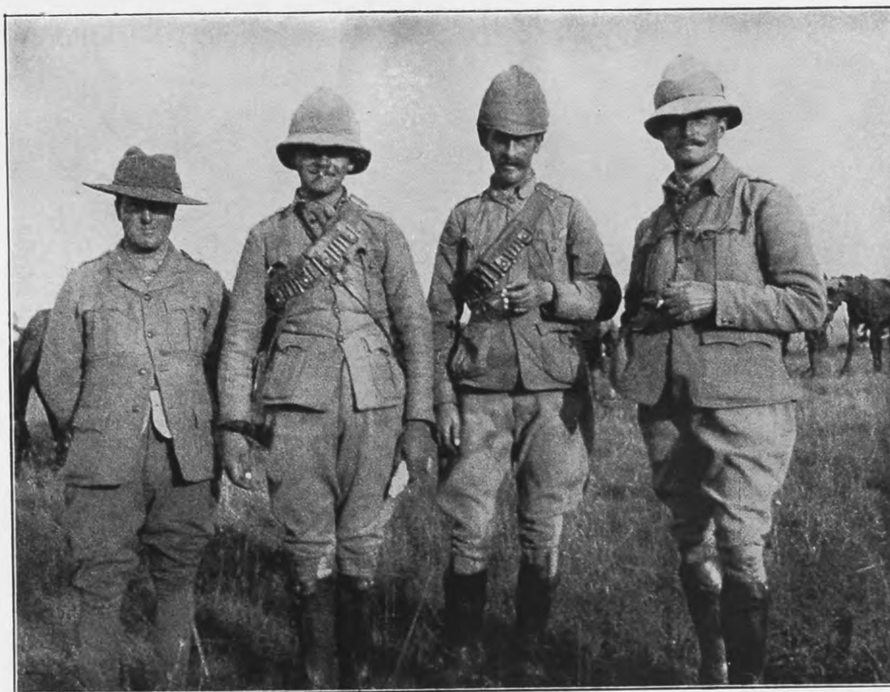


Photo by OFFICERS OF "E" SQUADRON AT VERMAAS DRIFT. [*Major Sparrow.*
Lieut. Twyford. Lieut. Holland. Lieut. Lopdell. Captain Lempriere, D.S.O.

war. To this Steyn strongly objected and demanded that the war should be continued, holding out hopes of foreign intervention.

On July 14th the Boer prisoners, with an escort commanded by Lieutenant Shaw, were taken to Pretoria in order that Lord Kitchener might interview them. On the 16th July the Regiment marched to a farm two miles south-east of Vredefort Road Station. The soundness of driving spare horses was

At this time the Regiment was divided into four squadrons. This was done by transferring one whole troop from each of the existing Service Squadrons. This squadron was put under command of Captain Lempriere, who had lately rejoined us from the staff. The troops were commanded by Lieutenant Twyford, Lieutenant Lopdell, and Lieutenant Holland, and the squadron was lettered "E." Nothing of much importance happened beyond the usual trekking until July 23rd, when the

Aug., 1901, Regiment reached Klerksdorp, where we rested for five days in one of the most insanitary camps that we had experienced for a long time.

Broadwood's Division was split up into two wings, the right consisting of K.D.G., 12th I.Y., and two guns, under Colonel Owen, and the left under Broadwood himself. Altogether seven columns took part in this drive, and marched west of the railway and due south with the object of clearing the country and driving any commandoes on to the line of the Modder River, which was held by the South African Constabulary. The first event of any note occurred on August 1st, when during the march to Kruisfontein an advanced patrol of Lieutenant Lindsay's

support, a halt was called to reconnoitre the position. Suddenly to the right of the convoy was seen about a squadron of British Cavalry topping the rise in hot pursuit of the Boers. This turned out to be a squadron of K.D.G., under Captain Quicke (who was, unfortunately, killed later on in the war). The two squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards had now melted down to about 50 men, the remainder having been despatched in different directions. Having co-operated in the attack, and the laager being captured, it was found that our force was too small to escort the convoy back, so helio messages were sent to Broadwood, who soon came out with three squadrons and a pom-pom. Shortly afterwards two more squadrons of the K.D.G.

Aug., 1901



Photo by]

VERMAAS DRIFT.

[Major Sparrow.

Troop was ambushed, and Corporal Ashmore, who had proved himself a gallant soldier on several occasions, was severely wounded. He was picked up by our ambulance the next day.

August 2nd was a most exciting and eventful day. "B" squadron, under Captain Langworthy, was detached to search for waggons, whilst two squadrons, under Major Thompson, having seen several parties of Boers, pushed on in pursuit. Signs of a large waggon-trek were found leading south, and we soon viewed a large convoy escorted by many Boers. As we were entirely without

appeared, and the laager was left to their care, the 7th Dragoon Guards rejoining Broadwood. The latter had previously seen a large convoy of about 100 waggons and 300 Boers trekking north, and we started a fresh chase, but were stopped by darkness, and bivouacked for the night at Wonderfontein. "B" squadron joined us here, and they reported having captured 20 waggons and carts. The total bag for the day was:—85 ox waggons, with families, 20 Boers, and 4,000 head of cattle.

On August 3rd the camp remained at Wonderfontein, and Broadwood started off with 250 7th

Aug.,
1901

Dragoon Guards, 150 I.Y., and 200 K.D.G., one gun, and one pom-pom after the column we had seen trekking northward. We had a long, stern chase, but the Boers split up, and we never reached the main convoy. However, eight waggons, some Cape carts, and 1,000 head of cattle were captured. News also came in from Lowe's column of our capture of 70 more waggons and carts. The next week was spent in the same tedious work—slowly but surely clearing the country of transport and supplies, and making the problem for the enemy more and more difficult. On August 13th the column bivouacked at Glen, about 15 miles north of Bloemfontein. The country near Glen was full of all kinds of small South African antelope, and these buck being scared by the advance of so

The following extract from the Commander-in-Chief's telegram, dated Pretoria, 12th August, 1901, was published in Divisional orders:—

Aug.,
1901

"Please tell all columns I am much pleased with their good work, which has contributed so materially to making the best week's bag this year."

On August 18th the whole Division left Glen and marched eastward. Broadwood's column was split up into two wings—right wing under G.O.C., comprising K.D.G., 12th I.Y., four guns, and one pom-pom, and left wing under Colonel Lowe, consisting of 7th D.G. and two guns. On Lowe's left was De Lisle's column, and on his left again Bethune's. We bivouacked the night at Welgevonden.



Photo by]

SPRINGBOK SHOT ON THE VELDT.

[Captain Lindsay.

many men would occasionally dash right through the column in large herds and often afford excellent shooting and still more excellent eating. The writer has even seen practice made on them with a pom-pom, but this was not a very sporting way of bringing them to bag, but as the pom-pom so seldom got a chance of a good target at Boers, perhaps it was excusable to occasionally have a little practice at springbok. The result of the drive was very satisfactory, the captures including:—

Horses ...	2,600	Boers wounded...	4
Cattle ...	16,000	Prisoners ...	214
Sheep ...	136,000	Rifles ...	80
Ammun. ...	2,300 rounds	Refugee families	450

At this time Captain Lempriere was appointed Brigade-Major to Bethune's column.

The latest mail brought the news of Pte. J. McKibbin having been decorated on July 25th by the King with medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field. Also the following extract of 8th May, 1901, was published in Regimental Orders:—

"Second Lieutenant J. H. M. Kirkwood, 7th "D.G., mentioned by General Lyttleton's forwarding "dispatch. On the march near Edenburg, O.R.C., "in command of rearguard to cattle escort, finding "two men had been left behind, volunteered to go "out with Cape cart and fetch them. He did so, "and succeeded under a perfect fusillade of fire. "He was accompanied by No. 4176 Pte. Ludman."

Aug.,
1901

The *London Gazette*, of July 26th, 1901, also brought news of Lieutenant Shaw's appointment to the Distinguished Service Order for good service in the capture of Steyn's following at Reitz.

There is not much to relate of the doings of the Regiment for the next few days, except for the capture of a certain amount of stock, which was effected without any fighting to speak of.

On August 29th the Regiment marched into Ficksburg. Ficksburg was a pretty little town with several nice farms near it, one of which was used as an Officers' Mess, a nice change after the Spartan life we had been leading.

On September 12th we marched to Good Hope, and heard that De Lisle had captured 70 waggons and 40 prisoners. We arrived at our old camp near Ficksburg on the 13th. The next few days were spent in co-operating with Broadwood's column in the Brandwater Basin. The result of these operations was 500 head of cattle and some Boer families captured.

Sept.,
1901

On September 20th all columns were ordered to proceed north to refill with supplies, etc., at Bethlehem. The next day we experienced some sharp fighting. After striking the Senekal-Bethlehem road we turned east and marched through a very

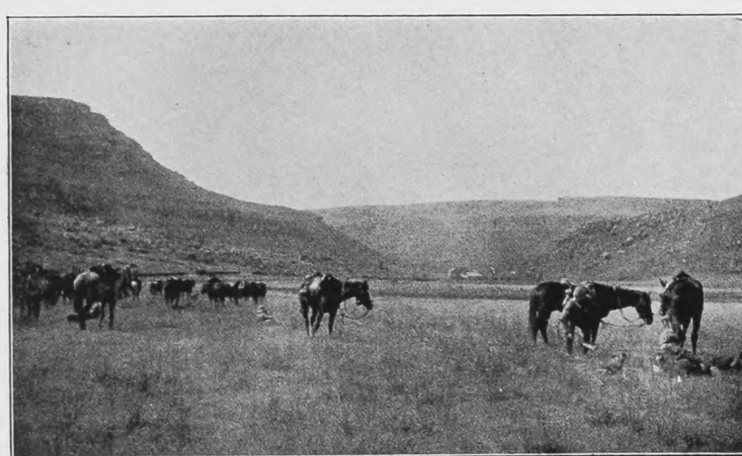


Photo by]

APPROACHING FICKSBURG.

[Captain Lindsay.

We moved out of Ficksburg on September 1st and started to march towards Winburg, which we reached on September 5th. The next day the following extract from Army Orders, dated Pretoria, 26.8.01, was published in Regimental Orders:—

"No. 4111 Corpl. Taylor to be Sergt. On 3rd August, 1901, a patrol retiring and Captain Mitchell, 3rd Dragoon Guards, being dismounted, he took back a spare horse to him; this being killed, Corporal Taylor again returned to him and assisted him to mount. On both occasions the Boers were close and firing heavily, and on the second occasion "were galloping to take the officer."

This happened at the time when Captain McSwiney was in charge of the Depôt at Kroonstad, and was sent out with 200 men of various Corps to drive back some Boers who were threatening the railway. On September 10th the Regiment started to march back to Ficksburg. This march was uneventful, except that we passed through some very difficult country, but luckily the Boers never worried us.

hostile part of the country near Bexford. "C" squadron, under Captain Dyer, was rearguard, and was fiercely attacked. Lieutenant Greene's troop was very nearly cut off, but saved themselves by galloping for it under a heavy fire. The Boers numbered about 100. Fighting continued for some time before the Boers were dispersed, and we had several casualties, which included Pte. J. Hardy killed, shot through the heart. S.S. F. Clinton afterwards died of his wounds, and Ptes. H. Day and S.S. F. English were severely wounded. Lieutenant Greene escaped with a slight flesh wound in forearm. Our column arrived at Bethlehem the following day, the Boers hanging on to our flanks and rearguard to within three miles of the town. Poor Clinton was buried on arriving at Bethlehem, he having died of his wounds. On arriving at Harrismith on the 25th we learned that the Boers had invaded Natal.

On September 30th orders were received for Colonel Bethune to proceed with 600 men at once to Zululand. As Colonel Bethune's column could

Oct.,
1901

only raise about 300 men, the remainder were drawn from the 7th Dragoon Guards. Besides the 600 men, two guns R.H.A. and a pom-pom were taken. The column entrained on the afternoon of the 30th.

The Regiment arrived at Stangar on October 2nd, which place was situated on the north-east coast of Natal, and on the 4th the column bivouacked across the Tugela in Zululand. On the 7th October Eshowe was reached, where there was a standing camp for a week. Here, according to the Regimental diary, a very pleasant sojourn was spent, but owing to Botha having failed in his attempt to enter Natal, and having retired towards Vryheid, the return of Bethune's force to Harrismith was ordered. It was at this time that the outbreak of fever before referred to took place. Several special medical officers were sent down to examine these fever cases, but none of them could make out the symptoms at all, and the unfortunate victims were harassed by many doubts

life of a most gallant officer, Major Quicke, K.D.G. Shortly after the Boers started to snipe at the column, and a stray bullet hit Captain Langworthy, wounding him severely in the thigh. This was very bad luck, as the range must have been about 2,000 yards, as the 7th Dragoon Guards were towards the rear of the column. The next day Witze's Hook was attacked, and the Boers were found in force, but all efforts to dislodge them were unavailing. That night the outposts were fiercely attacked, and the Boers charged right on to the picquets, but were beaten back, several being killed and wounded. The next day all the big gun ammunition was expended, and the Boers still refused to be moved. The following day the hill was taken, the Boers getting away with small loss, owing to the difficulty of moving quickly over very bad country. Although the object of the march was achieved, it was very questionable whether any real good was done, as the Boers could still come back to

Oct.,
1901

Photo by]

OVERLOOKING GENERAL'S NEK.

[Captain Lindsay.

as to whether they would die of bubonic plague or some other horrible disease, until someone discovered that it was Denge fever, a complaint fairly common in Zululand. On October 26th orders were received at Stangar for the Regiment to return to Harrismith.

To give an idea of what havoc this fever caused in the Regiment, it is only necessary to say that they marched out to Zululand strength 330 officers, N.C.O.'s, and men, and returned to Harrismith strength 100 officers, N.C.O.'s, and men.

During the absence of the Regiment in Zululand, the details left behind had some sharp fighting. One night expedition was particularly exciting. The details, under Captain Langworthy, were ordered to join a force under General Broadwood to make a night march on a strong position held by the Boers called Witze's Hook. We started out with the K.D.G. in advance, and nothing happened till about midnight, when a shot rang out. This shot accounted for the

this natural stronghold as soon as the columns left that neighbourhood. On October 25th the following extract from the *London Gazette*, dated September 17th, 1901, was published:—

"7th DRAGOON GUARDS.

"To be Companion of the Distinguished Service Order:

"Major C. W. Thompson.

"Captain H. A. Lempriere.

"To be Brevet Major:

"Captain J. E. Dyer.

"To have the Hon. Rank of Captain:

"Quartermaster and Hon. Licut. F. C. Butcher.

"To have Distinguished Conduct Medal:

"S.S. M. Mander.

"Sergt. P. Tighe.

"Trumpeter E. T. Evans."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BLOCKHOUSE SYSTEM.

OCT. 26TH, 1901—FEB. 16TH, 1902.

Oct.,
1901

ON October 26th the Regiment received orders to return immediately to Harrismith by train, but such was the havoc played by Dengue fever amongst the ranks that four officers and 226 men had to remain behind at Stangar on the sick list. The survivors were not allowed to enter Harrismith, owing to the objection raised by the medical officer, but they remained in camp at Nel's Farm, about five miles outside, until November 6th, when the columns started out on a trek northwards.

"wish of all ranks of the Regiment when he wishes
"Mr. Birt, in the name of the 7th Dragoon Guards,
"long life, happiness, and every success in the
"future."

Nov.,
1901

The Regiment now formed part of Colonel Lowe's column, the other units being the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 4th Bn. I.Y., and four guns of "G" battery R.H.A. Only five officers were present at this time, the next Senior, after Major Thompson, being Lieut. Mansel, who had less than two years'



Photo by]

MAJOR WILLIAMS.

GENERAL ELLIOTT.

[Major Sparrow.

On November 3rd Regimental Sergeant-Major C. Birt left the Regiment, and the following was published in orders:—

"The O.C. cannot allow R.S.M. Birt to sever his connection with the Regiment without placing on record his appreciation of the services which R.S.M. Birt has rendered. R.S.M. Birt has completed 25 years' Army service, and now retires on the pension which he has so well earned. He joined the Regiment in 1882, and during the past 19 years has worked unremittingly for the welfare of the Regiment. The C.O. feels sure that he expresses the

service, whilst the total strength of the Regiment was 176. Great secrecy was observed in these operations, no one except column commanders being aware of their direction or objective. On November 8th the right flank party of the advanced guard, which was formed by the Regiment, lost touch, with the result that they ran unexpectedly into a party of Boers, and were fired on from three sides.

Pte. H. Bartlett, "C" squadron, was severely wounded in the leg, and three horses shot, their unfortunate riders being captured, stripped, and then allowed to return to camp in light and airy

Nov., 1901 attire. A good example of Boer intelligence work occurred on November 9th. A Kaffir, artistically draped in a silk hat, gave himself up to the advanced guard. He had just come from the Boer lines, and gave an accurate account of the movements of our own columns, and their intentions, thus showing himself possessed of better information than most of our own column commanders. It is small wonder that under these circumstances the Boers almost invariably slipped the net which was so carefully laid for them.

On November 12th the cordon round the Boers was supposed to be complete, and as the various columns converged on one another expecting to find a large bag of the enemy in the centre, it was found that with his proverbial slipperiness Brother Boer had crawled through a hole in the net between Broadwood and Dartnell.

Horses	34,536
Cattle	27,121
Trek oxen	3,100
Sheep	499,977
Waggon	190
Carts	339
Surrenders	8
Boers killed	69
Boers wounded	36
Prisoners	450
Rifles	326
Small arms ammunition	25,053
Refugees	5,202

Nov., 1901

It must not be forgotten with regard to the huge number of cattle and sheep shown as captured that many of these were probably dropped and recaptured again by us another day, so that the same animal may frequently have been counted twice or three times over.



Photo by]

A BLOCKHOUSE AT KAALFONTEIN.

[Major Sparrow.

We had employed 14,000 men in the operations, and only succeeded in capturing about 30 Boers and 15,000 head of cattle.

The only casualties in the Regiment during this trek were Ptes. H. Jones and H. Bartlett, "C" squadron, severely wounded, and four horses killed in action. On November 23rd the bag made by General Locke-Elliott's Division for the previous six months was published in orders as follows:—

General Locke-Elliott's Division was at this time composed as follows:—

BROADWOOD'S COLUMN.—K.D.G.'s, 12th Bn. I.Y., 62nd By. R.F.A.

LOWE'S COLUMN.—3rd D.G.'s, 7th D.G.'s, 4th Bn. I.Y., "G" By. R.H.A.

DE LISLE'S COLUMN.—6th M.I., S.A. Bushmen, four guns.

Nov.,
1901

On November 24th Lowe's column started off, and trekked every day until December 1st, when it arrived at Klipplaats Drift, just north of Kroonstad, where the column was broken up and the Regiment was transferred to Broadwood's column.

The new system of blockhouse lines was at this time being started, and great hopes were entertained as to their utility: hopes which were certainly realized, for there is no doubt that they were instrumental in hastening the end of the war. The plan was to build a long line of strongly-fortified blockhouses, at intervals of from 1,500 to 2,000 yards, joined up by barbed wire entanglements, and against this line to drive the Boers with a number of columns, all

forming the advanced guard, came in contact with about 1,000 Boers, under the personal command of De Wet.

Dec.,
1901

Captain Gage on the right, who was being severely sniped from a kopje, fixed bayonets, and, using the rifles like lances at the "engage," charged the kopje at the gallop, whereupon the Boers, though in superior number, turned tail and fled. This was the first time that "cold steel" had been used by the Regiment since the Battle of Zand River, in May, 1900. Our only casualty that day was Pte. Sharpe, "C" squadron, wounded in the thigh.

Until December 13th the Regiment continued marching and counter-marching, frequently at night, in what must to those not in the know have seemed



Photo by]

"A" SQUADRON CHRISTMAS DINNER.
Sgt. Moon.

[Major Sparrow.

keeping close touch. Searchlights were used in the blockhouses at night in order to prevent the Boers breaking through the barbed wire under cover of darkness. The frequent failure of these drives was due to the fact that columns lost touch, and the Boers were consequently able to break through the driving line. The blockhouse line in connection with which the Regiment was operating at this period was 120 miles in length, and extended from Kroonstad through Lindley to Harrismith. On December 7th Broadwood's column started off in the direction of Lindley, and on the 8th the Regiment, which was

rather an aimless manner. It remained at Van Dyk's Kraal, not far from Kroonstad, until December 16th, having covered 127 miles in five days, two marches being 55 and 47 miles respectively. On the 16th the column again moved with the idea of rounding up De Wet, who was reported at Lindley with 1,300 men. Byng's and De Lisle's columns co-operated with Broadwood's, whilst Barker's and Dartnell's columns worked up from the south. There was little to show for this trek, and on the 20th December the Regiment once more bivouacked at Van Dyk's Kraal.

Dec.,
1901

A present of £40 was here received from the Mayor of Oudtshoorn, Cape Colony, this amount having been collected for the purchase of Christmas comforts for the men by the hospitable people of Oudtshoorn, who had not forgotten the Regiment since their stay there in the previous February.

On December 20th General Broadwood left the column *en route* for England. The Division, under General Locke-Elliott, was reconstituted as follows:—

COLONEL DE LISLE'S COLUMN.—K.D.G.'s, 3rd D.G.'s, 7th D.G.'s, 6th Bn. M.I., "G" battery R.H.A., three pom-pom sections.

MAJOR FANSHAW'S COLUMN.—4th Bn. I.Y., 82nd Bn. R.F.A., 12th Bn. I.Y., two pom-pom sections, S. Australian Bushmen.

Captain Lempriere here rejoined the Regiment, and took over the command of "C" squadron from Major Dyer, who went as second in command to the 8th Bn. I.Y., under Colonel Chesney, which was now in the Western Transvaal.

Notification was received that the following had been "mentioned" in Lord Kitchener's despatch of August 8th:—

Lt. C. A. Shaw, D.S.O.
Sergt. Cobb.
Cpl. Turner.
Cpl. Taylor.
Pte. Buchanan.

On December 21st the column marched to Quaggafontein, near Lindley, and remained there until the 26th. Christmas Day was celebrated in as hearty a manner as is possible on the veldt, and in the afternoon a gymkhana was held. On the evening of the 26th a night march was made, and the farm of Blydschap Nord was surrounded, with the result that nine Boers, 40 ponies, and much cattle were captured.

On December 28th a large force of Boers was encountered, and an action took place which recalled the big actions of the early part of the war. The Regiment came under shell and pom-pom fire for the first time since the Battle of Belfast, in August, 1900. Colonel Thompson, who was in command of the Regiment and 6th M.I., sounded "draw swords," which was obeyed by fixing bayonets (swords had been returned to store at Stangar), and the two regiments in line charged down upon the Boers, who, needless to say, fled without firing a shot. Darkness eventually put an end to the fighting, and the Boers were left in a strong position behind a drift. Our casualties were one man of the I.Y. and one of the M.I. severely wounded, and two horses of the Regiment killed. At 4-30 a.m. on December 29th the column moved off to attack the Boers, but found that they had evacuated their position during the night.

Next day the column marched in the direction of Lindley, as it was feared that De Wet was making for the head of the blockhouse line, but, instead of that, it was found that he had doubled back round our left flank.

On December 31st Major Thompson proceeded on sick leave to Wynberg, and Captain Lempriere took over the command of the Regiment.

From January 2nd to the 24th the column made daily marches in the neighbourhood of Lindley, clearing farms, cutting crops, etc. This was very necessary work, as mealies were growing in abundance, and so long as they were left the Boers could carry on the war for an indefinite period.

Mealies are a staple form of Boer diet; they make mealie bread, mealie porridge, mealie coffee, besides feeding their horses and cattle on them almost entirely.

On January 24th Major Thompson rejoined from sick leave, and resumed command of the Regiment, Major Lempriere taking over "B" squadron.

On the 26th the following Regimental Order was published:—"The C.O. having received 15 pipes, the gift of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, for distribution amongst such 'Warrant Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and men of the Regiment who have served meritoriously in South Africa,' has, with the assistance of the Squadron Leaders, awarded the pipes to the under-mentioned:

Mr. C. Birt (late Regimental Sergt.-Major).
R.S.M. Fisher.
F.Q.M.S. Cowan.
S.S.M. Sunderland.
S.S.M.R.R. Broadley.
Acting S.S.M. Cobb.
Sgt. Thompson.
Sgt. Taylor.
Sgt. Worsley.
Cpl. Brattle.
Cpl. Fudge.
L.-Cpl. Ashmore.
Pte. Coppins.
Pte. Frith.
Pte. Ludman.

"The names of the above recipients will be sent to Her Majesty the Queen.

"S.S.M. Tighe and Tptr. Evans would have each received a pipe had they not already been in receipt of the Distinguished Conduct Medal."

On January 30th De Lisle's column left Houtkop on a drive towards the south-east, in conjunction with Fanshawe's and Rimington's columns, who were on the right and left respectively. Unfortunately the formation became wedge-shaped, De Lisle's

Jan.,
1902

Jan.,
1902

column forming the apex of the wedge, with the result that there was a considerable gap between the columns, both on the right and left. On the 31st the march was continued to Middlepunt, but the Boers slipped back through the gaps, and the total result of the drive was only 22 Boers caught by Rimington and three who surrendered to De Lisle.

A big drive was now in the process of organisation, and the column moved daily in order to get into position. Continual outpost duty came very hard on the troops, but little fighting took place, the only casualty being Lance-Corporal T. Skater, who was dangerously wounded in the arm and leg on February 3rd. On February 6th the columns were in

" Headquarters of Regiment at Helpmakaar.

Feb.,
1902

" Information from various sources locates De Wet with from 700 to 1,200 men on the Rhenoster River, north of us. An impenetrable outpost line will be taken up to-night from Morgenster on the right to Brakfontein on the left as follows:

RIGHT.	CENTRE.	LEFT.
7 D.G.'s.	Guns.	K.D.G.'s.
6 M.I.	Hqrs.	3 D.G.'s.

" In order to make the line as strong as possible, horses and waggons should be parked some distance in rear of the line of defence under the smallest possible guard.



Photo by]

[Major Sparrow.

JOHN AND HOWARD McCABE, OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

their places, and the drive westward commenced in earnest. The following columns took part:—

Commencing from Lindley, on the south, Elliott's Division, Rimington, Byng, and Rawlinson with his right on Frankfort.

Damant's and Wilson's columns strengthened the advance along the northern blockhouse line, while Holme's and Marshall's columns did the same along the southern line.

Large numbers of Boers were seen that day as we advanced, and the column halted on a line Morgenster-Vlakfontein. In order to give an idea of how these drives were carried on, it may be interesting to read a column order which was published that night as follows:—

" Every available officer and man, including armed natives, should form the line of defence and assist in taking part of sentry duties which are now falling so heavy on duty men.

" Guns will be 'in action' loaded with 'case,' and maxims at tactical points. Sentries should be doubled and should sit or kneel. Talking, except in a low voice, is not allowed, and no matches are to be struck except in places sheltered from view and selected by the Picquet Commander.

" The outpost line will stand to arms from 3-30 a.m. to 4-30 a.m.

" Lt.-Col. Owen will be in command of the left section, Major Thompson in command of the right section. All officers must carry firearms, and when

Feb.,
1902

necessary must take their turn at sentry-go. Picquets and posts must have defences built wherever possible, and must have everything prepared as if for a sudden and resolute attack.

"Fires may be lit at 4-30 a.m.

"The Brigade will march at 6 a.m."

On the 7th and 8th the drive was continued, armoured trains on the railway assisting in the task of hemming the Boers in. Kopjes and dongas were diligently searched as we marched along, and eventually night brought us to Kopjes Station, and the end of our drive. The total results were 283 Boers killed or captured, much stock and 1,100 horses captured; but De Wet himself with 100 men had broken through the blockhouse line at Kaalfontein early on the morning of the 7th inst. The drive had been a hard one, on half rations and continual outposts, and on reaching Kroonstad on February 10th Colonel De Lisle in orders "thanked all ranks for the willing and cheerful manner in which they have borne the privations and fatigues of the past few days, the success of which depended on the spirit shown by all."

On February 13th, after a brief rest, the columns were again put in motion, with the idea of driving the Boers eastward, south of the Kroonstad-Lindley blockhouse line, on to the line from Lindley to Bethlehem, which, however, was as yet unconnected with wire fencing, and therefore fairly easily broken through. Elliott's Division, with De Lisle's column

on the left, formed the northern portion of the driving line, whilst on the south was Sir Charles Knox's Division. Feb., 1902

The southern boundary of the area, from Bethlehem to Senekal, was watched by other columns.

February 13th and 14th were uneventful days, but on the 15th 300 Boers were reported to be in front of the driving line, and much firing was heard to the south.

On the 16th the drive ended, without any prize being bagged, but that night, although all ranks were dog-tired after whole nights in the outpost line, a flying column of 150 K.D.G.'s, 200 7th D.G.'s, and 150 6th M.I. was suddenly ordered out to make a night march to Elands Kop, where De Wet was reported to be. On arrival there, however, the report was proved to have been untrue, and the total result of the march was six Boers and one helio captured.

It speaks well for the spirit of the troops that they could continue marching and counter-marching day and night for weeks on end, constantly on outposts and half rations, without shelter from sun or rain, with but little result to show for all their exertions, and yet retain, as they certainly did, their cheerfulness and keenness.

No form of warfare is so trying to the nerves and temper as that in which an enemy has no definite plan, but continually manoeuvres so as to avoid an action, one day in front of one, the next day behind.



CHAPTER XV.

PEACE

(FEB. 16TH—JUNE 1ST, 1902).

Feb.,
1902

AFTER a halt of a few days at Groenvlei, Elliott's column moved off on further operations on February 21st, the general idea being as follows:—

A large number of columns was to march southward along the east bank of the Wilge River, from the northward blockhouse line, which ran from Heilbron, through Frankfort and Vrede, to Botha's Pass. Elliott's columns acted as side stops, and held the drifts over the Wilge River along a front of 35 miles—a very difficult task with 2,000 men, as the river, when not in flood, could be crossed in many places on horseback.

On the 21st the Regiment moved to its place at Woolwash Drift, and encountered a few Boers, Pte. G. Emmerson being severely wounded. On the following day a large force of Boers was seen outside the "drive" on the western bank of the Wilge. The Regiment and the pom-pom were detached in order to try and drive them into the "kraal," and this was successfully accomplished, De Wet, Steyn, and 700 men being forced over the Wilge, in front of the driving columns. The drive continued till February the 17th, the Regiment all the time acting as a stop. The Boers made one or two determined attempts to break through, but were repulsed. The casualties in the Regiment were:—

Private G. Gow, severely wounded on the 24th.

Private E. Clarke, killed on the 26th.

The circumstances of Pte. Clark's death were very sad. The K.D.G.'s were sent to reinforce some of our posts, which were preventing the Boers from breaking across the river at night. As they approached our line they were heavily fired on, being taken for Boers. Only one shot was fired by them in return, but it struck Clarke in the head, killing him instantly.

On the 27th the Regiment reached Elands River Bridge. The results of the drive were officially given as 335 Boers killed and 750 captured, also 600 rifles, 28,000 head of cattle, and 60,000 sheep. On the same day the 3rd D.G.'s left the column and went into garrison at Harrismith, their places being taken by the 14th Hussars.

March,
1902

After a few days' rest the column again started off on March 4th on a drive northwards. This drive, however, was unsuccessful, owing to the western side of the "kraal" being left open, and on March 6th the drive was discontinued, the results being practically nil.

Another drive commenced on March 9th, and this again was unsuccessful, and on March 16th the Regiment arrived once more at Kroonstad.

At a dismounted parade on the 18th General Locke-Elliott said "after two years' campaigning the Regiment was as keen and cheery as if it had just landed." Only those who soldiered late in the war can realize the full meaning of these words and can appraise them at their proper value. The unutterable sameness of the life, and the seeming fruitlessness of the very arduous work which was being carried out by all ranks, were enough to dishearten the most enthusiastic soldier, and it was only men trained in the best of schools, and animated by the desire to carry on unsullied the splendid traditions of centuries handed down to them by their predecessors in the Regiment, who could have called forth General Elliott's expression of praise.

On March 19th, in conjunction with several other columns, De Lisle's force started on another drive eastward. The order was given out that each day's march was not to consist of more than 15 miles, in order that all crops might be destroyed. It was soon found, however, that, with the best will in the world, it was impossible to destroy the large fields of mealies at such a rate. Whole squadrons were dismounted and made to cut down the crops with their swords; but even thus, hundreds of acres were left standing.

The column marched daily until March 27th, when the Regiment reached its old camping-ground, Oreybefontein. The Wilge River was found to be in high flood, and could not be crossed until the 31st, when, after great difficulty, the Regiment managed to get over to Klip Drift, on the opposite bank. Gaps now occurred in the driving line, as some columns found themselves unable to cross the Wilge owing to its swollen condition. The other columns, however, continued to advance eastwards, being controlled from Army Headquarters at Pretoria.

April,
1902

This arrangement was obviously unsound, as the authorities in Pretoria could not be aware of local conditions, which were continually changing, and could not, therefore, modify or alter their instructions to suit the situation.

April the 4th was the last day of the drive, and the Regiment reached Hamelberg, on the summit of the Drakensberg, whence Natal could be seen.

On April the 8th the column returned to Harri-smith, where Colonel De Lisle handed over the column to Brigadier-General Little (late 9th Lancers), and published the following order:—

“Lieut.-Colonel De Lisle having handed over the command of this Brigade to Br.-General Little, wishes to express his appreciation of the good work

that the Boers should be allowed one shred of independence. The general opinion was that they should be treated with leniency and generosity, but that to allow them any form of independence would be only stultifying our own policy and rendering useless the great sacrifice of life and treasure which had been offered up in the prosecution of the campaign. These negotiations, however, had no immediate effect.

On April 11th the column under General Little moved off again, Captain Lempriere having taken over the duties of Brigade Major on the previous day. In the next ten days the Regiment trekked daily in what was apparently a rather aimless manner, the capture in Boers and cattle being extraordinarily small.

April,
1902



MR. F. C. WATSON AND SOME OF HIS TROOP.

performed by all ranks, and to thank them for the cordial support afforded him even when the work was most trying.”

It was rumoured at this time that all the leading Boer Commandants were in Pretoria discussing terms of peace with Lord Kitchener, and, as may well be imagined, the greatest excitement prevailed with all ranks as to the result of these negotiations. It would be idle to deny that peace was ardently desired by all, but at the same time, although the rank and file of the Regiment and nearly all the officers had been fighting and trekking continuously for a period of over two years under circumstances which were enough to try the nerves and the temper of the strongest, there was not one man who did not say that he would rather continue the war indefinitely than

On April 21st they arrived at Lindley, and then it was reported that the Boer Commandants had left Pretoria and had returned to their commandoes in order to consult them with regard to the terms of peace offered them. They were due to resume the discussion with Lord Kitchener at Vereeniging on May 15th.

On April 22nd the column marched southward towards the Brandwater basin, halting at Willowglen (close to Bethlehem) on the 24th.

On the 25th Christian De Wet with his staff came into the Headquarters Camp at Bethlehem under the white flag. His road lay past the 7th Dragoon Guards' camp, and Major Thompson went out and invited him to luncheon in the Mess. This

April,
1902

offer was gladly accepted, and in a very short time the Hoofd Commandant was the centre of an admiring and inquisitive group, many of whom were armed with cameras. Major Thompson apologized for the crowd, but De Wet laughingly said "fine fellows." The occasion was a memorable one, and was celebrated by drinking champagne at luncheon; but it is worthy of note that although his staff were not impervious to this luxury, the great Boer leader himself would take nothing stronger than lime juice



HOOFD COMMANDANT CHRISTIAN DE WET.

and sparklet. How the Kaffir drivers must have wondered at this extraordinary scene. Here was the man whose destruction thousands of English troops for two years had strained every nerve to compass, and yet when he walked into their hands they fêted him and begged his autograph. Surely this occasion, showing as it did the mutual respect of the two nations, was prophetic of the time when the four South African States

should be formed into one Dominion under the British Flag, as prosperous and as loyal as Australia and Canada.

May,
1902

On the 28th the column reached Brindisi, on the Basutoland border, and after a fruitless night march, started on May 2nd to retrace their steps to Lindley.

On arrival at Bethlehem on the following day, however, orders were received for Elliott's column to act as stops to a big "drive" that was coming from the north.

Marching each day they reached Middlewater on the 5th, and started off that night to take up their allotted positions on the line Lindley-Woolwash, facing north-west. There was a strong blockhouse line from Lindley to Kroonstad, and the line Lindley-Groenvlei was held by detachments from the Lindley garrison. The Regiment was ordered to escort the baggage into the latter place, and then take up its position at Groenvlei. The night was pitch dark and the roads were bad, so progress was very slow, and eventually at dawn the waggons were sent with a small escort, while Major Thompson took the Regiment at a gallop to their position, arriving at 7 a.m. "C" squadron on the left got in touch with the Lindley detachment, and on the right of the line "A" squadron, under Captain Sparrow, connected up with the 14th Hussars. The whole line was entrenched as strongly as the time permitted, for it was felt that any attempt to break through on the part of the Boers would probably be made in this direction. This view proved to be correct, for a body of about 500 Boers were shortly seen advancing in front of our driving line. They advanced in the direction of the 14th Hussars, but were driven back by pom-pom fire, and then turned their attention to our right, only to meet with a very severe fire from the troop of "A" squadron, under Sergt. Parker. They again retired, but after a short time, during which they were apparently reconnoitring our position, they advanced against our centre, thinking it to be unoccupied. Little did they know that "B" squadron was carefully concealed in some Kaffir kraals at the foot of the slope down which they were confidently advancing. The men of "B" held their fire with admirable coolness until the main body topped the rise in front of them, allowing the advance guard to come right up, and in some cases beyond the line of kraals. Then as the whole force appeared in front of them, every rifle spoke. Horses and men fell on all sides, and the survivors wheeled and broke back like a pack of grouse. The advanced guard, however, was too far committed to retire, but galloped on through our line. Major Thompson at once despatched Lieut. Chappell with his troop with fixed bayonets to ride them down, and he succeeded in bringing back four, of whom one was pierced through the shoulder by a Dragoon using his rifle as a lance. Of the Boers who broke back 130 surrendered at a farm to our immediate front to the advancing column,

May,
1902

the remainder getting clear away. We picked up five dead Boers in front of "B" squadron and 28 dead horses, besides capturing 17 horses and five mules. The Regiment suffered no casualties.

On May the 7th the Regiment moved off on another trek towards the Liebenberg Vlei, and on the 8th was sniped by some Boers, Corporal C. Diprose, of "A" squadron, being wounded in the back, and one horse killed.

On the 9th the Regiment reached its destination at Slabbertshoek, the idea being for a number of columns to drive the Boers northwards against the

whose hatred of the English outweighed all other considerations, and who would have remained out on commando had the war lasted twenty years instead of two and a half.

On May 18th the column reached Driefontein, close to Lindley, and here they remained until the 22nd, when the camp was shifted to Lindley itself.

On June 1st, after church parade, the Regiment was hastily assembled, and Major Thompson read aloud the following telegram:—

"From Chief, Pretoria, to General Elliott, Lindley. Peace was signed last night."

June,
1902



CHRISTIAN DE WET AND SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL OFFICERS PASSING THROUGH THE CAMP AT WILLOWGLEN ON THEIR WAY TO BETHLEHEM.

Frankfort blockhouse line. Unfortunately, orders did not reach some columns in time for them to get into their places, and there were consequently gaps in the driving line through which the Boers slipped, and the results figured out at 22 captured.

On May 12th the columns marched south again, with orders to clear all farms, burn crops, but to take no offensive measures against the Boers.

The Regiment marched daily until the 15th, finding the farms full of Boers, who, however, offered no resistance. They were about equally divided in their desire for peace or the continuance of the war—at least so they said, but it was usual for the Boer to be very defiant when things were at their worst. Still there is no doubt that there was a large number

One mighty cheer burst from 600 throats at the announcement of this splendid news, and then as it subsided the Commanding Officer called for "three cheers for the King," and they were given with unexampled enthusiasm.

Who can wonder that every heart was filled with gladness with the prospect of seeing home and family once more after an absence of over two years? Far be it from those who read these lines to imagine that the men of the Regiment were tired of doing their duty, or welcomed peace merely for the sake of exchanging the hardships and dangers of active service for the comparative comfort of garrison life. The testimony of the Commanders, under whom they had served cheerfully, faithfully, and uncomplainingly,

June,
1902

ingly, disproves any such idea. That night every man in the Regiment assembled around an immense bonfire, and a sing-song was held, the first two items of which were "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia." On all sides were scenes of rejoicing at the termination of the war. A tremendous *feu de joie* of rockets was fired by the blockhouse line, commencing at Kroonstad and running through Lindley and Bethlehem to Harrismith. The effect was impressive in the highest degree, and worthily celebrated the great occasion.

On June 3rd a gracious message from the King was circulated by Lord Kitchener. The telegram ran as follows:—

"Heartiest congratulations on the termination of hostilities. Also congratulate my brave troops under your command for having brought this long and difficult campaign to so glorious and successful a conclusion."

On the same day orders were received from the Commanding Officer to select one Officer, three N.C.O.'s, and seven Men to proceed to England and represent the Regiment at the Coronation. The N.C.O.'s and men were to be all reservists and to have all rendered "good and distinguished service in the field." The selection was made as follows:—

Captain M. F. Gage.

Sergt. B. Brattle.

Corporal H. Lane.

" W. Brunt.

Private R. Rogers.

" W. A. Chapman.

" F. Hurst.

" J. Homeyard.

" C. Witherden.

" A. Frith.

This party left Lindley on June 4th, a day of good omen, the birthday of King George III., and sailed from Cape Town in the transport "Bavarian" on June 6th.

Lord Kitchener published the following telegram from the Secretary of State for War:—

"His Majesty's Government offer to you their "most sincere congratulations on the energy and "patience with which you have conducted this "prolonged campaign, and would wish you to communicate to the Troops under your Orders their "profound sense of the spirit and endurance with "which they have met every call made on them, of "the bravery in action, of the excellent discipline "preserved, and of the humanity shown throughout "this trying period."

In conclusion, we may state that on June 1st, the day on which peace was proclaimed, there were with Regimental Headquarters at Lindley, 11 Officers, 608 Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men, and 711 chargers and Troop horses, and at the Depot at Kroonstad there were 200 men, which, together with other details in various other parts of the country, made a grand total of 1,007 Black Horsemen.



THE REGIMENT AT THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

So ends the story of the doings of the 7th Dragoon Guards during the Campaign of 1899-1902 in South Africa. The chronicler's task has been no light one, for an endeavour has been made to write, not only for the retrospection of those who played an active part during those stirring times, but also for the instruction of those Black Horsemen whose duty it is to study the history of their Regiment. This chronicle in no way pretends to be anything but a brief record of the movements and doings of the Regiment. The "Official Account of the Campaign," "*The Times* History of the War," and "*With French in South Africa*," by Sidney Goldmann, are all books which should be absorbed by the student; but the actual diary of the Regiment itself is a matter which concerns all Black Horsemen. Politicians may aver that this great war, in which the whole might of the Empire was put forward for over two years, has had no practical results; they may aver that it was unnecessary from the very beginning—that is not our affair. The moral issues are infinitely more important, for they are more far-reaching in their effect. The name of England was despised and discredited in South Africa; by this war it regained its old prestige. Her army had grown rusty and out-of-date by many years of peace; in South Africa its nakedness was revealed, and it has profited from the lessons which it learned with blood and tears. And to look nearer home, the Black Horsemen who were present have forged yet another link in that golden chain of tradition which binds them in one mighty company with their predecessors who fought for liberty under Schomberg, against the oppressive power of France under Marlborough, and who carved their way to

fame at Dettingen and Warburg. Let us not be deluded by the cries of those who demand universal peace and the disarmament of nations. The history of other countries teaches us with no uncertain voice that a prolonged peace is only the forerunner of an inglorious existence, where sensuality and vice hold sway.

War is a dreadful necessity. But horrible as it must always be, it teaches us not to over-rate the value of human life, to learn self-sacrifice, to put the welfare of the majority above the personal comfort of the minority. In the campaign in South Africa there was still evident a tendency to hesitate at the sacrifice of life; this must be eliminated if we wish to maintain our present high position in the forefront of the nations. The Germans, and our Allies the Japanese, emerged victorious from their two last great struggles because they realized and put into practice the greatest principle in warfare, namely, that humanitarian feelings must not weigh with a commander in the accomplishment of his object. Blood must be shed to win battles. The teaching of all modern authorities on war is to the effect that the role of Cavalry is essentially one of self-sacrifice, that the Divisional Commander must be prepared at any moment to hurl his Squadrons on the attacking lines of Infantry in order to relieve pressure at a vital point. With the deadly artillery and rifles of the present day, such an action can have only one result; but with a glorious record of over 200 years to stimulate and uphold him, what Black Horseman will grudge his life when that day comes? As said the Romans of old, "DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

FINIS



COL. C. W. THOMPSON, D.S.O., AND HIS FALCON.

APPENDIX.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF COLONELS, 7th DRAGOON GUARDS.

(War Services extracted from Hart's Army List.)

- General Sir Evan Lloyd. Cornet, 17th Light Dragoons, 25th November, 1780. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 18th March, 1836. Died 4th March, 1846. Served in 17th Light Dragoons, 1780-1812, and was present with that corps in nearly all the actions and sieges in which it was engaged in India. Served in South America, 1806-7. Present at taking of Monte Video, and in the expedition to Buenos Ayres.
- General Sir George Scovell, G.C.B. Cornet, 4th Dragoons, 20th June, 1798. Exchanged to 57th Foot as Captain, 12th March, 1807. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 10th March, 1846. Colonel, 4th Light Dragoons, 18th December, 1847. Died, 17th January, 1861. Served in Peninsular under Sir John Moore, and was D.A.Q.M.G. at the battle of Corunna. Afterwards served in the same capacity with Headquarters of the Army till end of the war in 1814. Present at passage of the Douro and pursuit of Marshal Soult; battles of Talavera, Busaco, and Fuentes d'Onor; sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, battle of Salamanca, siege of Burgos, battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelles, and Nive; passage of the Adour and battle of Toulouse. Served also throughout the campaign of 1815, and was present at Waterloo. Received the Gold Cross and one clasp, and the silver war medal and 8 clasps. 4th class of St. Vladimir of Russia.
- General the Honourable Henry Murray. Cornet, 16th Light Dragoons, 16th May, 1800. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 18th December, 1847. To 14th Light Dragoons, 18th March, 1853. Died 29th July, 1860. Served in Naples, Sicily and Calabria, 1806-7; Egypt, 1807, present at the attack on Alexandria and the siege and storming of Rosetta; Walcheren Expedition, 1809, including the siege and capture of Flushing. With 18th Hussars to Peninsular in January, 1813. Present at the crossing of the Eslar and at the action of Morales de Toro; campaign of 1815; Quatre Bras and Waterloo.
- Lieutenant-General Lord Arthur Moyses William Sandys. Cornet, 10th Light Dragoons, 27th July, 1809. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 18th March, 1853. To 2nd Dragoons, 26th August, 1858. Died 16th July, 1860. Served in Peninsular in 1812. Present at the action at Morales, and battles of Vittoria and Pampeluna. A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington. Present at Waterloo. Silver war medal with one clasp for Vittoria.
- Lieutenant-General Sir Michael White, K.C.B. Cornet, 24th Light Dragoons, 15th August, 1804. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 26th August, 1808. Died 27th January, 1868. Served in 1809 on the banks of the Sutlej; capture of Hatras, 1817, and Mahratta Campaign, 1817-18; present at siege and capture of Bhurtpore, 1825-6 (medal with clasp). Commanded the cavalry throughout campaign, 1842, in Afghanistan, and was present at the forcing of the Khyber Pass, storming of heights of Jugdulluck, actions of Tezeen, Huft Kotal, and occupation of Cabul (medal, C.B.). Sikh War, 1845-6, commanded cavalry at Moodkee, a brigade at Ferozeshah (wounded), and the 3rd Light Dragoons at Sobraon (medal, two clasps, and A.D.C. to the Queen). Punjab Campaign, 1848-9, Ramnugger, action of Sodoolpore, Chillianwallah, and Gorjerat (medal with two clasps).
- General Lord George Augustus Frederick Paget. Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant, 1st Life Guards, 25th July, 1834. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 28th January, 1868. To 4th Hussars, 7th January, 1874. Died 30th June, 1880. Crimea, 1854-5. commanded 4th Light Dragoons at Alma and at Balaclava. Commanded Light Cavalry Brigade at Inkerman, Tchernaya, and on the expedition to Eupatoria (medal with four clasps, Legion of Honour, Sardinian and Turkish medals, 3rd class of Medjidie).
- General Robert Wardlaw, C.B. Cornet, 1st Dragoons, 5th June, 1835. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 7th January, 1874. Died 1st December, 1885. Crimea, 1854-5, Balaclava, Inkerman, Tchernaya, siege and fall of Sevastopol (dispatches, medal with three clasps, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Legion of Honour, 5th Class Medjidie, and Turkish Medal).
- Lieutenant-General Charles Sawyer, C.B. Ensign, 3rd Foot, 6th September, 1833. Captain, 6th Dragoon Guards, 12th June, 1846. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 2nd December, 1885. To 6th Dragoon Guards, 23rd September, 1891. Died 2nd January, 1892. Crimea from 26th May, 1855. Tchernaya, Fall of Sevastopol (medal with clasp and Turkish Medal). Indian Mutiny, actions of Busgoon, Mohudepore, Russulpore, attack and capture of Mitowlee, Aligunge, Bisiva, and subsequent pursuit of Tantia Topee and Feroze Shah in Central India (medal and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel).
- Lieutenant-General Burgoyne Cureton. Ensign, 13th Foot, 21st June, 1839. Cornet, 16th Light Dragoons, 27th March, 1840. Captain, 7th Dragoon Guards, 14th March, 1851. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 23rd September, 1891. To 12th Lancers, 30th April, 1892. Died 9th February, 1894. Served with 16th Light Dragoons at Maharajpore (Bronze Star). With 3rd Light Dragoons, Sutlej Campaign, 1845-6, including Moodkee (severely wounded), Sobraon (medal with clasp). With 12th Lancers in Kaffir War, 1851-3 (medal). Crimea from 31st July, 1855, fall of Sevastopol (medal with clasp, Turkish Medal).
- Lieutenant-General Andrew Nugent, C.B. Cornet, 2nd Dragoons, 17th December, 1852. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 30th April, 1892. To 2nd Dragoons, 10th February, 1900. Died 10th July, 1905. Served in Crimea with Scots Greys, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Tchernaya, siege and fall of Sevastopol (medal with three clasps and Turkish Medal).
- Major-General Sir Henry P. Ewart, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. Cornet, 7th Dragoon Guards, 26th February, 1858. Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant, 2nd Life Guards, same year. Colonel, 7th Dragoon Guards, 10th February, 1900. Egyptian Campaign, 1882. Commanded the Household Cavalry at El Magfar, Mahsamah, two actions of Kassassin, and battle of Tel-el-Kebir (dispatches, medal with clasp, bronze star, 3rd Class Medjidieh, C.B.). Soudan Expedition, 1885, commanded cavalry of Suakin Field Force (dispatches, clasp, K.C.B.).

Index of Names

(PART I. ONLY).

- Abercromby, Sir R., 60.
 Agar, I., 5.
 Albemarle, Lord, 48.
 Anne, Queen, 15.
 Arabi Pasha, 69; prisoner, 71.
 Arleux, Lines of, 37; medal, 38.
 Atkins, R., 5.
 Austria, Archduke Charles of, 14.
- Bambrick, Capt., death, 64.
 Bavaria, The Elector of, 21, 32.
 Bavaria, Charles Albert, Elector, 41.
 Beachy Head, Battle of, 10.
 Beaufort, Fort, 63.
 Bentinck, Col., 9.
 Bibby, Major A., 70.
 Bingfield, Col., death, 27.
 Bisset, General, 65.
 Bland, A., 4.
 Bland, Brigadier-General, 48.
 Blenheim, Battle of, 21; medal, 23.
 Blood, Colonel, 22.
 Bolton, Lieut.-Gen. Sir R., Colonel, 61; death, 62.
 Bouchain, medal, 38.
 Boufflers, Marshal, 33.
 Boyle, Captain H., 5.
 Boyne, Battle of, 8.
 Brogite, Marshal de, 55; at Vellinghausen, 58.
 Brunswick, Ferd., Prince of, 55; Gen. Order, 57; at Vellinghausen, 58.
 Bunbury, Lieutenant, 67.
 Burgundy, Duke of, 30.
- Cadogan, Brigadier, 19; Major-General, 29; at Oudenarde, 38; Lieutenant-General, 39.
 Cairo, Capture of, 71.
 Campbell, Lieutenant-General, 48.
 Cape Mounted Rifles, 64.
 Cavendish's Horse, 5.
 Chapman, T., 5.
 Charlton, J., 4.
 Charlton, Quartermaster, 23.
 Cholmondeley, Lord, 5.
 Cholmley, T., 5.
 Churchill, Lieut.-General Lord, 2; Reorganises Army, 6.
 Clarke, Cornet, 23.
 Clarke, Lieutenant-Colonel, 61.
 Coke, John, imprisoned, 2; commissioned, 4.
 Colclough, Cornet, 56.
 Compton, Bishop, 3.
 Conway, Hon. H. S., Colonel, 53.
 Coote, Capt. Childley, 23.
 Cope, Sir J., 51.
 Crawford, Brigadier-General, 48.
 Creed, Major, 22; death, 23.
 Cruseau, Cornet, 23.
- Cumberland, Duke of, 42, 48; at Fontenoy, 49; at Clifton Moor, 52.
 Cureton, Lieutenant-General E. B. *App.*
 Cutts, Lord, 21; attacks, 22.
- D'Ahremberg, Duke, 42.
 D'Arco, Count, 19.
 Darell, Captain Sir H., 67.
 Davidson, Corporal, 58.
 De Memè, 10.
 Derby, Regiment raised at, 4.
 Dettingen, Battle, 42.
 Devonshire's Horse, Protestant Troopers join, 6; represses mutiny, 6; to Newcastle, 7; to Ireland, 8; change of title, 8.
 Devonshire, William, Earl of, issues a Declaration, 2; meets Princess Anne, 3; joins William, 3; raises Regiment of Horse, 4; blue uniform, 5; created K.G., 6; Retires, 8.
 Dorset, Earl of, 3.
 D'Ottignies, Battle of, 13.
 Dragoon Guards, 7th, Conversion to and title "Princess Royal's," 60; to South Africa, 62; at Block Drift, 64; at Guanga, 67; to England and India, 68; to Egypt, 69; Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, 70.
 Dumbarton's Regiment, Mutiny of, 6.
 Dun, Sergeant, 11.
 Dunne, Captain, 60.
- Electoral, The, see Bavaria.
 Elliot, General, 56.
 Eugene, Prince, meets Marlborough, 18; at Blenheim, 21; at Oudenarde, 30; captures Lille, 32; at Malplaquet, 33; wounded, 35.
 Ewart, Major-General Sir H. P. *App.*
- Fergusson, Brigadier, 19.
 Fontenoy, Battle of, 49.
 Fortescue, Hon. J. W., 5, 32.
 Frederick the Great, 55.
- George II., King, at Oudenarde, 30; at Dettingen, 43; Seven Years' War, 55; thanks troops, 57.
 George III., King, thanks troops, 58.
 George, Prince of Denmark, 3.
 Gibsons, Major, 64, 67.
 Gillam, Sergeant J., 65.
 Ginkell, General, 6.
 Goor, Lieutenant-General, 19.
 Gore, Captain, 56.
 Grammont, Duke of, 43.
 Granby, Lieutenant General Lord, 55; at Warburg, 56; at Vellinghausen, 58.
 Grangue, Major-General, 53.
 Grey, Lieutenant-General Sir C., 60.
 Guanga, Battle of, 67.
 Guelder, Capture of, 17.

INDEX TO NAMES (PART I. ONLY)—CONTINUED.

- Hare, Colonel, 64.
 Hartop, T., 5.
 Harvey, E., 4.
 Harwich, Charles, Marquis of, 36, 37; death, 39.
 Harwich's Horse, 36; changes title, 39.
 Haut Saplig, 10.
 Hawkes, Lieutenant, 23.
 Hawley, Lieutenant-General, 48.
 Hay, Brigadier Lord J., 25.
 Heath, Quartermaster, 50.
 Hesse, Prince G. of, killed, 9.
 Highlanders, 91st, 64.
 Hodgson, General, 8, 60.
 Hogg, Captain, 67.
 Holderness, Lord, 57.
 Homburg, Major-General, 17.
 Hompesch, General, 37, 38.
 Honeywood, General Sir P., 48; wounded, 52; Colonel, 54, 56; transferred, 60.
 Honeywood's Regiment, 54; to Germany, 55; at Warburg, 56; at Vellinghausen, 58; to England, 59; change title, 60.
 Horn, de, Regiment of, 13.
 Howard, Lieutenant-General, 59.
 Huy, Capture of, 17.

 Irish, The Royal, 35.
 Izard, Lieutenant, 51.

 Jackson, Quartermaster, killed, 45.
 James II. Declaration, 1; quits England, 3; lands at Kinsale, 6; joins Army, 8; flies to France, 10; death, 14.

 Kellum, Brigadier, 29, 32.
 Kelsall, Quartermaster, 23.
 Kassassin, 70.
 Konigsegg, F.M. Count, 48.

 Lauzun, 8; retires, 10.
 Lees, Sir Elliott. Schellenberg, 24; Quo Fata Vocant, 46.
 Leinster, Duke of, 11; created Duke of Schomberg, 14.
 Leinster's Horse, 11; to England and Holland, 11; at D'Ottignies, 13; change titles, 14.
 Lemburg, Capture of, 17.
 Liege, Siege of, 15; capture by Villeroy, 25.
 Ligonier, J. L., History of, 40; created Knight-Banneret, 45; at Fontenoy, 49; transferred, 45.
 Ligonier, Lieut.-Colonel F., wounded, 45; promoted, 48.
 Ligonier's Horse, 40; reviewed by King, 41; at Dettingen, 42; *Gazette* notice, 45; quarrel with Blues, 48; at Fontenoy, 49; to England, 51; at Clifton Moor, 52; record of, 53.
 Little, Cornet, 23.
 Lloyd, Lieutenant-General Sir E., 62. *App.*
 Lottum, General, 33.
 Louis XIV. helps James, 6; his ambition, 12; proposition, 36.
 Louis XV., 40, 48.
 Louis, Prince of Baden, 18; covers Ingolstadt, 20.
 Lowe, General Drury, 69, 71.
 Lumley, Hon. H., 19; at Blenheim, 22, 25; Lieutenant-General, 29; at Tournai, 32, 39.

 Magfar, Action at, 69.
 Malone, Cornet, 60.
 Malplaquet, Battle of, 33; losses at, 35; medal, 36.
 Mantin, Captain, killed, 67.
 Meadows, Sir W., Colonel, 60; death, 61.
 Marlborough, Earl of; escape of, 15; to Danube, 17; meets Eugene, 18; divided command, 18; ravages Bavaria, 20; heads charge at Blenheim, 25; design for 1708, 29; at Oudenarde, 30; Tournai, 33; Malplaquet, 33; plans for 1711, 36; recall of, 38.
 Marsin, M. de, 21.
 Mews, Cornet Carew, 4.
 Milward, Lieutenant R., 4.
 Mordaunt, Sir J., Colonel, 53.
 Mostyn, Lieutenant-General, 56, 59.
 Murray, General the Hon. H. M. *App.*
 Muy, Chevalier de, 55; retires, 57.

 Napper, Brigadier, 39.
 Nevill, Lieutenant W., 4.
 Noailles, Marshal, 42.
 Norton, Adjutant R., 4.
 Nottingham, Regiment raised at, 4.
 Nugent, Lieutenant-General A. *App.*

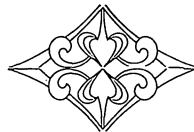
 Oldfield, Major, 22.
 O'Neil, Sir N., 9; killed, 10.
 Orange, Prince of, 34, 35.
 Ormonde, Duke of, 39.
 Orkney, Lord, 33, 39.
 Oudenarde, Battle of, 30; medal, 32.
 Oxford, Regiment assembles at, 5.

 Paget, General Lord G. *App.*
 Palmes, Captain F., 4; wounded, 19; at Blenheim, 22; Brigadier, 25; Major-General, 29.
 Panton, Brigadier, 39.
 Pembroke, Earl of, 56.
 Pope, Cornet R., 4; at sieges, 12; on Schellenberg, 19; at Blenheim, 23; letter from, 25; on Ramillies, 28.
 Portland, Earl of, 9.
 Preston, Brigadier, 39.
 Pretender, The, 51.
 Prime, Captain, 23.
 Prince, Lieutenant P., 4.
 "Princess Royal's," Title of, 60; Victoria Adelaide, 62.

 Radcliff, Lord, 7.
 Ramillies, Battle of, 26; medal, 29.
 Richardson, Cornet, fight for Standard, 45.
 Richardson, Lieutenant-Colonel, 63.
 Richelieu, Duke of, 49.
 Robinson, Captain, killed, 45.
 Ross, Brigadier, 17, 25.
 Rothes, Lieutenant-General Lord, 48.
 Ruremonde, Siege of, 15.
 Russell, General Baker, 69.
 Rye, Testimonial, 61.
 Ryswick, Peace of, 14.

INDEX TO NAMES (PART I. ONLY)—CONTINUED.

- Sale, R., 5.
 Sackville, Lord G., 48; at Minden, 55.
 Sandile, Chief, 64.
 Sandys, Lieutenant-General Lord A. *App.*
 Sawyer, Lieutenant-General C. *App.*
 Saxe, Marshal, 40, 48.
 Scardevil, Chaplain, 19.
 Schellenberg, Battle of, 19, 24.
 Schomberg, Duke, 8; killed, 10.
 Schomberg, Meinhardt, Count, 8; at Boyne, 9; created Duke of Leinster and Duke Schomberg, 14; applies for his Regiment, 17; resigns, 36.
 Schomberg's Horse, 8; at Boyne, 10; to England, 10; red uniform, 11; to Ireland and change title, 11; change title, and to England, 14; to Holland, 15; discipline, 15; Blenheim, 22; Malplaquet, 33; change title, 36.
 Schulemburg, General, 33.
 Scovell, General Sir G. *App.*
 Seymour, Sir B., 69.
 Somerset, Colonel, 65.
 South, Captain J., 3.
 Spörcke, General, 55, 58.
 Stair, Lord, 29, 32; at Dettingen, 44.
 Stevenson, Trooper, 51.
 Stevenswaert, Siege of, 15.
 Story, Rev. G., 11.
 Sully, Lieutenant F., 4.
 Swindall, Chaplain, 4.
 Sybourg, Colonel, 22; Marlborough displeased with, 25; Brigadier, 29, 32; leaves, 36; letter of, and appointed Colonel, 39.
 Sybourg's Horse, 39. Change title, 40.
 Tallard, Marshal, 17; to Danube, 20; Blenheim, 21; captured, 23.
 Taylor, F., "Dapper George," 47.
 Tel-el-Kebir, Battle of, 70.
 Tetefolle, Lieutenant, 19, 23.
 Thompson, Lieutenant-Colonel C. W., 68.
 Tournai, Capitulation of, 33.
 Tyrconnel, 6.
 Utrecht, Treaty of, 39.
 Vellinghausen, Battle of, 58.
 Vendome, Marshal, 30.
 Venloo, Siege, 15.
 Villars, Marshal de, 25, 32; Malplaquet, 33; plan 1711, 36; *ne plus ultra*, 38.
 Villeroy, Marshal, 17; at Ramillies, 26.
 Vincent, Cornet H., 4.
 Waldeck, Duke of, 48.
 Walton, Colonel Clifford, 11.
 Warburg, Battle of, 56.
 Wardlaw, General R. *App.*
 Waring-Holt, 50, 53.
 Weaver, Cornet D., 5.
 Webb, Major-General, 56.
 White, Lieutenant-General Sir M. *App.*
 Wilford, General R., 61.
 Wilhelmstal, Battle of, 59.
 Wilkinson, Brigadier-General, 69.
 William III. lands at Tor Bay, 2; crowned, 6; accepted by Scotland, 7; joins Army, 8; wounded, 9; review by, 10; death, 15.
 William IV., Coronation, 61.
 Willis, General, 69.
 Witherington, Lord, 7.
 Withers, General, 33.
 Wolsey, Sir Garnet, 69; General Orders, 71.
 Wood, Brigadier, 17; at Blenheim, 21, 25; at Ramillies, 26; Lieutenant-General, 32, 39.
 Wright, Captain J., 5.
 Wurtenburg, Duke of, 12.
 Wutgenau, General, 58.
 Wynendael, Battle of, 32.
 Wyndham, Brigadier, 17.
 York Minster, Fire at, 61.



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